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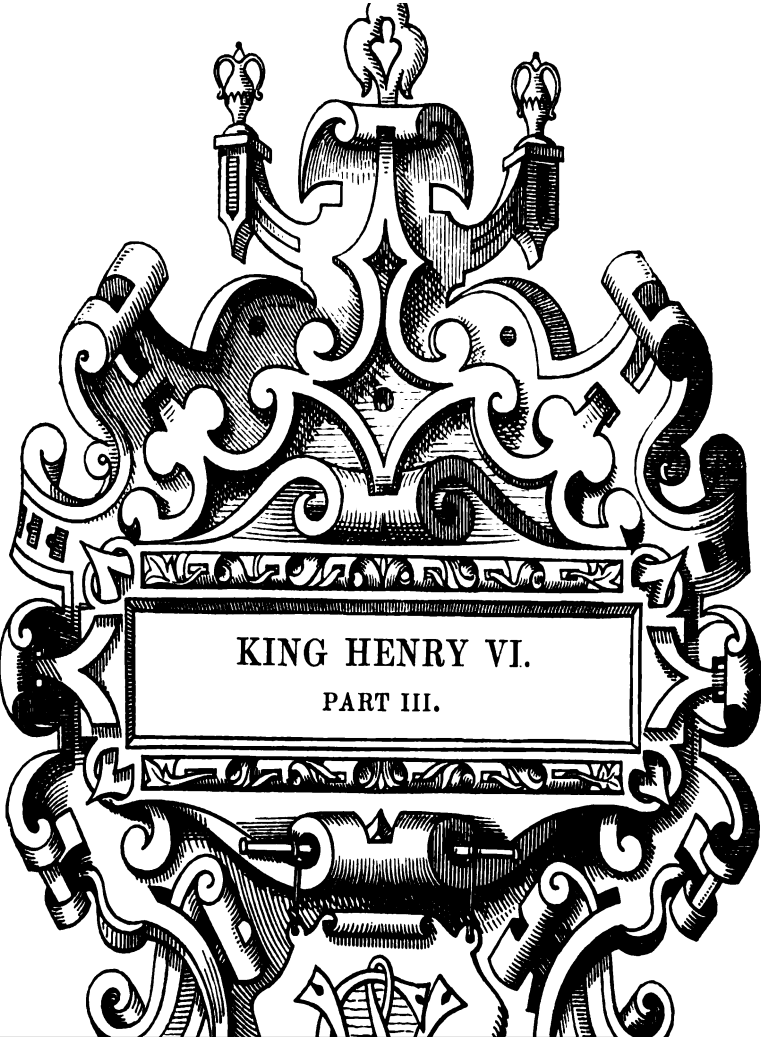
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KING HENRY VI.
PART III.

*The Dramatic Works
of William Shakespeare*

William Shakespeare, Samuel Weller Singer

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**THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

WITH VIGNETTES

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY JOHN THOMPSON

FROM DRAWINGS BY STOTHARD

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. VI.

KING HENRY VI. PART I.

KING HENRY VI. PART II.

KING HENRY VI. PART III.

KING RICHARD III.

**THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED

WITH NOTES

BY SAMUEL WELLER SINGER F.S.A.

THE LIFE OF THE POET AND CRITICAL

ESSAYS ON THE PLAYS

BY WILLIAM WATKISS LLOYD M.R.S.L.

ETC. ETC.



King Henry VI. Part I. Act II. Sc. v

**C LONDON
BELL AND DALDY FLEET STREET**

1856

13455,5

1861, July 29.
The Right Hon.





FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE historical transactions in this play, which was first printed in the folio of 1623, take in the compass of above thirty years. In the three parts of King Henry VI. there is no very precise attention to the date and disposition of facts; they are shuffled backwards and forwards out of time. For instance, the Lord Talbot is killed at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453: and the Second Part of King Henry VI. opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the *second part*, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult Queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. There are other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned.

Malone wrote a long dissertation to prove that the First Part of King Henry VI. was not written by Shakespeare; and that the Second and Third Parts were only *altered* by him from the old play, entitled "The Contention of the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster," printed in two parts, in quarto, in 1594 and 1595. The substance of his argument is as follows:—

1. The diction, versification, and allusions in it are all different from the diction, versification, and allusions of Shakespeare, and corresponding with those of Greene, Peele, Lodge, Marlowe, and others who preceded him: there are more allusions to mythology, to classical authors, and to ancient and modern history, than are found in any one piece of Shakespeare's written on an English story. they are such as do not naturally rise out of the subject, but seem to be inserted merely to show the writer's learning. These allusions, and many particular expressions, seem more likely to have been used by the authors already named than by

Shakespeare.—He points out many of the allusions, and instances the words *proditor* and *immanity*, which are not to be found in any of the poet's undisputed works.—The versification he thinks clearly of a different colour from that of Shakespeare's genuine dramas; while at the same time it resembles that of many of the plays produced before his time. The sense concluding or pausing almost uniformly at the end of every line; and the verse having scarcely ever a redundant syllable.

A passage in a pamphlet written by Thomas Nashe, an intimate friend of Greene, Peele, Marlowe, &c. shows that the *First Part* of King Henry VI. had been on the stage before 1592; and his favourable mention of the piece may induce a belief that it was written by a friend of his:—"How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to thinke that, after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his tombe, he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times), who in the tragedian that represents his person behold him fresh bleeding."—*Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592.

That this passage related to the old play of King Henry VI. or, as it is now called, the *First Part* of King Henry VI. can hardly be doubted. Talbot appears in the *First Part*, and not in the *Second* or *Third Part*, and is expressly spoken of in the play, as well as in Hall's Chronicle, as "the terror of the French." Holinshed, who was Shakespeare's guide, omits the passage in Hall, in which Talbot is thus described; and this Malone considers an additional proof that this play was not the production of our great poet.

The *internal* proofs of this he thinks to be:—

1. The author does not seem to have known precisely how old Henry VI. was at the time of his father's death. He supposed him to have passed the state of infancy before he lost his father, and even to have remembered some of his sayings. In the Fourth Act, Sc. 4, speaking of the famous Talbot, he says:—

"When I was young (as yet I am not old),
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword."

But Shakespeare knew that Henry VI. could not possibly remember any thing of his father:—

"No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king at nine months' old."

King Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 9.

"When I was crown'd I was but nine months' old."

King Henry VI. Part III. Act i. Sc. 1.

The first of these passages is among the additions made by Shakespeare to the old play, according to Malone's hypothesis. The other passage does occur in the *True Tragedie* of Richard Duke of York; and therefore it is natural to conclude that neither

Shakespeare nor the author of that piece could have written the *First Part of King Henry VI.*

2. In Act ii. Sc. 5. of this play, it is said that the Earl of Cambridge *raised an army* against his sovereign. But Shakespeare, in his play of King Henry V. has represented the matter truly as it was: the Earl being in that piece, Act ii. condemned at Southampton for conspiring to *assassinate* Henry.

3. The author of this play knew the true pronunciation of the word Hecate, as it is used by the Roman writers:—

“I speak not to that railing Hecaté.”

But Shakespeare, in Macbeth, always uses Hecate as a dissyllable.

The second speech in this play indicates the author that was very familiar with Hall's Chronicle:—

“*What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech.*”

This phrase is introduced upon almost every occasion by Hall when he means to be eloquent. Holinshed, not Hall, was Shakespeare's historian. Here, then, is an additional minute proof that this play was not Shakespeare's.

This is the sum of Malone's argument. He conjectured that this piece which we now call the *First Part of King Henry VI.* was, when first performed, called *The Play of King Henry VI.*; and he thought his conjecture confirmed by an entry in the accounts of Henslowe, the proprietor of the Rose Theatre on the Bank Side. It must have been very popular, having been played no less than twelve times in one season: the first entry of its performance by the Lord Strange's company, at the Rose, is dated March 3, 1591. It is worthy of remark that Shakespeare does not appear at any time to have had the smallest connexion with that theatre, or the companies playing there; which, he thinks, affords additional argument that the play could not be his. He adds—“By whom it *was* written it is now, I fear, difficult to ascertain. It was not entered on the Stationers' books, nor printed till the year 1623; when it was registered with Shakespeare's undisputed plays by the editors of the first folio, and there improperly entitled the *Third Part of King Henry VI.* In one sense it might be called so; for two plays on the subject of that reign had been printed before. But considering the history of that king, and the period of time which the piece comprehends, it ought to have been called, what in fact it is called in the first folio, *The First Part of King Henry VI.* At this distance of time it is impossible to ascertain on what principle it was that Heminge and Condell admitted it into their volume; but I suspect that they gave it a place as a necessary introduction to the two other parts; and because Shakespeare had made alterations, and written some lines in it.”

Malone's essay made many converts to his opinion; and perhaps Mr. Morgann, in his elegant Essay on the Dramatic Character of Falstaff, first published in 1777, led the way, when he

pronounced it "That drum-and-trumpet thing,—written doubtless, or rather exhibited long before Shakespeare was born, though afterwards repaired and furbished up by him with here and there a little sentiment and diction." Theobald first suggested the doubt. Malone's arguments have been replied to at great length by Mr. Knight, who has endeavoured to establish the converse proposition, that not only the improved plays, but the old and more imperfect pieces, *The Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, are entirely from the hand of Shakespeare. By others it has been thought that the two early pieces were written by Marlowe, but, it must be confessed, on very slender grounds. It seems to me at least certain that they contain much that must have come from the hand of Shakespeare, engrafted upon the work of another writer; and that the plays as they stand in the folio, are the result of a second revisal by him. The present play, which forms the first part of the trilogy, appears also to be a revisal by Shakespeare of another old play of the same set that furnished the others, but the original form of which has not come down to us.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DUKE of GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.

DUKE of BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT, great Uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.

JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, eldest son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.

EARL of WARWICK. EARL of SALISBURY. EARL of SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.

JOHN TALBOT, his Son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London. WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.

BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

DUKE of BURGUNDY. DUKE of ALENÇON.

Governour of Paris. Bastard of Orleans.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

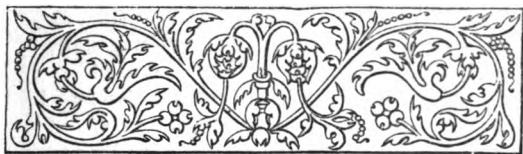
MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier: afterwards married to King Henry.

COUNTESS of AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants, both on the English and French.

SCENE—*partly in England, and partly in France.*



FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK¹, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Herald, &c.

Bedford.



UNG be the heavens with black², yield
day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and
states,

¹ *Richard Beauchamp*, Earl of Warwick, who is a character in King Henry V. The Earl of Warwick, who appears in a subsequent part of this drama, is Richard Nevill, son to the Earl of Salisbury, who came to the title in right of his wife, Anne, sister of Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick. Richard, the father of this Henry, was appointed governor to the king on the demise of Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, and died in 1439. There is no reason to think the author meant to confound the two characters.

² *Hung be the heavens with black.* Steevens supposed that this alluded to the ancient practice of hanging the stage with black when a tragedy was to be acted (See Malone's Account of the English Stage); but there is nothing to indicate that Bedford is thinking of the stage. All his metaphors are astronomical; nature, not the stage was in his mind.

Brandish your crystal³ tresses in the sky,
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
 That have consented⁴ unto Henry's death!
 King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command:
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
 Than midday sun fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
 He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in
 blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive;
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magick verses⁵ have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.

³ *Crystal* is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers. Thus in a Sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604:—

"When as those *chrystal* comets whiles appear."

⁴ *Consented* here meant *conspired together to promote the death of Henry by their malignant influence on human events*. Our ancestors had but one word to express *consent*, and *concent*, which meant *accord* and *agreement*, whether of persons or things.

⁵ There was a notion long prevalent that life might be taken away by metrical charms. "The Irishmen addict themselves, &c.; yea, they will not sticke to affirme that they can *rime* man or beast to death."—*Reginald Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, See As You Like It, Act iii. Sc. 2, note 21, p. 58.

Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought :
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church ! where is it ? Had not church-
men pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may overawe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector ;
And lookest to command the prince and realm,
Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds
in peace !

Let's to the altar :—Heralds, wait on us :
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms ;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mother's moist eyes babes shall suck ;
Our isle be made a marish⁶ of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth ! thy ghost I invoke ;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——⁷

⁶ The old copy has " a *nourish* of salt tears," which has been explained " a *nurse*," but this would be an incongruous figure. It is much more probable that it was a misprint for *marish*, a *marsh*, which Pope substituted. Ritson's quotation from the Spanish Tragedy is^a much to the point :—

" *Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears.*"

⁷ Pope conjectured that this blank had been supplied by the name of *Francis Drake*, which, though a glaring anachronism, he

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all !
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture :
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
corse ?

Speak softly ; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost ? is Rouen yielded up ?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost ? what treachery was us'd ?

Mess. No treachery ; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is mutter'd,
That here you maintain several factions ;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost ;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility !
Let not sloth dim your honours, new begot :
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms ;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides⁸.

Bed. Me they concern ; regent I am of France :

thought might have been a popular, though not judicious, mode of attracting plaudits in the theatre. Part of the arms of Drake was two blazing stars. Johnson with great improbability proposed *Berenice*. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would read on bright *Cassiope*.

⁸ i. e. England's flowing tides of tears.

Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes !
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance,

France is revolted from the English quite ;
Except some petty towns of no import :
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims ;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd ;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part ;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side. [*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king ! all fly to him !
O ! whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness ?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What ! wherein Talbot overcame ? is't so ?

3 *Mess.* O, no ; wherein Lord Talbot was o'er-thrown !

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having scarce^a full six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French

^a The old copies have "full scarce" the words being evidently transposed by accident.

Was round encompassed and set upon :
No leisure had he to enrank his men ;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers ;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued ;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him ;
Here, there, and every where enrag'd he slew :
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms ;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot ! a Talbot ! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe⁹ had not play'd the coward ;
He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them),
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre ;
Enclosed were they with their enemies :
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain ? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,

⁹ For an account of this Sir John Fastolfe, vide *Biographia Britannica*, by Kippis, vol. v. ; in which is his life, written by Mr. Gough. See also Anstis *On the Order of the Garter* ; Parkins' *Supplement to Blomefield's History of Norfolk* ; Capel's *Notes to Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 221 ; and Sir John Fenn's *Collection of the Paston Letters*. He is said by Hall to have been degraded for cowardice ; and Heylin, in his *History of St. George*, tells us

Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives ; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford :
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

Bed. His ransome there is none but I shall pay :
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransome of my friend ;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I ;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint Georges feast withal :
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need ; for Orleans is besieg'd ;
The English army is grown weak and faint :
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn ;
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it ; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*]

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition ;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*]

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governour ;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*]

that "he was afterwards, upon good reasons by him alledged in his defence, restored to his honour." It has been proposed to read *rearward* for *vaward*, but this would be tautologous, as *placed behind* expresses it. There is, no doubt, some corruption of the text by transposition and omission, and we should probably read

He being in *aidance* placed behind the *vaward*,

With purpose to relieve and follow them.

Here *them* would refer to *vaward* ; in the old reading it has nothing to refer to.

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
 I am left out: for me nothing remains.
 But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
 The king from Eltham I intend to steal¹⁰,
 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. France. *Before Orleans.*

*Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENÇON,
 REIGNIER, and Others.*

Char. Mars his true moving¹, even as in the heavens,
 So in the earth, to this day is not known:
 Late did he shine upon the English side;
 Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
 What towns of any moment, but we have?
 At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
 Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-
 beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules,
 And have their provender tied to their mouths,
 Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?
 Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
 Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;

¹⁰ The old copy reads *send*, the present reading was proposed by Mason, who observes that the king was not at this time in the power of the cardinal, but under the care of the Duke of Exeter. The second article of accusation brought against the bishop by the Duke of Gloucester is "that he purposed and disposed him *to set hand on the king's person, and to have removed him from Eltham to Windsor*, to the intent to put him in governance as him list."—*Holinshed*, vol. iii. p. 591. The probability of the rhyme being intended, and the disagreeable clash of the words *intend* and *send*, also show the propriety of the alteration.

¹ "You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to."—*Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, by Nash, 1596, *Preface*.

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums: Excursions: afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey³.

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands⁴ bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals; who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd
slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals⁵ or device,

³ *Their hungry prey*, i. e. *the prey for which they are hungry*.

⁴ These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of the old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard of exploits of these champions, arose the saying of *Giving a Rowland for an Oliver*, for giving a person as good as he brings.

⁵ By *gimmals*, *gimbols*, *gimmers*, or *gimowes*, any kind of device

Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on ;
 Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
 By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin, I have news
 for him.

Char. Bastard⁶ of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer⁷
 appall'd ;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome⁸ ;

or machinery producing motion was meant. Baret has "the *gimew* or hinge of a door." There were *gimmal* bits and *gimmal* rings, &c.—"My acts are like the motional *gymmals*

Fix'd in a watch."

Vow Breaker, 1636.

"The famous Kentish idol moved her eyes and hands by those secret *gimmers* which now every puppet play can imitate."—*Bishop Hall, Epist. vi. Dec. 1.* See *K. Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 2*, p. 403.

⁶ *Bastard* was not in former times a title of reproach. Hurd, in his *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, makes it one of the circumstances of agreement between Heroic and Gothic manners, "that bastardy was in credit with both." It has, however, been disputed whether bastardy was or was not a disgrace among the ancients. See the subject fully discussed in *Potter's Antiquities of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 337, edit. 1715.

⁷ *Cheer* in this instance means *heart* or *courage*, as in the expression "be of good *cheer*."

⁸ Warburton says that "there were no *nine sibyls of Rome*, it is a mistake for the nine Sibylline Oracles brought to one of the Tarquins." But the poet followed the popular books of his day, which say that "the ten sibyls were *women that had the spirit of prophecy* (enumerating them) and that they prophesied of Christ."

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [*Exit Bastard.*] But first,
to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:
By this mean shall we sound what skill she hath.

[*Retires.*]

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and Others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous
feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile
me?

Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrained in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you may see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated :
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this⁹ : Thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms ;
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with¹⁰ me :
 And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
 Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side ;
 The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-
 yard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands ; thou art an Amazon,
 And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help
 me :

Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
 Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
 Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be ;
 'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

⁹ *Resolve on this, i.e. be convinced of it.* Thus in 'Tis Pity
 She's a Whore :—

“ This banquet is a harbinger of death
 To you and me, *resolve* yourself it is.”

In the Third Part of King Henry VI.—

“ I am *resolv'd*

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.”

¹⁰ *To buckle with is to contend with.*

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love.
For my profession's sacred from above :
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate
thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock ;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know :
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants !
Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm ; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :
Expect Saint Martin's summer¹¹, Halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought¹².
With Henry's death, the English circle ends ;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

¹¹ *Expect Saint Martin's summer*, i. e. *expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun.* The French have a proverbial expression, *Esté de St. Martin* for fine weather in winter.

¹² This is a favourite image with poets. It is to be found in Silius Italicus, Ariosto, Pope, and many others : take one example from Sir John Davies's *Nesce Te ipsum* :—

“As when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the last circle reach the bank at last.”

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove¹³?
 Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
 Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters¹⁴, were like thee.
 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
 How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our hours;
 Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. London. *Hill before the Tower.*

Enter, at the Gates, the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with his Serving-men, in blue Coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
 Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance¹.—
 Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
 Open the gates! 'Tis Gloster that calls.

[*Servants knock.*]

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

¹³ Mahomet had a dove "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast, Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost."—*Raleigh's Hist. of the World*, part i. c. vi.

¹⁴ *Saint Philip's daughters.* Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in Acts xxi. 9.

¹ *Conveyance* anciently signified any kind of furtive knavery, or privy stealing. "Manticulatio, slie and deceitful conveyance, as the cutting of a purse." "*Convey* the wise it call; *steal!* foh; a fico for the phrase."—*Pistol*, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I.

Break up² the gates, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the Gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke: I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandement,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

² To *break up* was the same as to *break open*. "They have broken up and have passed through the gate." Micah ii. 13. "He would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up." Matthew xxiv. 43. "The lusty Kentishmen, hoping on more friends, brake up the gaytes." Hall's Chronicle, fo. 78.

*Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a Train of Servants in tawny Coats*³.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd priest⁴, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor⁵,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin⁶:
I'll canvas⁷ thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,

³ It appears that the attendants upon ecclesiastical courts, and a bishop's servants, were then, as now, distinguished by clothing of a *sombre colour*. Thus in Stow's Chronicle, p. 822, "The *bishop* of London met him, attended by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats*." And the old comedy *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634, "Tho' I was never a *tawny coat*, yet I have played the *summoner's part*." It appears also to have been a mourning colour, for in the Complaint of a Lover, by the E[arl] of O[xford], in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, it is thus mentioned:—

"For *blacke and tawny* will I wear,
Which *mourning colours* be."

I suspect that *tawny*, like the French original *tanné*, was applied to any obscure colour approaching black in hue, and that some such sad colour as is still in use for the servants of ecclesiastics is meant, and not the russet colour which we now call tawny.

⁴ *Piel'd priest*, i. e. *bald*, alluding to his shaven crown. "*Glabreo*, to waxe or become *pild* or *bald*." *Dict.* *Pield* and *pild*, or *pilled*, are only various ways of spelling *peel'd*.

⁵ *Proditor*, i. e. *traitor*, *betrayor*.

⁶ The public *stews* in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester. Upton had seen the office book of the court leet, in which was entered the fees paid by, and the customs and regulations of these brothels.

⁷ To *canvas* was "to toss in a sieve; a punishment (says Cotgrave) inflicted on such as commit gross absurdities." Thus in Davenant's *Cræel Brother*, 1630:—

"I'll *sift and winnow* him in an old hat."

Canvassed also was occasionally used for "*beaten thoroughly, swung out of doors*." See Cotgrave in *v. Forbatu* and *Berné*: where may be also seen the meaning of the word in Steevens's

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot ;

This be Damascus⁸, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back :
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st ; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard ;
[*GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.*

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly :
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat ;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose⁹, I cry—a rope ! a rope !
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay ?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats !—out, scarlet¹⁰ hypocrite !

extract from Nash's *Have with you in Saffron Walden*, which has no bearing upon the present passage. Our old friend Cotgrave is here a better commentator than Messrs. Steevens and Malone.

⁸ Ritson cites the following explanation of this allusion :—
“ *Damascus* is as much as to say shedding of blood ; for there Chaym slew Abel, and hid him in the sand.”—*POLYCHRONICON*.
Mandeville also says, “ In that place where *Damascus* was founded Kayn sloughe Abel his brother.”

⁹ A *Winchester goose* was a particular stage of the disease contracted in the stews, hence Gloucester bestows the epithet on the bishop in derision and scorn. A person affected with that disease was likewise so called. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act v. Sc. 2 :—

“ My fear is this,

Some galled *goose of Winchester* would hiss.”

¹⁰ *Scarlet hypocrite*. In *King Henry VIII.* the Earl of Surrey, with a similar allusion to Cardinal Wolsey's habit, calls him “ *scarlet sin.*”

Here GLOSTER's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men; and Enter, in the hurly burly, the Mayor of London¹¹, and his Officers.

May. Fye, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs: Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens; One that still motions war, and never peace, O'ercharging your free purses with large fines; That seeks to overthrow religion, Because he is protector of the realm; And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife, But to make open proclamation:— Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou can'st.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law: But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure: Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

¹¹ It appears from Pennant's London that this mayor was John Coventry, an opulent mercer, from whom the present Earl of Coventry is descended.

May. I'll call for clubs¹², if you will not away :
This Cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what thou
may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster ! guard thy head ;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will de-
part.—
Good God ! these nobles should such stomachs¹³ bear !
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the Walls, the Master Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is be-
sieg'd :

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd
by me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;
Something I must do, to procure me grace¹ :

¹² The practice of calling out *Clubs! clubs!* to assemble the London apprentices upon the occasion of any affray in the streets, has been before explained, see *As You Like It*, Act v. Sc. 2. It would appear that the shopkeepers were generally provided with clubs for the purpose.

¹³ *Stomach* is *pride*, a haughty spirit of resentment. It is said of Wolsey, in *King Henry VIII.*—

“ He was a man

Of an unbounded *stomach*, ever ranking
Himself with princes.”

Warburton would have this speech transferred to the officer, as beneath the dignity and gravity of the mayor ; but Shakespeare does not generally intend his mayors for any thing but well meaning simple men. The old copy has “ *these nobles* ; ” *that* being, by a common ellipsis, understood.

¹ *Grace*, i. e. *favour*.

The prince's espials² have informed me,
 How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
 Wont³, through a secret grate of iron bars
 In yonder tower, to overpeer the city ;
 And thence discover how, with most advantage,
 They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
 To intercept this inconvenience,
 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;
 And even these three days have I watch'd, if I
 Could see them.

Now, boy, do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;
 And thou shalt find me at the governour's .[*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care :
 I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*

*Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the LORDS
 SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANS-
 DALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and Others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd !
 How wert thou handled, being prisoner ?
 Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd ?
 Discourse, I prythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke⁴ of Bedford had a prisoner,
 Called—the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles⁵ ;
 For him I was exchange'd and ransomed.
 But with a baser man of arms by far,

² *Espials*, i. e. *spies*. Vide note on Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 1.

³ The old copy reads *went* ; the emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. The English *wont*, i. e. are accustomed, to overpeer the city. It is the third person plural of the old verb *wont*. The emendation is fully supported by the speech in the Chronicles on which this is formed.

⁴ In the folios he is erroneously called *earl*.

⁵ The chronological course of events is here confounded. Saintrailles was not captured by the English until 1431. Talbot was taken at the battle of Patay in 1429, and the death of Salisbury took place in 1428.

Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me :
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd ; and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd⁶.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O ! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart !
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious
taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all ;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French⁷,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me ;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly ;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure ;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :

⁶ The old copy reads "*pil'd* esteem'd." Steevens has a note *pour rire*, at which he smiles himself, proposing to read *Philistin'd* ! It should be remembered that *vile* was frequently spelt *vild* by Spenser and others of that age, and there can hardly be a doubt that it was the word ; we find it thus in Shakespeare's one hundred and twenty-first Sonnet :—

" 'Tis better to be *vile* than *vile-esteem'd*."

⁷ " This man " Talbot " was to the French people a very scourge and a daily terror, insomuch that as his person was fearful and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent ; insomuch that women in France, to feare their yong children, would crye the *Talbot* cometh."—*Hall's Chronicle*. The same thing is said of King Richard I. when he was in the Holy Land ; and Joinville adds, that " when a Turk's horse started at a bush, he would chide him, saying *cuides-tu qu'y soit le Roi Richard ?* "

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while ;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart*.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd :
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans :
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify ;
Let us look in ; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate, for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town.* SALISBURY and SIR
THO. GARGRAVE fall.

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners !

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man !

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath
cross'd us ?—

Speak, Salisbury : at least, if thou canst speak ;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off⁸ !
Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy !
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars ;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

* Here the old stage direction is, Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

⁸ Camden says, in his Remaines, that the French scarce knew the use of great ordnance till the siege of Mans, in 1455, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the English, under the conduct of this Earl of Salisbury ; and that he was the first English gentleman that was slain by a cannon ball.

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace :
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands !—
 Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life ?
 Speak unto Talbot ; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort ;
 Thou shalt not die, whiles——
 He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me ;
 As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
 Plantagenet, I will ; and like thee, Nero⁹,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn :
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard ; afterwards an Alarum.*

What stir is this ? What tumult's in the heavens ?
 Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
 head :

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
 A holy prophetess, new risen up,
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*SALISBURY lifts himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan !
 It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged.—
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you :
 Pucelle or puzzel¹⁰, dolphin or dogfish,

⁹ *Nero*, which is necessary to the sense, is not in the old copy. Malone supplied it. It may be remarked that Salisbury's name was not *Plantagenet*, but Thomas Montacute.

¹⁰ *Puzzel* means a *dirty wench* or a *drab*, from *puzza*, i. e. ma-

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen
 dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the Bodies.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Before one of the Gates.*

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my
 force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
 A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
 Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
 Blood will I draw on thee¹, thou art a witch,
 And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace
 thee. [*They fight.*]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
 My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
 And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
 But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
 [*They fight again.*]

lus foetor," says Minshew. Thus in Steevens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607, "Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzels* of Paris, use this theft." And in Stubbe's *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595, "Nor yet any droye nor *puzzel* in the country but will carry a nosegay in her hand." It should be remembered that in the poet's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*.

¹ The superstition of those times, not yet entirely extinct, taught that he who could draw a witch's blood was free from her power.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come :
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament :
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do :
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal²,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists :
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short Alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :
Sheep run not half so timorous³ from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another Skirmish.*

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches :
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury !
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and
his Forces, &c.*

² Alluding to Hannibal's stratagem to escape, by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded by Livy, lib. xxij. c. 16.

³ Old copy, *treacherous*. Corrected by Pope.

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves¹ :
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astrea's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success ?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next².—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetic !
Recover'd is the town of Orleans :
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout
the town ?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won ;
For which, I will divide my crown with her :

¹ *Wolves.* Thus the second folio, the first omits that word, and the epithet *bright* prefixed to Astrea in the next line but one. Malone follows the reading of the first folio, and contends that by a licentious pronunciation a syllable was added, thus English, Asteræa.

² The *Adonis horti* were nothing but portable earthen pots, with some lettuce or fennel growing in them. On his yearly festival every woman carried one of them in honour of Adonis, because Venus had once laid him in a lettuce bed. The next day they were thrown away. The *proverb* seems to have been used always in a bad sense, for things which make a fair show for a few days and then wither away. The Dauphin is here made to apply it as an encomium. There is a good account of it in Erasmus's *Adagia* ; but the idea may have been taken from *The Faerie Queene*, Book iii. can. 6. st. 42.

And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
 Than Rhodope's, of Memphis, ever was³:
 In memory of her, when she is dead,
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius⁴,
 Transported shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of France.
 No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
 Come in; and let us banquet royally,
 After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and
 Two Sentinels.*

Sergeant.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
 If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

³ The old copy reads:—

“Than Rhodophe's or Memphis ever was.”

Rhodope, or *Rhodopis*, a celebrated courtesan, who was a slave in the same service with *Æsop*, at *Samos*. The brother of *Sappho*, *Charaxes*, purchased her freedom and married her. She obtained so much money by selling her favours at *Naucrates*, that she is said to have erected at *Memphis* “the fairest and most commended of the pyramids.” So *Herodotus*, but there seems much fable in the story throughout. *Ælian* relates that she married *Psammetichus*, king of *Egypt*, who fell in love with her sandal, which was dropped near him by an eagle that had carried it off while she was bathing.

⁴ “In what price the noble poems of *Homer* were holden by *Alexander the Great*, insomuch that everie night they were layd

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces,
with Scaling Ladders ; their Drums beating a dead
March.*

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we then this opportunity ;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France !—how much he wrongs
his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure ?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid ! and be so martial ?

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long ;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with
spirits :

God is our fortress ; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot ; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together : better far, I guess,

under his pillow, and by day were carried in the rich jewel coffer
of Darius, lately before vanquished by him."—*Puttenham's Arte
of English Poesie*, 1589.

That we do make our entrance several ways ;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed ; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
grave.—

Now, Salisbury ! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying St. George !
a Talbot ! and all enter by the Town.*]

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm ! the enemy doth make
assault !

*The French leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter,
several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half
ready, and half unready*¹.

Alen. How now, my lords ? what, all unready so ?

Bast. Unready ? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our
beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Never heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles ; I marvel how he sped.

¹ *Unready* is *undressed*. Thus in Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606, "You are not going to bed ; I see you are not yet *unready*." A stage direction in the *Two Maids of Moreclock*, 1609, says, "Enter James *unready*, in his nightcap, garterless." So in *Cotgrave*, "*Deshabiller*, to unclothe, *make unreddie*, put or take off clothes."

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut ! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame ?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much ?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend ?
At all times will you have my power alike ?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me ?—
Improvident soldiers ! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default ;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels :
Then how, or which way, should they first break in ?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way ; 'tis sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made,
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms² to endamage them.

² *Platforms*, i. e. *plans*, *schemes*. The plot of a play was called a *platform*. The word was in frequent use at the time as applied to *systems* of theology—"The Geneva platform," &c.

*Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying a Talbot !
a Talbot ! They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword ;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II. Orleans. *Within the Town.*

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain,
and Others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[Retreat sounded.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury ;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul ;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd :
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans ;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace ;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc ;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight
began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull ;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with
him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies ;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comick sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then ; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness overrul'd :—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks ;
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly ; it is more than manners will :
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive
my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord ; and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge ;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Count. The plot is laid : if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account :
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure¹ of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What ! is this the man ?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France ?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes² ?
I see report is fabulous and false :

¹ *Censure*, i. e. *judgment, opinion*. So in King Richard III.—

“ And give your *censures* in this weighty business.”

² Dryden has transplanted this idea into his Don Sebastian :—

“ Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name
Be longer used, to lull the crying babe.”

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas ! this is a child, a silly dwarf :
It cannot be, this weak and writhled³ shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you :
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now ?—Go ask him, whither
he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot ; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner ! to whom ?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord ;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs ;
But now the substance shall endure the like ;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate⁴.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha !

³ *Writhled* for *shrivel'd*, *wrinkled*. Thus Harington, Ariosto,
Canto vi. St. 62 :—

Her face was wan, a lean and *writheld* skin ;

Her stature skant three horse-loaves did exceed, &c.

And Marston, in his fourth Satire :—

“ Cold *writhled* eld, his lives web almost spent.”

⁴ Thus in Solyman and Persida :—

“ If not destroy'd and bound and *captivate*,
If *captivate*, then forc'd from holy faith.”

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond⁵,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce⁶;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

*He winds a Horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of Ord-
nance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

⁵ *Fond*, i. e. foolish, silly, weak.

⁶ *This is a riddling merchant for the nonce.* The term *merchant*, which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest kind of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person showed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*, the nurse says, "I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?" And in *Church-yard's Chance*, 1580:—

"What saucie merchant speaketh now, said Venus in her rage."
The term *chap*, an abridgment of *chapman*, is still in use in vulgar speech, in speaking of any one with freedom or disrespect. *For the nonce is for the occasion.*

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks ;
 Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
 And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot ! pardon my abuse :
 I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited⁷,
 And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath ;
 For I am sorry, that with reverence
 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady ; nor misconstrue
 The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done hath not offended me :
 No other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only (with your patience) that we may
 Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have ;
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart : and think me honoured
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. *The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WAR-
 WICK ; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and
 a Lawyer*¹.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this
 silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

Suff. Within the Temple hall we were too loud :
 The garden here is more convenient.

⁷ *Bruited* is noised, reported, loudly announced. So in *Macbeth* :—

“ One of great note

Seems bruited.”

“ The fame or *bruite* that one hath among the common people is
 lost or buried when he dieth.”—*Cooper.*

¹ This lawyer was probably Roger Nevyle, who was afterwards
 hanged. See W. Wyrcester, p. 478.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth ;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error²?

Suff. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law ;
And never yet could frame my will to it ;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best³,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment :
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significant⁴ proclaim your thoughts :
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,

² Johnson observes that "there is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions here," but there is no reason to suspect that the text is corrupt. *Or else* must be understood as, *Or, in other words.*

³ i.e. *regulate his motions most adroitly.* We still say that a horse *carries himself well.* In *Romeo and Juliet* we have:—

"*He bears him like a portly gentleman.*"

⁴ *Dumb significant*, which Malone would have changed to *significancce*, is nothing more than *signs* or *tokens.* Armado calls the letter he sends to Jaquenetta "this *significant.*" *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours⁵; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen: and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected⁶;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,

⁵ *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*. Thus in *Love's Labour's Lost*.—"I do fear colourable *colours*."

⁶ *Well objected* is properly proposed, properly thrown in our way. Thus in Goulart's *Admirable Histories*, 4to. 1607:—"Because Sathan transfigures himself into an angell of light, I *objected* many and sundry questions to him." Again, in Chapman's version of the twenty-first book of the *Odyssey*:—

"Excites Penelope t' *object* the prize

(The bow and bright steeles) to the wooer's strength."

The argument you held was wrong in you ;

[To SOMERSET.

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?

Som. Here, in my scabbard ; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses ;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear ; but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses⁷ ;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth ;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction⁸, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will ; and scorn both him
and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

⁷ It is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger ; anger produced by this circumstance—namely, that thy cheeks blush, &c.

⁸ Theobald altered *fashion*, which is the reading of the old copy, to *faction*. Warburton contends that “by *fashion* is meant the badge of the *red rose*, which Somerset said that he and his friends would be distinguished by.” Theobald's emendation is confirmed by what Plantagenet afterwards says :—

“This pale and angry rose

Will I for ever, and my *faction* wear.”

He has already in this scene been called *young Somerset*.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence⁹,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen¹⁰ from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege¹¹,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treasons executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt¹² from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker¹³ Poole, and you yourself,

⁹ The poet mistakes. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the son of Philippa, the daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. The duke, therefore, was his maternal great great grandfather.

¹⁰ *Crestless yeomen*, i. e. those who have no right to arms.

¹¹ It does not appear that the *Temple* had any privilege of sanctuary at this time, being then, as now, the residence of law students. The author might imagine it to have derived some such privilege from the knights templars, or knights hospitallers, both religious orders, its former inhabitants. It is true, blows may have been prohibited by the regulations of the society: the author perhaps did not much consider the matter, but represents it as suited his purpose.

¹² *Exempt for excluded*. See *Comedy of Errors*, Act ii. Sc. 2, note 14.

¹³ *Partaker*, in ancient language, signifies one who takes part with another; an accomplice, or confederate. "A partaker, or co-

I'll note you in my book of memory¹⁴,
To scourge you for this apprehension¹⁵ :
Look to it well ; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still :
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes ;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance¹⁶ of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear ;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition !
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. *[Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious
Richard. *[Exit.*

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure
it !

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster :
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,

parcioner ; particeps, consors, consocius."—*Baret.* So in the fiftieth Psalm :—" When thou sawest a thief thou didst consent unto him, and hast been *partaker* with the adulterers."

" Each side had great *partakers* ; Cæsar's cause
The gods abetted."

Marlowe's Translation of the First Book of Lucan.

¹⁴ So in *Hamlet* :—

" The table of my memory."

Again :—

" Shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain."

¹⁵ *Apprehension* here means *conception*, or a *conceit* taken that matters are different from what the truth warrants. So in *Much Ado about Nothing* :—" How long have you professed *apprehension* ?" i. e. the taking of conceits into your head.

¹⁶ A *cognizance* is a badge.

Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose :
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir¹⁷.

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter MORTIMER*¹, *brought in a Chair by two Keepers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—

¹⁷ *Sir* is from the second folio.

¹ This is at variance with the strict truth of history. Edmund Mortimer, who was trusted and employed by Henry V. throughout his reign, died of the plague in his own castle at Trim, in Ireland, in 1424-5; being then only thirty-two years old. Sandford says that he was confined there by the jealousy of Henry; but this is a mistake. His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed a prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. The poet has been led into error by the popular historians of his time. Hall relates that, in the third year of Henry VI. (1425), "Edmond Mortimer, the last Earl of Marche of that name (*whiche long time had bene restrayned from his liberty*, and finally waxed lame) deceased without issue, whose inheritance descended to the Lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. And in a previous passage he has observed—"The Erle of Marche was ever *kept in the courte* under such a keeper that he could neither do nor attempt any thyng agaynste the kyng wythout his knowledge, and died without issue." The same error occurs in the Legend of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, in the Mirror for Magistrates, 1575:—

"His cursed son ensued his cruel path,
And kept my guiltless cousin strait in durance," &c.

Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment :
 And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death²,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent³:
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief,
 And pithless⁴ arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground :
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.—
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

1 *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :
 We sent unto the Temple, to^a his chamber ;
 And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
 Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
 Deprived of honour and inheritance :
 But now, the arbitrator of despair,
 Just death, kind umpire⁵ of men's miseries,

² *The pursuivants of death*, i. e. the heralds that, fore-running death, proclaim its approach.

³ *Exigent* is here used for *extremity*, *end* ; as in Doctor Dodypoll, a comedy, 1600 :—

“Hath driven her to some desperate exigent.”

⁴ *Pith*, is used figuratively for *strength*. “*Nervosus*, sinewy, strongly made in body, *pithy*.”—COOPER. The word is still used in Scotland in this sense.

^a Old copy *unto*.

⁵ *Kind umpire*. That is, *he who terminates or concludes misery*.

With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence ;
 I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
 Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
 And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :
 O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
 And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
 Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm ;
 And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease⁶.
 This day, in argument upon a case,
 Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me :
 Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
 And did upbraid me with my father's death ;
 Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
 Else with the like I had requited him :
 Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
 In honour of a true Plantagenet,
 And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
 My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

The expression occurs with greater propriety in *Romeo and Juliet*:— "Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that," &c.

⁶ *Disease* for *uneasiness*, *trouble*, or *grief*. It is used in this sense by other ancient writers. Thus Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, vi. 40:—

"That night they pass'd in great *disease*,
 Till that the morning bringing early light,
 To guide men's labours, brought them also ease."

So in *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 3:—

"As she is now, she will *disease* our better mirth."

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was ;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will ; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew⁷ Richard ; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young King Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage ;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroick line.
But mark ; as, in this haughty⁸ great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.

⁷ *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, signifying *grandchild*, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. It is here used instead of *cousin*. Ritson has remarked that both *uncle* and *nephew* might formerly signify cousin ; for in *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, Part II. Prince Henry calls his cousin, the bastard, *uncle*. In French, as in Latin, *neveu* signified *grandchild*, and by a prefix several other degrees of consanguinity. See *The Menagiana*, vol. ii. p. 191, &c. ed. Amst. 1713.

⁸ *Haughty* is *high, lofty*. So in the fourth act :—

“Valiant and virtuous, full of *haughty* courage.”

Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
 (Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,) did reign,
 Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
 From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
 Marrying my sister, that thy mother was ;
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an army ; weening⁹ to redeem,
 And have install'd me in the diadem :
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest, that I no issue have ;
 And that my fainting words do warrant death :
 Thou art my heir ; the rest, I wish thee gather¹⁰ :
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me :
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick ;
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
 And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd¹¹.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence ;
 As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, 'would, some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age¹² !

⁹ *Weening*, i. e. *thinking*. This is another falsification of history. Cambridge levied no army ; but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Earl of March.

¹⁰ i. e. I acknowledge thee to be my *heir* ; the consequences which may be collected from thence I *recommend* thee to *draw*.

¹¹ Thus Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book iv.—

“ Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd.”

¹² O, uncle, 'would, some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age !

The same thought occurs in the celebrated dialogue between

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as that slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell: and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!

[*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt* Keepers, bearing out MORTIMER.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort¹³:
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill¹⁴ the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

Horace and Lydia. There is some resemblance to it in the following lines, supposed to be addressed by a married lady, who died very young, to her husband. Malone thinks that the inscription is in the church of Trent:—

“Immatura peri; sed tu diuturnior annos

Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos.”

Some traces of a superstitious belief that this was possible may be found in the traditions of the Rabbins; it is enlarged upon in the *Alcestes* of Euripides. Such offers are ridiculed by Juvenal, Sat. xii. Dion Cassius insinuates that Hadrian sacrificed his favourite Antinous with this design. See Lister's *Journey to Paris*, p. 221. It is a mere hyperbolical compliment.

¹³ *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort*, i. e. *oppressed by those whose right to the crown was not so good as his own.*

¹⁴ The old editions read, “Or make my *will*.” Theobald made

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Parliament House*¹.

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of Winchester, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and Others. GLOSTER offers to put up a Bill*²: Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

Winchester.

WOM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands
my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissensious pranks,

the necessary correction. My *ill* is my *ill usage*. This sentiment resembles another of Falstaff, in the Second Part of King Henry IV.—“I will turn diseases to commodity.”

¹ This parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though here represented to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament, which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Katharine brought the young king from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne with the infant in her lap.

A bill, i. e. articles of accusation.

As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer ;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace ;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree ;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest ?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower ?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, How am I so poor ?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling ?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd ?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends ;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke :
It is, because no one should sway but he ;
No one, but he, should be about the king ;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo.

As good ?

Thou bastard of my grandfather³!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir ; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne ?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest ?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church ?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,

³ The bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Katharine Swynford, whom the Duke afterwards married.

And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster !

Glo.

Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War.

Roam⁴ thither then.

My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Methinks, my lord should be religious,

And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler ;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that ?
Is not his grace protector to the king ?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue ;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should ;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords ?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal ;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar !
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within ; Down with the tawny coats !*
What tumult's this ?

War.

An uproar, I dare warrant,

⁴ The jingle between *roam* and *Rome* is common to other writers. Thus Nash, in his *Lenten Stuff*, 1599 :—"Three hundred thousand people *roamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills," &c. Shakespeare seems to have pronounced this word differently in *Julius Cæsar* ; we have :—

"Now is it *Rome* indeed and *room* enough."

Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again; Stones! Stones!*]

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contráry parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and
WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*]

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd⁵ fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,

⁵ *Unaccustomed* was always used by our ancestors for *new, strange, unwonted*, as may be seen in the dictionaries under *insolitus*. This is its meaning in the passage of *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“Give him such an *unaccustom'd* dram,
That he shall soon keep Tibalt company.”

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate⁶,
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
 Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo.

Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
 Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
 Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
 My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
 Or who should study to prefer a peace,
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield; yield, Winchester;
 Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
 To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
 You see what mischief, and what murder too,
 Hath been enacted through your enmity;
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
 Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
 Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
 Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
 As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
 Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

⁶ *An inkhorn mate*, i. e. a bookish person, a pedant, applied in contempt to a scholar. *Inkhornisms* and *inkhorn-terms* were common expressions. "If one chance to derive anie word from the Latine, which is insolent to their ears (as perchance they will take that phrase to be) they forthwith make a jest of it, and terme it an *inkhorne tearme*."—*Preface to Guazzo's Civil Conversation*, 1586. Florio defines *pedantaggine* "a fond self conceit in using of *ink-pot* words or affected Latinisms, as most pedants do, and is taken in an ill sense."

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin :
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird⁷.
For shame, my lord of Winchester ! relent ;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do ?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee ;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay ; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.

[*Aside.*

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen ;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers :
So help me God, as I dissemble not !

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not !

[*Aside.*

K. Hen. O, loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters ! trouble us no more ;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content ; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physick the tavern
affords. [*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign ;
Which, in the right of Richard Plantagenet,
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick ;—for, sweet
prince,

⁷ A *kindly gird* is a *kind or gentle reproof*. a *graceful rebuke*. A *gird* is a *cut*. Falstaff says that "men of all sorts take a pride to gird" at him : and in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Baptista says, "Tranio *hits* you now : " to which Lucentio answers, "I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio."

An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right :
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force :
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood ;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my
foot ;

And, in reguerdon⁹ of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York :
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet ;
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall !
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of
York !

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York !

[*Aside.*

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France :
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends ;
As it disanimates his enemies.

⁹ *Reguerdon* is *recompense*, *reward*. It is perhaps a corruption
of *regardum*, Latin of the middle ages.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, King Henry goes ;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue :

This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love¹⁰,

And will at last break out into a flame :

As fester'd members rot but by degrees,

Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,

So will this base and envious discord breed¹¹.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,

Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,

That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all ;

And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all :

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that hapless time¹². [*Exit.*

SCENE II. France. Before Roüen.

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like
Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Roüen,
Through which our policy must make a breach :

Take heed, be wary how you place your words ;

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,

That come to gather money for their corn.

¹⁰ "Ignes suppositos cineri doloso."—*Hor.*

¹¹ *So will this base and envious discord breed*, i. e. so will the malignity of this discord *propagate itself*, and advance.

¹² The Duke of Exeter, "a right sage and discreet councillor," says Holinshed, died shortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the Earl of Warwick was appointed governor or tutor to the king in his room.

If we have entrance (as, I hope, we shall),
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
 And we be lords and rulers over Roüen ;
 Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.]

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là ?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France :*
 Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.

[Opens the Gate.]

Puc. Now, Roüen¹, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the
 ground. [PUCELLE, &c. enter the City.]

*Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON, and
 Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem !
 And once again we'll sleep secure in Roüen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants² ;
 Now she is there, how will she specify
 Where^a is the best and safest passage in ?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower ;
 Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,
 No way to that³, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on a Battlement ; holding out a
 Torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
 That joineth Roüen unto her countrymen :

¹ *Roüen* was anciently written and pronounced *Roan*.

² *Practice*, in the language of the time, was *treachery*, or *insidious stratagem*. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in treachery*.

^a The old copies have *Here*. The necessary correction was made by Rowe.

³ *No way to that*, i. e. *no way like or compared to that*. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii. Sc. 4, note 9.

But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry *The Dauphin!* presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy
tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride⁴ of France.

[*Exeunt to the Town.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the Town BED-
FORD, brought in sick in a Chair, with TALBOT, BUR-
GUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the
Walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard, ALEN-
ÇON, and Others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for
bread?

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel⁵; Do you like the taste?

⁴ *Pride* signifies *haughty power*. The same speaker afterwards says, in Act iv.—

“And from the *pride* of Gallia rescued thee.”

⁵ “*Darnel*,” says Gerarde, in his *Herbal*, “*hurteth the eyes and maketh them dim*, if it happen either in corne for breade, or drinke.” Hence the old proverb—*Lolio victitare*, applied to such as were dim-sighted. Thus also Ovid. *Fast.* i. 691:—

“Et careant lolii oculos vitiantibus agri.”

La Pucelle means to intimate that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan !
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that
time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason !

Puc. What will you do, good gray-beard ? break a
lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir ? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy
peace ;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*TALBOT and the Rest consult together.*

God speed the parliament ! who shall be the speaker ?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field ?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest ;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out ?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang !—base muleteers of France !
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains : let's get us from the walls ;

they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem. The Italians have a proverbial phrase, "To give darnel, Darle traveggole," for casting a mist before the eyes, or deception by a trick.

For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
 God be wi' you, my lord ! we came, sir, but to tell you
 That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the Walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
 Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame !—
 Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
 Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in France,
 Either to get the town again, or die :
 And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
 And as his father here was conqueror ;
 As sure as in this late-betrayed town
 Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried ;
 So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
 The valiant duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me :
 Here will I sit before the walls of Rouën,
 And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence ; for once I read,
 That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick⁶,
 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes :
 Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
 Because I ever found them as myself.

⁶ This is from Harding's Chronicle, who gives this account of Uther Pendragon :—

" For which the king ordained a horse-litter
 To beare him so then unto Verolame,
 Where Occa lay and Oyssa also in feer,
 That Saynt Albons, now hight of noble fame,
 Bet downe the walles, but to him forthe thei came
 Wher in battayl Occa and Oyssa were slayne,
 The felde he had, and thereof was ful fayne."

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast !
Then be it so :—Heavens keep old Bedford safe !—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and *Forces*,
leaving BEDFORD and *Others*.]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE
and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such
haste ?

Fast. Whither away ? to save myself by flight ;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What ! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot ?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world to save my life. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Cowardly knight ! ill fortune follow thee.
[*Exit.*]

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, LA
PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and exeunt,
flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please ;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man ?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair*⁷.]

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and *Others*.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again !
This is a double honour, Burgundy :
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory !

⁷ The Duke of Bedford died at *Rouen* in September, 1435 ; but
not in any action before that town.

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart ; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle
now ?

I think, her old familiar is asleep :
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleeks⁸ ?

What, all a-mort⁹ ? Rouën hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers ;

And then depart to Paris, to the king ;

For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouën ;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court :
But kings and mightiest potentates must die ;
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. The Plains near the City.*

*Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENÇON, LA
PUCELLE, and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouën is so recovered :
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,

⁸ *Gleeks*, i. e. *scoffs*. See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 10.

⁹ *What, all a-mort?* i. e. *what, quite cast down, or dispirited.* See the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. Sc. 3, note 2, p. 208.

And like a peacock sweep along his tail,
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint ;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan devise :
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors ;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped¹ from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums heard.*

Hark ! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance,
TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot with his colours spread ;
And all the troops of English after him.

¹ *Extirped*, i. e. *extirpated*, *rooted out*. So in Lord Sterling's Darius, 1603 :—

“ The world shall gather to *extirp* our name.”

*A French March. Enter the DUKE of BURGUNDY
and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his ;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A Parley sounded.*]

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy ?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles ? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle ; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France !
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly² babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France ;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O ! turn thy edged sword another way ;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore ;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

² Warburton proposed to read *lovely* babe, but has been satisfactorily answered by Johnson, that "*lowly* babe means the babe lying low in death. *Lowly* answers as well to towns defaced and ruined."

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on
thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath^a set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this, for proof;
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free^b, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty^c words of
hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:

^a The first folio reads *had*.

^b The duke was not liberated till after Burgundy's decline to the French interest; which did not happen, by the way, till some years after the execution of La Pucelle; nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford.

^c *Haughty* does not mean *disdainful*, or *violent*, as Johnson supposed; but *elevated*, *high spirited*. Vide note 8, p. 51. At the first interview with Joan the Dauphin says:—

“Thou hast astonish'd me with thy *high terms*.”

i. e. what Burgundy calls her *haughty words*. *Haught* and *hault* were used in the same manner; from *hault* and *haultain*, old French.

My forces and my power of men are yours ;—
So, farewell, Talbot ; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman, turn, and turn again⁵ !

Char. Welcome, brave duke ! thy friendship makes
us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers ;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords,
VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and some
of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign :
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet ;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France ?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

⁵ The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. "I have read," says Johnson, "a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes."

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord.

When I was young (as yet I am not old),
I do remember how my father said¹,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved² of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd³ with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT,
and Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours⁴ that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death⁵;

¹ Malone remarks that "Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never saw him." The poet did not perhaps deem historical accuracy necessary.

² *Resolved*, i. e. *convinced*, *assured*.

³ *Reguerdon'd*, i. e. *rewarded*. Vide note 9 on page 60.

⁴ *These colours*, i. e. *the badge of a rose*.

⁵ By the ancient law before the conquest, *fighting in the king's palace or before the king's judges was punished with death*. And still by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. xii. malicious striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to venge this wrong ;

When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you ;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room of State*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK,
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK,
TALBOT, *the Governour of Paris, and Others.*

Gloster.

HORD bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name
the sixth !

Glo. Now, governour of Paris, take your oath,
[*Governour kneels.*]

That you elect no other king but him :

Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends ;

And none your foes, but such as shall pretend¹

Malicious practices against his state :

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*]

imprisonment and fine, at the king's pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand. Stow gives a circumstantial account of Sir Edmond Knevet being found guilty of this offence, with the ceremonials for carrying the sentence into execution. He petitioned the king to take his left hand instead of his right ; and the king was pleased to pardon him altogether.—*Annals*. edit. 1605, p. 978.

¹ To *pretend* is here used for to *intend*, to *design*. Thus in *Macbeth* :—

“ What good could they *pretend*.”

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee !
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's² leg,
[*Plucking it off.*

(Which I have done), because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
This dastard, at the battle of Patay³,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away ;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man ;

² Warburton would read "thy craven leg." *Craven* is mean, dastardly.

³ The old copy has *Poictiers* instead of *Patay*. The battle of Poictiers was fought in 1357, the 31st of King Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th of King Henry VI. viz. 1428. The action happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beausse called *Pataie*.—From this battel departed, without any stroke striken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the Duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter, &c." Vol. ii. p. 601. Monstretlet mentions the degradation of Sir John Fastolfe.

Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty⁴ courage
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes⁵.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order ;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge),
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st thy
doom :

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[*Exit FASTOLFE.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd
his style ? [*Viewing the superscription.*]

No more but, plain and bluntly, *To the king.*

Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign ?

Or doth this 'churlish superscription

Pretend⁶ some alteration in good will ?

What's here ?—*I have upon especial cause,* [*Reads.*]

*Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,*

⁴ Vide note 8 on p. 51 ; and note 4 on p. 70.

⁵ *In most extremes*, i. e. in *greatest extremities*. *More* and *most* were used by our ancestors for *greater* and *greatest*. Vide note on *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 4, note 3.

⁶ *Pretend* is here used in the sense of *hold out* or *set forth*, agreeably to its etymology.

*Forsoaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.*

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall talk
with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented⁷,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight:

Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to
speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

⁷ *Prevented is anticipated.* Vide note on the Second Part of King Henry IV. Act i. Sc. 2, p. 179, note 26.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn⁸ the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd⁹ the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—

⁸ To *repugn* is to resist. From the Latin *repugno*.

“Imperfect nature that *repugneth* law,
Or law too hard that nature doth offend.”

Dymock's Il Pastor Fido, 1602.

⁹ *Bewray'd*, i. e. *discovered*. Thus in *Lear*, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

“He did *bewray* his practice, and receiv'd
The hurt you see striving to apprehend him.”

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so ? Confounded be your strife !
And perish ye, with your audacious prate !
Presumptuous vassals ! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturb the king and us ?
And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections ;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves ;
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness :—Good my lords, be
friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants :
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are ;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation :
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel !
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France ?
O ! think upon the conquest of my father,

My tender years ; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood !
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*Putting on a red Rose.*

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York :
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both :
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach :
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our régent in these parts of France :
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest.
After some respite, will return to Calais ;
From thence to England ; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. HEN. GLO. SOM.

WIN. SUP. and BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did¹⁰,—But let it rest ;

¹⁰ The old copy reads " And if I wish he did ; " an evident typo-

Other affairs must now be managed.

Exeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much¹¹, when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy¹² breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*]

graphical error. York says that he is not pleased that the king should prefer the red rose, the badge of Somerset, his enemy; Warwick desires him not to be offended at it, as he dares say the king *meant no harm*. To which York, yet unsatisfied, hastily replies, in a menacing tone, "*If I thought he did;*"—but he instantly checks his threat with, *let it rest*. It is an example of a rhetorical figure not uncommon. Thus in *Coriolanus*:—

"An 'twere to give again—But 'tis no matter."

And if, or *an if*, in old phraseology, are frequently used for *if*. The following instance, from the Interlude of Jack Jugler, confirms this emendation:—

"*And if I wist* the fault were in him, I pray God I be ded
But he shoulde have such a kyrie, ere he went to bed,
As he never had before in all his life."

This passage had been most absurdly pointed in all editions previous to 1826.

¹¹ '*Tis much*, i. e. '*Tis an alarming circumstance, a thing of great consequence, or much weight.*

¹² *Envy*, in old English writers, frequently means *malice, enmity*. *Unkind* is *unnatural*. See note on *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 7, p. 48, note 23; *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv. Sc. 1, note 6.

SCENE II. France. *Before Bordeaux.**Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the
General of the French Forces, and Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us ; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love¹.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge ;
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death ;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight :
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight ;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,

¹ The old editions read "*their* love." Sir Thomas Hanmer altered it to "*our* love;" and I think with Stevens, that the alteration should be adopted; otherwise we have the equivocal of *their* relating to *famine, steel* and *fire*.

And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous artillery²
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit :
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I, thy enemy, due³ thee withal ;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy musick to thy timorous soul ;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the Walls.*]

Tal. He fables not⁴, I hear the enemy.—
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ;
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood⁵:

² *To rive their dangerous artillery* is merely a figurative way of expressing to *discharge* it. *To rive* is to *burst*; and *burst* is applied by Shakespeare more than once to *thunder*, or to a similar sound. Thus in *King Lear*, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

“Such *bursts* of horrid thunder.”

And in *The Winter's Tale*, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

“The *burst*

And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle

Kin to Jove's thunder.”

³ *Due* for *endue*, or *giving due and merited praise*. The old copy prints it *dew*.

⁴ So Milton's *Comus*:—

“*She fables not*, I feel that I do fear.”

⁵ *In blood* is a term of the forest; a deer was said to be in *blood* when in vigour or in good condition, and full of courage,

Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch ;
 But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
 God, and Saint George ! Talbot, and England's right !
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

Enter YORK, with Forces ; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord ; and give it out,
 That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot : As he march'd along,
 By your espials¹ were discovered
 Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led ;
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bordeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset ;
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid ;
 And I am lowted² by a traitor villain,

here put in opposition to *rascal*, which was the term for the same animal when lean and out of condition. We have the same expression in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

“The deer was, as you know, in blood.”

The metaphor is continued by using *heads of steel* for lances, in allusion to the deers' horns.

¹ *Espials*, i. e. *spies*.

² To *lout*, i. e. to treat with contempt, as a *lout* or country fellow. Cotgrave will show that this was sometimes the sense of *to lout* :—“*Faire la mine, to lout or lowre upon.*” In other words, to *contemn* or *mock*. Thus in the translation of Lawrence Humfrey's treatise *Of Nobilyte*, 1563, Book 3rd :—“*Pride it is to lowte men of lower sorte, or pore lasers, as is some men's guise.*” Where the

And cannot help the noble chevalier :
 God comfort him in this necessity !
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France .

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.**

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
 Never so needful on the earth of France,
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot ;
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron³,
 And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
 To Bordeaux, warlike duke ! to Bordeaux, York !
 Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God ! that Somerset—who in proud heart
 Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place !
 So should we save a valiant gentleman,
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
 Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord !

York. He dies, we lose ; I break my warlike word ;
 We mourn, France smiles ; we lose, they daily get ;
 All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul !
 And on his son, young John ; whom, two hours since,
 I met in travel toward his warlike father.
 This seven years did not Talbot see his son ;
 And now they meet where both their lives are done⁴.

York. Alas ! what joys shall noble Talbot have,

Latin has "superbiæ est alios inferioris notes homines ac mendicos deridere."

* The old copy has "Enter another Messenger." It afterward appears to have been Sir William Lucy.

³ "Those sleeping stones
 That as a waste do girdle you about."

King John.

⁴ *And now they meet where both their lives are done.*
 The reader will recollect the expression "done to death," which we have in the Second Part of Henry VI. Act iii. Sc. 2, as well as "Who should do the Duke to death?"

To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[*Exit YORK with his Forces.*]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture⁵ of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Other Plains of Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of
TALBOT'S with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you
sent?

⁵ *The vulture.* Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot¹;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions²:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring³, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation⁴.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy⁵,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,

¹ *From bought and sold Lord Talbot*, i. e. *from one utterly ruined by the treacherous practices of others*. The expression seems to have been proverbial; intimating that foul play had been used. Thus in King Richard III.—

“Dickon, thy master is *bought and sold*.”

And in King John:—

“Fly, noble English, you are *bought and sold*.”

² The old copy has *regions*. The emendation is by Rowe.

³ *Ling'ring*, i. e. *protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post*.

⁴ *Emulation* here signifies *envious rivalry*, not struggle for superior excellence. Ulysses, in *Troilus and Cressida*, says the Grecian chiefs were— “So every step,

Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless *emulation*.”

See also Act ii. Sc. 2, in the same play.

⁵ The first folio omits *and* in this line, and has *Field* instead of *Fields* in the preceding one. The second folio makes the necessary correction.

Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies ; he might have sent and had the horse :

I owe him little duty, and less love ;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot :
Never to England shall he bear his life ;
But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go ; I will despatch the horsemen straight :

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue ; he is ta'en, or slain ;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled ;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu !

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The English Camp, near Bordeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot ! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war ;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill boding stars !
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided¹ danger :
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight : come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot ? and am I your son ?
And shall I fly ? O, if you love my mother,

¹ *Unavoided for unavoidable.*

Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me :
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay ; and, father, do you fly :
Your loss is great, so your regard² should be ;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast ;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done :
You fled for vantage every one will swear ;
But, if I flew, they'd say³—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name : shall flight abuse
it ?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that
stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

² *Your regard*, i. e. *your care of your own safety*.

³ The old copy has "But if I bow, they'll say." The correction is made in my second folio. The corrector of Mr. Collier's would read, "But if I fly."

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide :
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die ;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Field of Battle.*

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd¹ time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword
struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

¹ *Determin'd* here must signify *prescribed, limited, appointed*; and not *ended*, as Steevens and Malone concur in explaining it. John could not be meant to say that his *time* of life was actually ended. Thus in *King Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3:—

Riv. It is concluded he shall be protector.

Q. Eliz. It is *determined*, not *concluded* yet,
But so it must be if the king miscarry."

Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
 Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
 Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
 And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
 The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
 From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
 Of thy first fight—I soon encountered ;
 And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
 Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,
 Bespoke him thus : *Contaminated, base,
 And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
 Mean and right poor ; for that pure blood of mine,
 Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy :—*
 Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care ;
 Art thou not weary, John ? How dost thou fare ?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?
 Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead ;
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age :
 By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
 'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day :
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame :
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart² :

² Prior has borrowed this thought in his *Henry and Emma* :—

“Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?”

And in the Third Part of King Henry VI. we have :—

“Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words.”

On that advantage, bought with such a shame
 (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame),
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die :
 And like³ me to the peasant boys of France ;
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance !
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son :
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot⁴,
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete⁵,
 Thou Icarus ; thy life to me is sweet :
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side ;
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the same.*

Alarum : Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life ?—mine own is gone ;
 O, where's young Talbot ? where is valiant John ?—
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity¹ !
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee :—
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence

³ *Like me*, i. e. *compare me*, *reduce me* to a level by comparison. So in King Henry IV. Part II.—“When the prince broke thy head for *liking* his father to a singing man,” &c.

⁴ See note on King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 1, p. 410, note 20.

⁵ Thus in the Third Part of King Henry VI.—

“What a peevish fool was that of Crete.”

And again :—

“I Dædalus, my poor boy, Icarus.”

¹ Triumphant death, though thy presence is made more terrible, on account of the stain of dying in captivity, yet young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.

Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience ;
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tend'ring my ruin², and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clust'ring battle of the French :
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His overmounting spirit ; and there died
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord ! lo, where your son is borne !

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us here to
 scorn³,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither⁴ sky,
 In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—
 O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath :
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no ;
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
 Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks ; as who should say—
 Had death been French, then death had died to-day.

² *Tend'ring my ruin*, i. e. watching with *tenderness* in my fall.
 Thus in the Second Part of King Henry VI.—

“ I tender so the safety of my liege.”

³ In King Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 2, we have the same image :—

“ Within the hollow crown

That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps death his court : and there the *antick* sits
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.”

⁴ *Lither* is flexible, pliant, yielding, as in *Paradise Lost*, B. iv.—
 “ The unwieldy elephant, to make them mirth us'd all his might,
 and wreath'd his *lithe* proboscis.” In much the same manner
 Milton says :—

“ He with broad sails

Winnow'd the *buzom* air.”

Where *buzom* is used in its old original sense of pliant, yielding.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[Dies.]

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two Bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood⁵,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:

But, with a proud, majestic high scorn,
 He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born
 To be the pillage of a giglot⁶ wench:*

So, rushing in the bowels of the French⁷,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:

See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;

⁵ *Wood* signified *furious* as well as *mad*: *raging-wood* is certainly here *furiously raging*; scarcely now obsolete in Scotland. Burns has *wud* frequently in this sense. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii. Sc. 2, note 22.

⁶ A *giglot* is a wanton wench. "A minx, gicle (or *giglet*), flirt, *callet*, or *gixie*," says Cotgrave. The word occurs again in *Measure for Measure*.

Whose choice is like that Greekish *giglot's* love,
 That left her lord, prince Menelaus."

Orlando Furioso, 1594.

⁷ We have a similar expression in the First Part of *Jeronimo*, 1605:—"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the *battle's bowels*."

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended, a French
Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent;
To know⁸ who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French
word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford⁹, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Shef-
field,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,

⁸ Lucy's message implied that he knew who had obtained the victory: therefore Hanmer reads:—

“Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent.”

⁹ *Wexford*, in Ireland, was anciently called *Weyssford*. In Crompton's *Mansion of Magnanimities*, 1599, it is written as here, *Washford*. This long list of titles is from the epitaph formerly existent on Lord Talbot's tomb at Rouën. It is to be found in the work above cited with one other, “Lord Lovetoft of Worsop,” which would not easily fall into the verse. It concludes as here, and adds, “who died in the battle of Burdeaux, 1453.” Malone was not acquainted with any older book in which this epitaph was to be found, and the play is of prior date to Crompton's book.

Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece ;
Great mareschal to Henry the Sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France ?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed !
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and flyblown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain ? the Frenchman's only
scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis :
O ! were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces !
O, that I could but call these dead to life !
It were enough to fright the realm of France :
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze¹⁰ the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies ; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em¹¹ ; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence :
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em¹² what
thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein ;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

¹⁰ To *amaze* is to dismay, to throw into consternation. "A citie *amazed* or astonied with feare. Urbs lymphata horroribus."
—*Baret*. Thus in *Cymbeline* :—"I am *amaz'd* with matter."

¹¹ The old copies have *him*. Theobald made the necessary correction.

¹² Here the first folio has *him*. The correction was made in the second.

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.**King Henry.*

HAVE you perus'd the letters from the pope,
 The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is
 They humbly sue unto your excellence, [this,
 To have a godly peace concluded of,
 Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
 To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
 And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
 It was both impious and unnatural,
 That such immanity¹ and bloody strife
 Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
 And surer bind, this knot of amity,
 The earl of Armagnac, near knit² to Charles,
 A man of great authority in France,
 Proffers his only daughter to your grace
 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are
 young³;
 And fitter is my study and my books,

¹ *Immanity* (*immanitas*, *Lat.*), outrageousness, cruelty, excess.
 —*Blount*. A belluine kind of *immanity* never rag'd so amongst
 men.—*Howell's Letters*, iii. 15.

² It has been proposed to read "near kin to Charles;" he is
 afterwards called his *kinsman*.

³ The king was, however, twenty-four years old.

Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
 Yet, call the ambassadors ; and, as you please,
 So let them have their answers every one :
 I shall be well content with any choice,
 Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and Two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, in a Cardinal's Habit.

Exe. What ! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
 And call'd unto a cardinal's degree⁴ !
 Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
 Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
 Have been consider'd and debated on.
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable ;
 And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace ;
 Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
 Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
 I have inform'd his highness so at large,
 As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
 Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
 He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contráct,
 Bear her this jewel, [*To the Amb.*] pledge of my
 affection.

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,

⁴ The poet has here forgot himself. In the first act Gloster says :—

“ I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat.”

And it is strange that Exeter should not know of his advancement. It appears that he would imply that Winchester obtained his hat only just before his present entry. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign.

VI.

K

And safely brought to Dover ; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY and Train ; GLOSTER,
EXETER, and Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate ; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee :
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. France. *Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits :

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us ;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices !

Char. What tidings send our scouts ? I pr'ythee
speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was

Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one ;
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there ;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd :—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords ; and France be fortunate !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before Angiers.*

Alarums : Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts¹ ;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents ! [Thunder.
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north²,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise !

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accusom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful legions³ under earth,

¹ *Periapts* were certain written charms worn about the person as preservatives from disease and danger. Of these the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious. See Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c.

² The monarch of the north was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the north.

³ The old copy has *regions*. I read with Warburton *legions*, the same mistake having occurred before in this play.

Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk about, and speak not.]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!

Where⁴ I was wont to feed you with my blood,

I'll lop a member off, and give it you,

In earnest of a further benefit;

So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.]

No hope to have redress? My body shall

Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,

Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,

That France must vail⁵ her lofty-plumed crest,

And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle⁶ with:

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA

PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PU-

CELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty.—

⁴ *Where* for *whereas*, a common substitution in old writers; *whereas* is also sometimes used for *where*.

⁵ *Where* now you're both a father and a son."—*Pericles*.

⁶ To *vail* is to *lower*. See note on Merchant of Venice, Act i. Sc. 1, note 3.

⁶ To *buckle with*, is to *contend with*. So in Act i. Sc. 2, Charolois says to the Pucelle:—

"In single combat thou shalt *buckle with* me."

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O ! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man ;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee !
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

York. Fell, banning⁷ hag ! enchantress, hold thy
tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in LADY
MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
I kiss these fingers [*Kisses her hand.*] for eternal
peace :

And lay them gently on thy tender side⁸.
Who art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name ; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

⁷ To *ban* is to *curse*. Thus in the Jew of Malta, 1633 :—
" I *ban* their souls to everlasting pain."

So in *Hamlet* :—

" With Hecat's *ban* thrice blasted."

⁸ Suffolk must be supposed to lift her hand to kiss it, and then gentle restore it to her side.

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings⁹.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend,

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says No.

As plays the sun upon the glassy stream,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes¹⁰.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:

Fye, De la Poole! disable not thyself¹¹;

Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner^a?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue, and wakes the sense's touch¹².

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransome must I pay before I pass?

⁹ The first folio has *prisoner* and *his*. The folio, 1632, corrects *his* to *hir*. Both words are corrected in the third folio. A few lines lower *streames* is misprinted for *stream* at the end of the line, which was most probably intended to rhyme.

¹⁰ This comparison, made between things sufficiently unlike (Johnson observes), is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. Thus Tasso:— "Qual raggio in onda, le scintilla un riso

Negli umidi occhi tremulo."

Sidney, in his *Astrophel and Stella*, serves to support Johnson's explanation:—

"Lest if no vaile these brave gleams did disguise,

They, sunlike, should more dazzle than delight."

¹¹ i. e. *Do not represent thyself so weak*. To *disable* was to dispraise, or *impeach*. Thus in *As You Like It*, Act v. "If again it was not well cut, he *disabled* my judgment." The words "thy prisoner," necessary to the sense, are from the folio 1632.

^a The words *thy prisoner* are from the second folio, which furnishes in this play other obvious corrections or completions.

¹² The old copy has "and *makes* the senses rough," of which it is difficult to conceive the meaning. The correction I have made is suggested by my copy of the second folio.

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransome must
I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife:
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card¹³.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing¹⁴.

Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy¹⁵ may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—

¹³ A *cooling card* was most probably a card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary. Metaphorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Island Princess*:—

“These hot youths,
I fear, will find a *cooling card*.”

¹⁴ A *wooden thing*, i. e. an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed. “It is sport to see a bold fellow out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture.”

¹⁵ *Fancy*, i. e. love. Thus in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:—

“Fair Helena in fancy following me.”

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesies. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my¹⁶—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are ye so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:

¹⁶ Steevens thought the words *be my* an interpolation, and it must be confessed that the metre would be improved as well as the spirit of the passage by their omission.

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*]

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the Walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord :
Consent (and, for thy honour, give consent),
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king ;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto ;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face¹⁷, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit, from the Walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories :
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child.
Fit to be made companion with a king :
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord ;

¹⁷ To *face* it is to carry a false appearance, to play the hypocrite. Hence the name of one of Ben Jonson's characters in *The Alchymist*.

Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the counties¹⁸ Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her ;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a king :
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd ;
So, farewell, Reignier ! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord ! Good wishes, praise, and
prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam ! But hark you, Mar-
garet ;

No princely commendations to my king ?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But madam, I must trouble you again—
No loving token to his majesty ?

Mar. Yes, my good lord ; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

¹⁸ The old copy has *country*, but Maine and Anjou are called
counties in Suffolk's reply.

Mar. That for thyself :—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish¹⁹ tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself !— But, Suffolk, stay ;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth ;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise :
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And²⁰ natural graces that extinguish, art ;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan ! this kills thy father's heart out-right !

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless¹ cruel death ?

¹⁹ *Peevish*, i. e. *silly, foolish*. Vide note on Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Sc. 1.

²⁰ The first folio reads :—

“ Bethinke thee on her Virtues that surmount,
Mad natural Graces that extinguish art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,” &c.

The second folio changed *Mad* to *Made*. It has been proposed to read *Mid* for *Mad*. But Mason's reading which I have adopted, gives much better sense :—“ Think of her virtues that surmount art, and of her natural graces that extinguish it.”

¹ *Timeless* is *untimely*. Thus Drayton in his Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy :—

“ Thy strength was buried in his *timeless* death.”

We have the word again in King Richard II. and in Romeo and Juliet.

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser²! base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood;

Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:

Her mother liveth yet, can testify,

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fye, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle³!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,

The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,

² *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a *miserable creature*. Thus Holinshed, p. 760, speaking of the death of King Richard III.—“And so this *miser*, at the same verie point had like chance and fortune,” &c. And describing the death of Lord Cromwell, he says:—“And so patiently suffered the stroke of the axe, by a ragged and butcherlie *miser*, which ill-favouredlie performed the office,” p. 951. See also Nares's Glossary and Variorum Shakespeare.

³ *Obstacle*. This vulgar corruption of *obstinate* has oddly lasted till now, says Johnson. It occurs in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:—It is there put into the mouth of a slip-slop waiting maid.

“An *obstacle* young thing it is.”

We have the phrase *a collop of his flesh* in the History of Morindos and Miracola, 1609:—“Yet being his second selfe, a *collop of his own flesh*.” Thus also in *The Winter's Tale*:—

“Most dearest! my *collop*.”

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake !
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee !
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab ?
O, burn her, burn her ; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd ;

Not one^a begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings ;
Virtuous, and holy ; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits :
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No : misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow :
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts ?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—

^a The old copies misprint *me* for *one*, which the sense evidently requires.

I am with child, ye bloody homicides ;
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend ! the holy maid with
child !

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought ;
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling ;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to ; we'll have no bastards live ;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived ; my child is none of his :
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon ! that notorious Machiavel⁴ !
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O ! give me leave, I have deluded you ;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man ! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl ! I think, she knows not
well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee :
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence ;—with whom I leave
my curse :

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode !

⁴ The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatic writers of this age, that he is many times introduced without regard to anachronism. Thus in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the characters bids Caradoc (i. e. Caractacus) :—

“ Read *Machiavel*,

Princes that would aspire must mock at hell.”

See the Third Part of King Henry VI. Act iii. Sc. 2, note 8.

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you ; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !
[Exit, guarded.]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell⁵ !

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse⁶ of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French :
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect ?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
(By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,)
Our great progenitors had conquer'd ?—
O, Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York : if we conclude a peace,

⁵ The poet, in the calumnies and vituperations of the Pucelle, of course follows the chroniclers, and the prevailing popular tradition. The facts relating to this extraordinary young heroine, with the authentic documents, have been industriously collected in the interesting work of Lenglet du Fresnoy, *Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc, Vierge Héroïne et Martyre d'Etat*, 1753. The good Abbé, though not always credulous, seems to have believed in her inspiration. It is a lasting reproach to Charles VII. whose cause she so essentially served, that he abandoned her to her fate.

⁶ Remorse, i. e. compassion, pity.

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended ; ALENÇON, Bastard,
REIGNIER, and Others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester ; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd⁷ voice,
By sight of these our baleful⁸ enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus :
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown :
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself ?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man ?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already, that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king :
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole ?

⁷ The old copy has *poison'd*. The correction is Pope's.

⁸ *Baleful* had anciently the same meaning as *baneful*. It is an epithet frequently bestowed on poisonous plants and reptiles. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“ With *baleful* weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.”

No, lord ambassador ; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles ! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league ;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison ?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit⁹ proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract :
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility :
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to CHARLES.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles ? shall our con-
dition stand ?

Char. It shall : only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty ;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*

So, now dismiss your army when ye please ;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

⁹ *Of benefit.* Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king.
Benefit is here a term of law.

SCENE V. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK ;
GLOSTER and EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide ;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush ! my good lord ! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them),
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore; my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem ;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;

Or one, that, at a triumph¹ having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds :

A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds :
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that ?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem ;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower ;
Where^a Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship² :

¹ A *triumph* then signified a public exhibition ; such as a tournament, mask, or revel. Thus Milton in *L'Allegro* :—

“ Knights and barons bold,

In weeds of peace, high *triumphs* hold.”

See first note in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

² *Where* for *whereas*, as in other places. In the variorum edition *While* is substituted without notice.

² *By attorneyship*. By the intervention of another man's choice ; or the discretionary agency of another. The phrase occurs twice in King Richard III.—

“ Be the *attorney* of my love to her.”

Again :—

“ I, by *attorney*, bless thee from thy mother.”

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
(Most of all these reasons bindeth us
In our opinions) she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss³,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king ?
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit
(More than in women commonly is seen),
Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaind
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;
Agree to any covenants : and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

³ The folio 1632 inserts *forth*, which the regularity of the metre suggests and warrants.

To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say ; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence :
If you do censure⁴ me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief⁵. [Exit.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

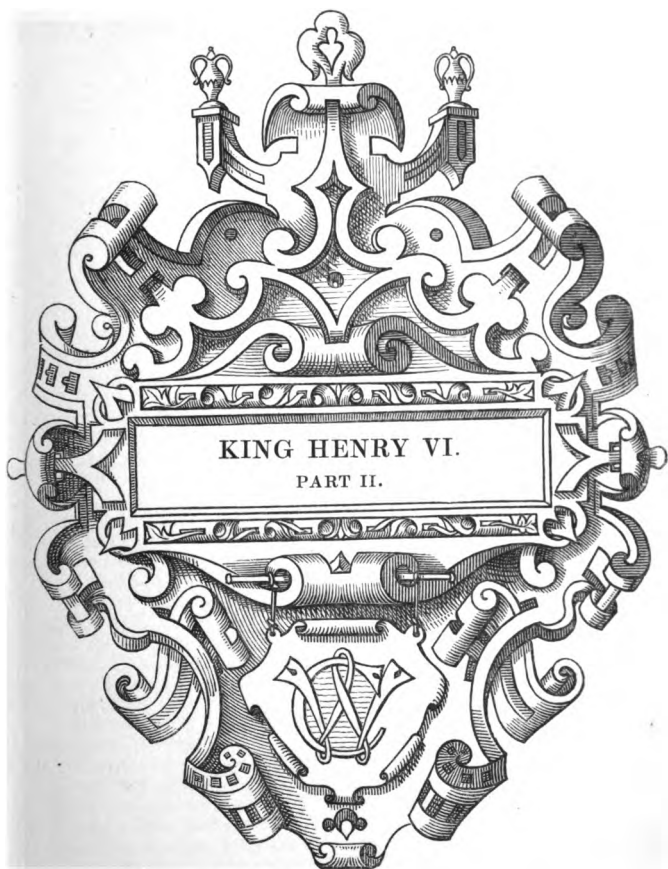
[Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd : and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [Exit.

⁴ To *censure* is here simply to *judge*. "If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth."

⁵ *Grief*, in the first line, stands for *pain, uneasiness* ; in the second, especially for *sorrow*.







SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

HIS and the Third Part of King Henry VI. contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign which took in the whole contention between the houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present play opens with King Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445], and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1455]: so that it comprises the history and transactions of ten years.

The Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster was published in quarto; the first part in 1594; the second, or True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, in 1595; and both were reprinted in 1600. In a dissertation annexed to these plays Mr. Malone has endeavoured to establish the fact that these two dramas were not originally written by Shakespeare, but by some preceding author or authors before the year 1590; and that upon them Shakespeare formed this and the following drama, altering, retrenching, or amplifying as he thought proper. I have given a brief abstract of his principal arguments in the preliminary remarks to the first part.

A passage from Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, adduced by Mr. Tyrwhitt, first suggested Malone's hypothesis. The writer, Robert Greene, is supposed to address himself to his poetical friend, George Peele, in these words:—"Yes, trust them not [alluding to the players], for there is an upstart crowe **BEAUTIFIED WITH OUR FEATHERS** that, with his *tygres heart wrapt in a players hide*, supposes hee is well able to bombaste out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Joannes factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country."—"O tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!" is a line in the old quarto play en-

titled *The First Part of the Contention, &c.* There seems to be no doubt that the allusion is to Shakespeare; that the old plays may have been in part the production of Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, or some one of them, probably the latter; and that Greene could not conceal his mortification, at the fame of himself and his associates, old and established playwrights, being eclipsed by a new *upstart* writer (for so he calls the poet), who had then perhaps first attracted the notice of the public by exhibiting two plays formed upon the old dramas, but enlarged and improved. The very term that Greene uses, "to bombast out a blank verse," exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to amplify and swell out a blank verse. In the sequel Shakespeare did for the old plays what Berni had before done to the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo. He wrote new beginnings to the acts; he new versified, he new modelled, he transposed many of the parts; and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Several lines, however, and whole speeches, which he thought sufficiently polished, he accepted, and introduced, without any, or very slight, alterations.

Malone adopted the following expedient to mark these alterations and adoptions. All those lines which the poet adopted without any alteration were printed in the usual manner; those speeches which he altered or expanded were distinguished by inverted commas; and to all lines entirely composed by himself asterisks are prefixed.

Malone exhibited a number of instances to prove his position. He observes, we are compelled to admit either that Shakespeare wrote *two* sets of plays on the story which forms his Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.—hasty sketches, and entirely distinct and more finished performances; or else we must acknowledge that he formed his pieces on a foundation laid by another writer or writers; that is, upon the two parts of *The Contention of the Two Houses of York, &c.* The former of these conclusions Mr. Knight contends to be the fact. But as the resemblances to Shakespeare's other plays, and a peculiar Shakespearian phraseology, would make it appear that a considerable portion of these disputed dramas is to be attributed to the poet; so, on the other hand, other passages, *discordant* in matters of fact as well as in style, seem from this discordancy not to have been composed by him; and these passages, being found in the original quarto plays, leads to the conclusion that those pieces were originally composed by another writer, or writers, and only retouched by Shakespeare; but afterwards amplified by him as they now appear in the folio.

It is observable that several portions of English history had been dramatized *before* the time of Shakespeare. Thus we have King John, in two parts, by an anonymous writer; Edward I. by George Peele; Edward II. by Christopher Marlowe; Edward III.

anonymous; Henry IV. containing the deposition of Richard II. and the accession of Henry to the crown, anonymous; Henry V. and Richard III. both by anonymous authors.

Mr. Boswell, speaking of the originals of the second and third of these plays, says, "That Marlowe may have had some share in these compositions, I am not disposed to deny; but I cannot persuade myself that they entirely proceeded from his pen. Some passages are possessed of so much merit, that they can scarcely be ascribed to any one except the most distinguished of Shakespeare's predecessors; but the tameness of the general style is very different from the peculiar characteristics of that poet's *mighty line*, which are great energy both of thought and language, degenerating too frequently into tumour and extravagance. The versification appears to me to be of a different colour.—That Marlowe, Peele, and Greene, may all of them have had a share in these dramas, is consonant to the frequent practice of the age; of which ample proofs may be found in the extracts from Henslowe's MS. printed by Mr. Malone."

From the passage alluding to these plays in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, it seems that Shakespeare had worked upon them previous to 1592, but that it was at a later period he made the larger additions and brought them to the form in which they appear in the folio of 1623.

To Johnson's high panegyric of that impressive scene in this play, the death of Cardinal Beaufort, we may add that Schlegel says, "It is sublime beyond all praise. Can any other poet be named who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life in such an overpowering and awful manner? And yet it is not mere horror with which we are filled, but solemn emotion; we have an exemplification of a blessing and a curse in close proximity; the pious king is an image of the heavenly mercy, which even in his last moments labours to enter into the soul of the sinner."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH :

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.*

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great Uncle to the King.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York :*

EDWARD and RICHARD, *his Sons.*

DUKE of SOMERSET,

DUKE of SUFFOLK,

DUKE of BUCKINGHAM,

LORD CLIFFORD,

Young CLIFFORD, *his Son,*

EARL of SALISBURY,

EARL of WARWICK,

LORD SCALES, *Governour of the Tower.* LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and his Brother.*

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, *Prisoners with Suffolk.*

A. Herald. VAUX.

HUME and SOUTHWELL, *two Priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjuror.* A Spirit raised by him.

THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.* PETER, *his Man.*

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.

SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.* Two Murderers.

JACK CADE, *a Rebel :*

GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH *the Weaver,* MICHAEL, &c. *his Followers.*

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

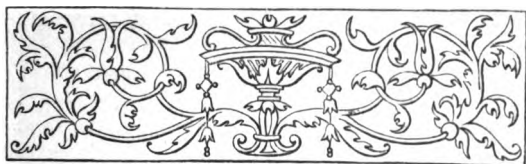
MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*

ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*

MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch.* Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers ; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, *dispersedly in various parts of England.*



SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets ; then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT ; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK ; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.

Suffolk.



S by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator¹ to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaine, and Alençon,

¹ "The Marquesse of Suffolk, as procurator to King Henry, espoused the said ladie in the church of St. Martins. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself, that was uncle to the husband; and the French queen also, that was aunt to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine; seven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops."—*Hall and Holinshed.*

Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend
bishops,

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd ;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance²
Of that great shadow I did represent ;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret ;
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious
lord ;
The mutual conference that my mind hath had³,
By day, by night ; waking, and in my dreams ;
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-liefest⁴ sovereign,

² i. e. to the *gracious hands* of you, *my sovereign*, who are, &c.
In the old play the line stands :—

“ Unto your gracious *excellence*, that are.”

³ *The mutual conference that my mind hath had*, i. e. I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination.

⁴ i. e. *most beloved of all* : from *alder*, of all ; formerly used in composition with adjectives of the superlative degree : and *liefest*, *dearest*, or *most loved*. Thus Chaucer, in *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 240 :—

“ Mine *alder-lievest* lord, and brother dear.”

And Gascoigne :—

“ And to mine *alder-lievest* lord I must indite.”

It was nearly obsolete in Shakespeare's time, and hence we have *elder worse* misprinted for *alder-worse*, in *Cymbeline*, Act v. Sc. 1. Marston puts it into the mouth of his Dutch Courtezan. A similar word is still in use in Germany and Holland. Our ancestors had also *alder-best*, *alder-first*, *alder-last*, &c.

Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms ; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in
speech,

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering fall to weeping joys⁵;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [*Kneel.*] Long live Queen Margaret, England's
happiness !

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] *Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, mar-
quess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,
—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret,
daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Je-
rusalem ; and crown her queen of England, ere the thir-
tieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of
Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and
delivered to the king her father—*

K. Hen. Uncle, how now ?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord ;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—*It is further agreed between them,—
that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and
delivered over to the king her father ; and she sent over*

⁵ This weeping joy, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakespeare frequently uses. It is introduced in *Much Ado* about Nothing, *King Richard II.* *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*.

of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down ;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—

Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick ;

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in ; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What ! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars ?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance ?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got ?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy ?
Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe ?
And hath his highness in his infancy

Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes⁶?
 And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
 O peers of England, shameful is this league!
 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame;
 Blotting your names from books of memory;
 Razing the characters of your renown;
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
 Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

This peroration with such circumstance?⁷
 For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
 But now it is impossible we should:
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast⁸,
 Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
 Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse⁹.

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
 These counties were the keys of Normandy:
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

⁶ The old copy reads:—

“And hath his highness in his infancy

Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes.”

Steevens supplied the necessary word *Been* at the commencement of the second line, which seems to have been omitted by accident.

⁷ *This peroration with such circumstance.* This speech crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.

⁸ This proverbial phrase is most probably a corruption of “rule the roast,” if it was not thus intended here, the word being *roast* in the old copies. So in Jewell's Defence of the Apologie, p. 35:—“Geate you nowe up into your pulpites like bragginge cockes on the *rowst*, flappe your whinges, and crowe out aloude.” So in Foxe's Actes, p. 345, Edw. II.—“The old queene, Sir Roger Mortimer, and the Bishop of Elie, in such sorte *ruled the roast*.”

⁹ King Reignier, her father, for all his *long style*, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the king her spouse.—*Holinshed.*

War. For grief, that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words¹⁰?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

Car. My lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*]

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

¹⁰ The indignation of Warwick is natural; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. In the old play the jingle is different. "And must that then which we won with our *swords*, be given away with words?"

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him—*Humphrey the good duke of Gloster*;
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!
With—*God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
pride,

And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despight Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age !
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
And, brother York¹¹, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline¹² ;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people :—
Join we together, for the publick good ;
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country !

¹¹ Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, dame Catherine Swinford. Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. He married Alice, only daughter of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans (see Part I. of this play, Act i. Sc. 3), and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury in 1428. His eldest son, Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, was created Earl of Warwick, 1449.

¹² This is an anachronism. The present scene is in 1445 ; but Richard, Duke of York, was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449.

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? O father! Maine is lost; That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win, And would have kept, so long as breath did last: Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine; Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French; Paris is lost; the state of Normandy Stands on a tickle¹³ point, now they are gone: Suffolk concluded on the articles; The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd, To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter. I cannot blame them all; What is't to them? 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own. Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage, And purchase friends, and give to courtesans, Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone: While-as the silly owner of the goods Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands, And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof, While all is shar'd, and all is borne away; Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own. So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue, While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold. Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,

¹³ *Tickle* is frequently used for *ticklish* by ancient writers:—

"Time is *tickell*: we may match time in this,
For be even as *tickell* as time is."

Heywood's Epigrams, 1562.

"Now stands our fortune on a *tickle* point."

Jeronymo, 1605.

"The uncertainty of dignities, the flattering of feigned friends, and the *tickle* trust to worldly princes."—*Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, ad finem. Ed. 1825.

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon¹⁴.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !
Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A 'day will come, when York shall claim his own ;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve :
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state ;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars :
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[Exit.]

¹⁴ *Meleager* ; whose life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in torment. So far this speech is only in the folio. The rest is verbatim from the quarto.

SCENE II. *The same.**A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.**Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.*

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll
requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in
court,
Was broke in twain, by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens were
crown'd;

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame! ill nurtur'd¹ Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so cholerick
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,
Whereas² the king and queen do mean to hawk.

¹ *Ill nurtur'd* is *ill educated*.

² *Whereas* for *where*; a common substitution in old language,
as *where* is often used for *whereas*:—

Glo. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks :
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John³! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone ; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty !

Duch. What say'st thou, majesty ! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man ? hast thou as yet con-
ferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch⁴ ;

“ At Agincourt that fought,

Whereas rebellious France upon her knees was brought.”

Drayton's Polyolbion, xvi.

“ I dream'd the nymph that o'er my fancy reigns
Came to a part *whereas* I paus'd alone.”

Lord Sterline's Fifty-first Sonnet, 1604.

³ *Sir John* ! A title frequently bestowed on the clergy. See the first note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

⁴ It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. x. p. 505, that in the tenth year of Henry VI. *Margery Jourdemayn*, John Virley Clerk, and Friar John Ashwell, were, on the ninth of May, 1433, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards committed to the custody of the Lord Chancellor. It was ordered that whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour they should be set at liberty, and in like manner that Jourdemayn should be discharged on her husband's finding security. This woman, according to the *Chronicles*, was afterwards burned in Smithfield, as stated in the play.

With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer ?
And will they undertake to do me good ?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your
highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough ; I'll think upon the questions :
When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward ; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Duchess.*]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess'
gold ;

Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume ?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum !
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch :
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold, flies from another coast :

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk ;
Yet I do find it so : for, to be plain,

They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, A crafty knave does need no broker⁵ ;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

⁵ *A crafty knave does need no broker.* This expression was proverbial. It occurs in the old play, *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594 :—

“ Some will say

A crafty knave needs no broker,

But here is a craftie knave and a broker too.”

It is to be found in Ray's Collection of Proverbs.

To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands : And thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack ;
And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall :
Sort how it will⁶, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, and Others, with Petitions.

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close ; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill¹.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man ! Jesu bless him !

Enter SUFFOLK, and QUEEN MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him : I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool ; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow ? would'st any thing with me ?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me ! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [*Reading the superscription.*] *To my lord protector !* are your supplications to his lordship ? Let me see them : What is thine ?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

⁶ *Sort how it will*, i. e. let the *issue* be what it will. See note on *Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. Sc. 3, p. 208.

¹ *In the quill.* There have been some strange conjectures in explanation of this phrase, *in the quill*. It appears to me to be nothing more than an intention to mark the vulgar pronunciation of "in the coil," i. e. in the *bustle*. This word is spelt in the old dictionaries *quoil*, and was no doubt often pronounced by ignorant persons *quile* or *quill*.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong indeed².
—What's yours? What's here? [*Reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Mel-ford.* How now, sir knave?

2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master³ was? No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper⁴.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt Servants, with Peter.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected, Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the Petition.*]

Away, base cullions⁵!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion, in the court of England?

² This *wrong* seems to have been sometimes practised in Shakespeare's time. Among the Lansdowne MSS. we meet with the following singular petition:—"Julius Bogarucius to the Lord Treasurer, in Latin, complaining that the Master of the Rolls keeps his wife from him in his own house, and wishes he may not *teach her to be a papist.*"

³ The old copy erroneously has *mistress*. The emendation is by Tyrwhitt.

⁴ The quarto reads "*an usurer*:"—

"*Queen.* An usurper thou would'st say,
Ay—an usurper."

⁵ *Base cullions*, i. e. *scoundrels*; from *coglioni*, Ital.

Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we
Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife;

Strangers in court do take her for the queen :
 She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?
 Contemptuous base-born callat⁶ as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing-gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms⁷ for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her⁸ ;
 And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 That she will light to listen to the lays,
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So, let her rest ; And, madam, list to me :
 For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
 Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 As for the duke of York, this late complaint⁹
 Will make but little for his benefit :
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET, *con-*
versing with him ; DUKE and DUCHESS OF GLOS-
 TER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SAL-
 LISBURY, and WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which ;
 Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

⁶ A *callat* is a *trull*. See Winter's Tale, Act ii. Sc. 3, n. 13, p. 41.

⁷ The duchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry surrendered to Reignier on his marriage with Margaret. See Sc. 1, p. 125.

⁸ In the original play :—

“ I have set *limetwigs* that will entangle them.”
 So in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii. Sc. 6 :—

“ I must go look my *twigs*, he must be caught.”

⁹ *This late complaint*, i. e. the *complaint* of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd¹⁰ the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son;—and show some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure¹¹: these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king (as who is king, but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas.
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's
bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

¹⁰ *Denay* is frequently used instead of *deny* among the old writers,
So in *Twelfth Night*:—

“My love can give no place, bide no *denay*.”

¹¹ *Censure* here means simply *judgment* or *opinion*: the sense
in which it was used by all the writers of the time.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her Fan.*
Give me my fan: What, minion! can ye not?

[*Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam: Was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face¹².

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her
will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to't in
time:

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit Duchess.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume can¹³ need no spurs,

¹² *My ten commandments.* This appears to have been a popular phrase for *the hands* or ten fingers. Thus in Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, 1594:—"I would set a tap abroad, and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments*." Again, in Westward Hoe, 1607:—"Your harpy has set his *ten commandments* on my back." "When Xantippe had pulled awaye her housbandes cope from his backe, even in the open streete, and his familiar compaignons gave him a by warning to avenge suche a naughtie touche or pranke with his *tenne comandementes*. Gayly saied (quod he), Yea, Marie, that while she and I bee towzing and toplying together ye may crye to us, one, now go to Socrates; an other, hold thyne own Xantippe."—*Erasmus's Apophthegms, by Nicolas Udal.*

¹³ *Can* is wanting in the first folio, it was added in the second. In the next line the old copies have *farre*, instead of *fast*, which was corrected by Pope.

She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law :
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country !
But, to the matter that we have in hand.
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride :
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness ; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick !

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace ?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER
and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason :
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself !

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell me :
What are these ?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason :
His words were these ;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown ;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words ?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter : God is my witness, I
am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones¹⁴, my lords [*holding up his hands*], he did speak them to me in the garret one
night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech ;
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the
words. My accuser is my prentice ; and when I did
correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow
upon his knees he would be even with me : I have
good witness of this ; therefore, I beseech your ma-
jesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's
accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge :
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion :
And let these have a day appointed them

¹⁴ *By these ten bones.* We have just heard a duchess threaten
to set her *ten commandments* in the face of a queen. We have
here again a similar vulgar expression. It is, however, a very
ancient popular adjuration, and may be found in many old dra-
matic pieces. Thus in *Jacke Jugler*, *no date*, blk. l.—

“*Jack.* Ye, mary, I tell thee Careawaye is my name.

Car. And by these *tenne bones* myne is the same.”

And in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570 :—

“*By these tenne bones* I will, I have sworne.”

Steevens adduces several other instances,

For single combat in convenient place ;
 For he hath witness of his servant's malice :
 This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

[*K. Hen.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
 We make your grace lord regent o'er the French¹⁵.]

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for God's sake,
 pity my case ! the spite of man prevaieth against me.
 O, Lord have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able
 to fight a blow : O Lord, my heart !

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison : and the day
 Of combat shall be the last of the next month.

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The Duke of Gloster's
 Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL,
 and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters ; the duchess, I tell you,
 expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided :
 Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms¹ ?

Hume. Ay ; what else ? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of
 an invincible spirit : But it shall be convenient, master

¹⁵ Theobald inserted these two lines, out of six which follow, from the old play, because without them the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion : and the Duke of Somerset is made to thank him for his regency before the king has deputed him to it. Malone supposes that Shakespeare thought Henry's consent to Humphrey's *doom* might be expressed by a nod ; and therefore omits the lines.

¹ By *exorcise* Shakespeare invariably means to raise spirits, and not to lay them. Vide note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v. Sc. 3, p. 363

Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below ; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grove¹ on the earth ;—John Southwell, read you ; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess, above.

Duch. Well said, my masters ; and welcome all. To this gear² ; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady ; wizards know their times :

Deep night, dark night, the silent³ of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs⁴ howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,

² *This gear*, i. e. *matter or business*. See *Merchant of Venice*, Act i. Sc. 1, note 6.

³ The old quarto reads "the *silence* of the night." The variation of the copies is worth notice :—

"Dark night, dread night, the *silence* of the night,
Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
The spirit of Ascalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this centrick earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye !
Ascalon, ascend, ascend !"

Warburton, in a learned but erroneous note, wished to prove that an *interlunar* night was meant. Steevens has justly observed that *silent* is here used by the poet as a substantive. So, in *The Tempest*, the *vast* of night is used for the greatest part of it. "The silence of the night," *muta silentia noctis*, is a common expression of our elder poetry. Thus in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher :—

"Through still silence of the night
Guided by the glowworm's light."

And in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, blk. l.—

"Who taught the nightingall to record besyly
Her strange entunes in silence of the night."

⁴ *Ban-dog*, or *band-dog*, any great fierce dog which required to be tied or chained up. "*Canis molossus*, a mastive, beare-dog, or bull-dog." It is sometimes called in the dictionaries *canis catenarius*.

That time best fits the work we have in hand.
 Madam, sit you, and fear not ; whom we raise,
 We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the Ceremonies appertaining, and make the Circle ; BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly ; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
 Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask ;
 For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt :—That I had said and done⁵ !

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become ?
 [*Reading out of a Paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose ;
 But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset ?

Spir. Let him shun castles ;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

⁵ It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground, and answered questions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius. The Apparition in Macbeth says :—

“Dismiss me—Enough !”

In the quarto of 1600 it is concerted that Bolingbroke should frame a circle, &c. and that she should fall prostrate “to whisper with the devils below.” [Southwell is not in that piece.] Accordingly, as soon as the incantations begin, *Bolingbroke* reads the questions out of a paper, as here. Shakespeare, in a preceding part of this scene, has expressly said that Southwell was to read them. He has here inadvertently followed his original, forgetting that, consistently with what he had already written, he should have deviated from it.

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and Lightning.* Spirit descends.

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with
their Guards, and Others.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their
trash.

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

What, madam, are you there? the king and common-
weal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd⁶ for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you
this? [*Showing her the papers.*

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:

Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit Duchess from above.*

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming.

All away!

[*Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH. BOLING. &c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd
her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[*Reads.*

The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

Why, this is just,

* Guerdon'd, i. e. rewarded.

*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse?*⁷

Well, to the rest :

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset ?

Let him shun castles ;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my lords ;

These oracles are hardly⁸ attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress toward Saint Albans,

With him the husband of this lovely lady :

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them ;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of
York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord. — Who's
within there, ho !

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,

To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away !

[*Exeunt.*

⁷ "I say that you, O son of Æacus, the Romans can conquer." The ambiguous oracle to Pyrrhus.

⁸ The old copy has *hardly*. The correction is Theobald's, to the great improvement of the passage, though Mr. Collier thinks otherwise.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint Albans.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET¹, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers holding.

Queen Margaret.

BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook²,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day :
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high ;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out³.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest !
To see how God in all his creatures works !
Yea, man and birds, are fain⁴ of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well ;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

¹ In the old play the direction has, "With her hawk on her fist."

² The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl.

³ Both Johnson and Steevens are at fault in the interpretation of this passage. If they had looked into Latham's Falconry they would have found that Dr. Percy's is the right explanation. "The wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game."—"When you shall come afterward to fly her, she must be altogether guided and governed by her stomack; yea, she will be kept and also lost by the same: for let her faile of that never so little, and every puff of wind will blow her away from you; nay, if there be no wind stirring, yet she will wheele and sinke away from him and from his voice, that all the time before had lured and trained her up." Booke i. p. 60, Ed. 1633.

⁴ *Fain*, i. e. *fond* or *glad*. Thus Spenser:—

"And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
Wherein her face she often viewed fain."

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much ; he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal ; How think you by that ?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven ?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy !

Car. Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and
thoughts

Beat on a crown⁵, the treasure of thy heart ;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal !

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown per-
émptory ?

Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ ?

Churchmen so hot ? good uncle, hide such malice ;
With such holiness can⁶ you do it ?

Suf. No malice, sir ; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord ?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord ;
An't like your lordly lord protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen ; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth⁷.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword !

⁵ *Beat on a crown*, i. e. *thy mind is working on a crown*. So, in
The Tempest, Miranda says :—

“ For still 'tis *beating* in my mind.” Act i. Sc. 2.
And Prospero :—

“ Do not infest your mind with *beating* on
The strangeness of this business.” Act v. Sc. 1.

⁶ The words “ *Can you* do it ? ” seem to be transposed ; we
should probably read “ *You can* do it.”

⁷ Vide St. Matthew, v. 9.

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that !

[*Aside to the Cardinal.*

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep : an if thou
dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. How now, my lords !

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand-
sword⁸ [*Aside to GLO.*

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are ye advis'd ?—the east side of the grove ?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you⁹. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster ?

Glo. Talking of hawking ; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
for this,

Or all my fence¹⁰ shall fail. [*Aside.*

Car. *Medice teipsum ;*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. The winds grow high ; so do your sto-
machs, lords.

How irksome is this musick to my heart !

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony ?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

⁸ The *two-hand-sword* was sometimes called the *long sword*, and in common use before the introduction of the rapier. Justice Shallow, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, boasts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this instrument. In the original play the Cardinal desires Gloster to bring his *sword and buckler*.

⁹ In the folio this and the two preceding speeches are given to Gloucester. Theobald made the present judicious regulation,

¹⁰ *Fence is the art of defence.*

*Enter One, crying, A Miracle*¹¹!

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren*¹²;
and SIMPCOX, borne between two Persons in a Chair;
his Wife, and a great Multitude following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st
have better told.

¹¹ This scene is founded on a story which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was communicated to him by his father. The impostor's name is not mentioned; but he was detected by Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and in the manner here represented. See More's Works, p. 134, Edit. 1557. From hence it was copied in the Chronicles.

¹² The quarto adds "with musick."

K. Hen. Where wert thou born ?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul ! God's goodness hath been great to thee :

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine ?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion ; being call'd A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep By good Saint Alban ; who said,—*Simpcox*¹³, come ; Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth ; and many time and oft Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame ?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me !

Suf. How cam'st thou so ?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind ?

Simp. O ! born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree ?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true ; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave ! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes :—wink now ;—now open them :

¹³ The old play gives no name, but calls him "Poor man." The folio here has *Simon*, but puts *Simpe* before what he says. All editions previous to Theobald's have *Simon* instead of *Simpcox*, the name he presently gives himself.

In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day ; I thank God, and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so ? What colour is this cloak of ?

Simp. Red, master : red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said : What colour is my gown of ?

Simp. Black, forsooth ; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of ?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name ?

Simp. Alas ! master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name ?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his ?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name ?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as
thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours ; but suddenly

To nominate them all, it is impossible.—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle ;

And would ye not think his^a cunning to be great,

^a The old copies have " *it* cunning, to be great." All former editors not perceiving that this was the old form of the neuter possessive pronoun, have changed *it* to the demonstrative *that*. Perhaps, as Shakespeare almost universally uses *his* for *its*, the converse is here the case, and *it* stands for *his*. See 2nd part of K. Henry IV. Act i. Sc. 2, p. 175, note ^a.

That could restore this cripple to his legs again ?

Simp. O, master, that you could !

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not bea-
dles in your town, and things call'd whips ?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

[*A Stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save
yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and
run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone :
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same
stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah : off with
your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do ? I am not
able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over
the Stool, and runs away ; and the People follow
and cry, A miracle !*]

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long ?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave ; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market
town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True ; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I ;
You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort¹⁴ of naughty persons, lewdly¹⁵ bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy,
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers :
Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming¹⁶ yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge ;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to* GLOSTER.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart !
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers :
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones ;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest ;
And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal :
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;

¹⁴ A sort is a company. So in King Richard III.—

“A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways !”

¹⁵ *Lewdly*, i. e. *wickedly, knavishly*. See note on *Much Ado* about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1, note 29.

¹⁶ i. e. *Your lady is in custody, and ready to be forthcoming.*

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :
Noble she is ; but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed, and company ;
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here :
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers ;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin ; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus :

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons :
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales ;
The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence ; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster ;
The fifth, was Edmond Langley, duke of York ;
The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster ;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father ;

And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know¹,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence (from whose
line

I claim the crown), had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund², in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died³.
But, to the rest.

¹ In the original play the words are, "as you *both* know." In King Henry IV. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 1, where two noblemen only are present, the king, addressing Warwick and Surrey, says:—

"Why then, good morrow to you *all*, my lords."

² In Act ii. Sc. 5, of the last play, York, to whom this is spoken, is present at the death of Edmund Mortimer in prison; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendower's daughter in the First Part of King Henry IV.

³ Some of the mistakes of the historians and the drama concerning Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, are noticed in a note to the former play; where he is introduced an aged and gray haired prisoner in the tower, and represented as having been con-

York. His eldest sister Anne,
 My mother, being heir unto the crown,
 Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
 To Edmond Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son⁴.
 By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
 To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
 Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
 Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
 So, if the issue of the elder son
 Succeed before the younger, I am king.

fined "since Harry Monmouth first began to reign." Yet here we are told he was kept in captivity by Owen Glendower till he died. The fact is, that Hall having said Owen Glendower kept his *son-in-law*, Lord Grey of Ruthvin, *in captivity till he died*, and this Lord March having been said by some historians to have married Owen's daughter, the author of this play has confounded them with each other. This Edmund being only six years of age at the death of his father, in 1398, he was delivered by King Henry IV. in ward to his son Henry Prince of Wales, and during the whole of that reign, being a minor, and related to the family on the throne, he was under the particular care of the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower, and was taken prisoner by him. The Percies, in the manifesto they published before the battle of Shrewsbury, speak of him as rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding for political reasons that the king would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury, he was probably brought there against his will, to grace their cause, and was under the care of the king soon after. Great trust was reposed in this Earl of March during the whole reign of King Henry V. In the sixth year of that king he was at the siege of Fresnes, with the Earl of Salisbury; and soon afterwards with the king himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was made lieutenant of Normandy; was at Melun with Henry to treat of his marriage with Catherine; and accompanied that queen when she returned from France with the corpse of her husband, in 1422, and died two years afterwards at his castle of Trim, in Ireland.

⁴ The folio has:—

"Marryed Richard Earl of Cambridge,
 Who was to Edmund Langley,
 Edward the thirds sifft sonnes sonne."

War. What plain proceedings are more plain than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
And, in this private plot⁵, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek: and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick

Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ *Private plot*, i. e. *sequestered spot*.

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of Gloster, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife :

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again ;

[*To JOURD. &c.*

From thence, unto the place of execution :
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee ;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground !
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster : ere thou go,

Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
 Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
 My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet¹;
 And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
 Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of years
 Should be to be protected like a child.
 God and King Henry govern England's helm²:
 Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff;
 As willingly do I the same resign,
 As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
 And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
 As others would ambitiously receive it.
 Farewell, good king: When I am dead and gone,
 May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
 queen;
 And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
 That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once—
 His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
 This staff of honour raught³, there let it stand,

¹ The image is probably from our Liturgy:—"A lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths."

² The folios read *realm*, most probably an error, as *realm* occurs at the end of the next line. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio supplies the words *by peers* after *like a child*, to sustain the rhyme. He also adds a whole line in Gloster's next speech after "here, noble Henry, is my staff"—thus:—

"To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh."

But such an interpolation would be perfectly absurd here. The line given to Gloster is not what the poet could have written; Gloster was not in a laughing humour, but in the lowest state of depression, and had just said:—"My eyes are full of tears, my heart of woe."

³ *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*. Shakespeare uses it again in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. Sc. 9:—"The hand of death has *raught* him." We have it again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. Sc. 2. Spenser also uses it frequently:—

Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
sprays ;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her strongest days⁴.

York. Lords, let him go⁵.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat ;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord ; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things
fit ;

Here let them end it, and God defend the right !

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested⁶,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk ; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it⁷ ; a

“ Sir Guyon's sword he lightly to him raught.”

F. Q. II. viii. 11.

It is true that it is sometimes used by old writers in the sense of *snatched* or *obtained by violence*, but the instances are rare. Here, and wherever Shakespeare uses it, it means *reached*, *attained unto*. This passage was absurdly pointed in the Variorum editions. The punctuation of the first folio, which I have followed, need not have been disturbed.

⁴ The old copy has “dies in *her youngest* days.” In my corrected second folio *strongest* is substituted for *youngest*. Mason's suggestion that *youngest* referred to pride and not to Eleanor, who was no longer young, cannot be sustained, but it might be said that from the possession of *power* these were her *strongest* days. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *proudest*.

⁵ i. e. *let him pass out of your thoughts*. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage.

⁶ *I never saw a fellow worse bested*, i. e. *worse conditioned*.

⁷ As, according to the old law of duels, knights were to fight

drum before him ; at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff ; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack ; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco⁸.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour : drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all ; And a fig for Peter !

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee ; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master ; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all : drink, and pray for me, I pray you ; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world⁹.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron ; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer :

with the lance and the sword, so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff, or baton, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. Butler has alluded to this custom in *Hudibras* :—

“ Engag'd with money bags, as bold
As men with *sand bags* did of old.”

The practice must have been of great antiquity, being mentioned by St. Chrysostom.

⁸ *Charneco* appears to have been a kind of sweet wine. Warburton imagines that it may have had its name from *charneca*, the Spanish name for a species of turpentine tree ; but Steevens says *Charneco* is the name of a village in Portugal where this wine was made. It is frequently mentioned by old writers. Thus in Wit's *Miserie*, or the *World's Madness*, 1596, it is said that “three cups of *charneco* fasting is the only medicine for the flegm.” And in the *Puritan*, a comedy, “Come, my inestimable bullies, we'll talk of your noble acts in sparkling *charneco*.”

⁹ Gay has borrowed this idea in his *What d'ye call it*, where Peascod says :—

—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—
O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able
to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence
already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.
—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon
my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and my-
self an honest man: and touching the duke of York,
—will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor
the king, nor the queen: And, therefore, Peter, have
at thee with a downright blow¹⁰, [as Bevis of South-
ampton fell upon Ascapart.]

York. Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins to
double¹¹.

Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* *They fight, and Peter strikes
down his Master.*]

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.
[*Dies.*]

York. Take away his weapon;—Fellow,

“Stay, let me pledge—’tis my last earthly liquor.”

Peascod's subsequent bequest is likewise copied from Peter's divi-
sion of his moveables.

¹⁰ Warburton made the addition in brackets from the quarto
here. Mr. Collier rejects it, on the presumption that Shakespeare
did so, but I think, with Mr. Knight, that it is so pleasant to
meet with these reminiscences of old romance, that we unwillingly
part with them. Of Bevis and his contests with the giant Asca-
part, Ellis, in his *Metrical Romances*, will afford the reader full
information.

¹¹ This is from Holinshed, whose narrative Shakespeare has
deserted in making the armourer confess treason:—“His neigh-
bours gave him wine and strong drinke in such excessive sort,
that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and

Thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right.

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt¹²:
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*]

so was slaine *without guilt*. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for being convict of felonie in court of assise, he was judged to be hanged, and so was at Tiburne."—Fo. 626.

¹² The real name of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Bologne and Robert *Horne*; the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's Chronicle, may have suggested the name of *Horner*. The precept to the sheriffs, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield, with the account of expenses incurred, is among the records of the exchequer, and has been printed in Mr. Nicholls's *Illustrations of the Manners and Expenses of Ancient Times in England*, quarto, 1797. It appears that the erection of the barriers, the combat itself, and the subsequent execution of the armourer, occupied the space of six or seven days; that a large quantity of sand and gravel was consumed on the occasion, and that the place of battle was strewed with rushes. Mr. Steevens inferred that *the armourer was not killed by his opponent, but worsted, and immediately afterwards hanged*. This, however, is in direct contradiction to *all* the historians, who state that he was *slain*. Hall's words are, "whose *body* was drawn to Tyborn, and there hanged and beheaded." The law made no distinction, the dead body of the vanquished was equally adjudged to the punishment of a convicted traitor, in order that his posterity might participate in his infamy. Indeed the record seems decisive; for it states that the dead man was watched *after the battle was done*, and this most probably means before it was conveyed to Tyburn for execution and decapitation. The death of the vanquished person was always regarded as certain evidence of his guilt.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;

And, after summer, evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold :
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock ?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess :
Uneath¹ may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious² looks, laughing at thy shame ;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft ! I think, she comes ; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloster, in a white sheet, with verses upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand : SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives ; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze !
See, how the giddy multitude do point,

¹ *Uneath*, i. e. not easily.

² *Malicious*. See note on Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 5. Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Sc. 1, note 1. The second folio adds *still* laughing, *metris causa*, but without necessity.

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee !
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks ;
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell ; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself :
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame³, with papers on my back ;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet⁴ groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet ;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised⁵ how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey ! can I bear this shameful yoke ?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world ;
Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun ?
No ; dark shall be my light, and night my day ;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife ;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land :
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame ;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

³ *Mail'd up in shame*, i. e. *wrapped or bundled up in disgrace* ; alluding to the sheet of penance. *Mailed*, from a *mail* or *male*, a little budget. It was a term of Falconry, according to Randle Holme :—" *Mail* a hawk, is to wrap her up in a handkerchief or other cloathes, that she may not be able to stir her wings or struggle."

⁴ *Deep-fetched*.

⁵ i. e. *careful, circumspect*.

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee :
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear ; thou aimest all awry ;
I must offend before I be attained :
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe⁶,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach ?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet⁷, gentle Nell :
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience ;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before !
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave : and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission
stays :

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here ?

⁶ *Scathe* is *harm*; *mischief*, used by all our ancient writers. The word, hardly yet obsolete, is still in common use in Scotland.

⁷ The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the duchess, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved.—*Johnson.*

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well :

The world may laugh again⁸ ; and I may live
To do you kindness, if you do it her.

And so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord ; and bid me not farewell ?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*]

Duch. Art thou gone too ? All comfort go with thee !

For none abides with me : my joy is—death :
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence ;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man ;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully ?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's
lady,
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare ;
Although thou hast been conduct⁹ of my shame !

Sher. It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
sheet,

⁸ *The world may laugh again*, i. e. the world may look again favourably on me.

⁹ *Conduct for conductor.*

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison¹⁰.


[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury.*

*A Sennet*¹. *Enter to the Parliament* KING HENRY,
QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK,
YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.

King Henry.

 MUSE, my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself?
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:

¹⁰ This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. This is not in the old play. Rowe, in *Tamerlane*, has put a similar sentiment into the mouth of Bajazet:—

“Come, lead me to my dungeon; plunge me down
Deep from the hated sight of man and day.”

¹ A *sennet*, sometimes called a *signate*, was a blast upon the trumpets differing from a flourish. The term is frequent in old plays.

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin :
But great men tremble, when the lion roars :
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent ;
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts ;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect² these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond³, call it a woman's fear ;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can ;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke ;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's⁴ tale.

² *Made me collect*, i. e. *assemble by observation*.

³ *Fond*, i. e. *foolish*.

⁴ Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen.
Camden says that *majesty* came into use in the reign of King

The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices :
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputed of his high descent⁵
(As next the king he was successive heir),
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means, to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep ;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut ! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Hum-
phrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once : The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise : But shall I speak my conscience ?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove :

Henry the Eighth, as *sacred majesty* lately, in our memory. Selden says that this must be understood so far as it relates to the title being "commonly in use, and properly to the king applied," because he adduces an instance of the use of *majesty* so early as the reign of Henry the Second. The reader will see more on the subject in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 11.

⁵ *Yet, by reputed of his high descent*, i. e. *valuing himself on his high descent*. The word occurs again in Act v.—

"And in my conscience do *repute* his grace," &c.

The duke is virtuous, mild ; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond
affiance !

Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.

Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit ?

Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all

Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign !

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news
from France ?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset : But God's
will be done !

York. Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England⁶.

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

And caterpillars eat my leaves away :

But I will remedy this gear⁷ ere long,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aside.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king !

Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too
soon,

⁶ These two lines York had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on this disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss.

⁷ *Gear* was a general word for *matter*, *subject*, or *business* in general. See Act i. Sc. 4, note 2.

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet^s thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes
of France,

And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay ;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so ? What are they that
think it ?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England !
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day !
No ! many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God !

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was pro-
tector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me ;

^s This is the reading of the second folio. The first folio reads
"Well, Suffolk, thou," &c. Malone reads "Well, Suffolk's duke,"
&c. from the quarto.

For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransome for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment :
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy⁹, quickly answer'd :

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspects¹⁰ ;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous !
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life ;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness :
But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue

⁹ i. e. *slight*. See King Henry IV. Part II. Act v. Sc. 2, p. 278.
Thus also in Coriolanus :—"Think to front his revenges with the
easy groans of old women," &c.

¹⁰ The old copy has *suspense* ; Steevens corrected it.

The envious load that lies upon his heart :
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse¹¹ doth level at my life :—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefest¹² liege to be mine enemy :—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable :
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant : I lose indeed ;—
Beshrew the winners, for they played me false !
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all
day :—

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,

¹¹ *Accuse* for *accusation*.

¹² *Liefest* is *dearest*. See page 124, ante, note 4.

Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth
best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the par-
liament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with
grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty!
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,

Say—*Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.* [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Free lords¹³; cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers:
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good),
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death¹⁴.—

¹³ I have shown in a note on *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 4, p. 414, that *free* meant *pure, chaste*, and consequently *virtuous*. This may be the meaning here; unless the reader would rather believe that it means *free-born, noble*, which was the sense of its Saxon original, *freo*.

¹⁴ York had more reason for desiring Humphrey's death, because he stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself in his ambitious views. Thus in a future passage he says:—

“For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.”

See Sir John Fenn's *Observations on the Duke of Suffolk's Death* in the *Collection of Paston Letters*, vol. i. p. 48.

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: And were't not madness
then

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege¹⁵.
And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates¹⁶ him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,

¹⁵ The meaning of this obscurely constructed passage appears to be, "The fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being proved by reasons or arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime."

¹⁶ *Mates*, i. e. *defeats, confounds, overcomes*. To *mate* and to *amate* were used generally in this sense by our ancestors. The word most probably came to us through the old French *Matte*. Palsgrave has *Je amatte, I mate*, or overcome, distinguishing it from to mate at chess.

Say but the word, and I will be his priest¹⁷.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest :
Say, you consent, and censure¹⁸ well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner ;
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I : and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly¹⁹ who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword :
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable ;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient²⁰ stop !
What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither :
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done :
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.

¹⁷ *I will be his priest*, that is, *I will be the attendant on his last scene ; I will be the last man whom he shall see.*

¹⁸ *Censure*, i. e. *judge or think well of it.*

¹⁹ *It skills not*, i. e. *it matters not greatly.* Shakespeare has the phrase again in *Twelfth Night*, Act v. Sc. 1, p. 472, and in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 188.

²⁰ *Expedient*, i. e. *expeditious.*

Show me one scar charáctér'd on thy skin :
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging
fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :—
No more, good York :—sweet Somerset, be still :—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been régent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame
take all!

Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame!

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent ;
And, what we do establish, he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off ; the day is almost spent :
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution :
Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
Resign to death ; it is not worth the enjoying :
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on
thought ;
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men :
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me :
I take it kindly ; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell :
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head²¹,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw²²
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade

²¹ Thus in Macbeth :—

“ All that impedes thee from the *golden round*,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.”

In King Henry IV. Part II. the crown is called “ this *golden rigol*.”

²² A *flaw* is a violent gust of wind. See Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 1 :—
“ Patch a wall to expel the winter's *flaw*.”

Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes²³ ;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine^a :
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Mórisco²⁴,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy ;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute ;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble :
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured ;
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will),
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

²³ *Kernes* were *Irish peasantry*, who served as light armed foot soldiers. In King Richard II. they are called "*rough rugheaded Kernes*." See note on that passage, vol. v. p. 436.

²⁴ In the old copies it is *porpentine* here and where else the word occurs.

^a *A wild Morisco*. A dancer in a morris dance, originally, perhaps, meant to imitate a Moorish dance, and thence named. The bells sufficiently indicate that the English morris dancer is intended. It appears from Blount's *Glossography*, and some of our old writers, that the dance itself was called a *morisco*. Florio, in the first edition of his *Italian Dictionary*, defines "*Moresca*, a kind of morice or antique dance, after the *Moorish* or *Ethiopian* fashion." The reader who would know more on this curious subject will do well to consult Mr. Douce's dissertation, printed in the second volume of his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.

SCENE II¹. Bury. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him know,
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do !—What have we
done ?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you
Despatch'd this thing ?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
house ;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand :—

Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,

According as I gave directions ?

1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone ! [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDI-
NAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and Others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight :
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Lords, take your places ; and, I pray you all,

¹ The directions concerning this scene stand thus in the quarto copy :—" *Then the curtains being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breast, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolk to them.*" In the folio we have :—" *Enter two or three running over the Stage from the murder of Duke Humphrey.*"

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a noble man !
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion !

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg² ; these words content
me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now ? why look'st thou pale ? why tremblest
thou ?

Where is our uncle ? what's the matter, Suffolk ?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend !

Car. God's secret judgment !—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my lord ?—Help, lords ! the
king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body ; wring him by the nose³.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help !—O, Henry, ope thine
eyes !

Suf. He doth revive again : Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God !

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord ?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious Henry, com-
fort !

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort
me ?

² The folio erroneously prints *Nell*, and in the queen's speech we have *Eleanor* thrice for *Margaret*.

³ As nothing further is spoken either by Somerset or the cardinal, or by any one else, to show that they continue in the presence, it is to be presumed that they take advantage of the confusion occasioned by the king's swooning, and slip out unobserved. The next news we hear of the cardinal, he is *at the point of death*.

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
 Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;
 And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 Can chase away the first-conceived sound ?
 Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
 Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;
 Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
 Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !
 Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
 Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
 Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding :—
 Yet do not go away ;—come, basilisk,
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight⁴ :
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy :
 In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead !

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus ?
 Although the duke was enemy to him,
 Yet he, most christianlike, laments his death :
 And for myself, foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs⁵,

⁴ This was the popular belief. Thus Chaucer, in the *Persones Tale*, "That sleth right as the *Basilicok* sleth folk by vertue of his sight."

"As *Æsculap* an herdsman did espie,
 That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flie,
 Albeit naturally that beast doth murder with the eye."

Albion's England, b. i. c. iii.

"The like propertie hath the serpent called a *basilieke* : a white spot or starre it carrieth on the head, and setteth it out like a coronet or diadem." So in *The Winter's Tale*, Act i. Sc. 2 :—

"Make me not sighted like the *basilisk*
 I have looked on thousands who have sped the better
 By my regard, yet kill'd none so."

⁵ "And stop the rising of *blood-sucking* sighs."

King Henry VI. Part III. Act iv. Sc. 4.

And all to have the noble duke alive.
 What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known we were but hollow friends;
 It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me⁶, more wretched than he is.
 What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
 What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?⁷
 Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
 Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
 Erect his statue⁸, and worship it,
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I, for this, nigh wrack'd upon the sea;
 And twice by awkward wind⁹ from England's bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind
 Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.

⁶ *Be woe for me*, i. e. *let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me.*

⁷ This allusion, which has been borrowed from the Proverbs of Solomon, and Psalm lviii. by many writers, is oddly illustrated in a passage of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, b. i. fo. x. ed. 1532. Shakespeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*:—"Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision."

⁸ *Statue*, formerly written *statua*, is here a trisyllable word.

⁹ *Awkward*, i. e. *contrary*. The same epithet is applied to the wind by Marlowe in his *Edward II.*—

"With *awkward winds*, and with sore tempests driven
 To fall on shore."

And by Drayton, *Epistle from Richard II. to Queen Isabell*:—

"And undertook to travaille dangerous waies,
 Driven by *awkward winds* and boisterous seas"

What did I then, but curs'd the ungentle¹⁰ gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves ;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee :
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me ;
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness :
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides ;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish¹¹ Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm :
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
And threw it towards thy land : the sea receiv'd it ;
And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart :
And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart ;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and witch¹² me, as Ascanius did,

¹⁰ The old copy has *gentle*, an evident mistake, which, with the other errors in this speech, is corrected in my second folio.

¹¹ The verb *perish* is here used actively. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maids Tragedy* :—

“Let not my sins
Perish your noble youth.”

¹² The old copy reads “*watch* me :” the emendation is Theobald's, who observes that “it was Cupid in the semblance of

When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? art thou not false like
him¹³?

Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.
The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too
true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*WARWICK goes into an inner Room, and
SALISBURY retires.*

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my
thoughts:

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.

Ascanius who bewitched Dido." She, taking him for Ascanius, would naturally speak to him about his father, and would be *witched* by what she learned from him, as well as by the more regular narrative she had heard from Æneas himself.

¹³ The old copy prints "*or thou not false like him,*" evidently not what Margaret was intended to say. The correction was suggested by Mason.

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God ;
 For judgment only doth belong to thee !
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain¹⁴
 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears ;
 To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :
 But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;
 And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

*The folding Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his Bed : WARWICK and others standing by it*¹⁵.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made :
 For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace ;
 For seeing him, I see my life in death¹⁶.

¹⁴ The old copy reads *drain*, evidently an error ; think of *draining* an ocean of tears upon his face. The emendation proposed by Steevens is countenanced by two passages, one in the *Taming of the Shrew* :—

“To *rain* a shower of commanding tears.”

And another in *King Henry IV. Part II.*—

“To *rain* upon remembrance with mine eyes.”

¹⁵ This stage-direction was inserted by Malone as best suited to the exhibition. The stage-direction in the quarto is “Warwick draws the curtaines, and shows Duke Humphrey in his bed.” In the folio, “A bed with Gloster’s body put forth.” By these and other circumstances it seems that the theatres were then unfurnished with scenes. In those days, it appears that curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which being drawn open formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. See Malone’s *Account of the ancient Theatres*, prefixed to the *Variorum* editions of Shakespeare.

¹⁶ *For seeing him, I see my life in death.* How much discussion there has been about this simple passage, which evidently means :—“I see my own life threatened with extermination, or *surrounded by death.*” Thus in a passage of the *Burial Service*, to

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost¹⁷,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy:
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:

which I am surprised none of the commentators have adverted,
"In the midst of life we are in death."

¹⁷ Shakespeare has confounded the terms which signify *body*
and *soul* together. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

"Damned *spirits* all,

That in cross-ways and floods have *burial*."

The word is frequently thus used by ancient writers; instances
are to be found in Spenser and others. Mr. Douce has justly ob-
served that *timely* may mean *early, recently, newly*. Thus in *Mac-*
beth, Act ii. Sc. 3:—

"He did command me to call *timely* on him."

And in the *Unfaithful Lover's Garland*:—

"Says he, I'll rise; says she, I scorn

To be so *timely parted*."

Mr. Douce's explanation is strengthened by Baret, who interprets
"*Bruma præmatura*, a very hasty or *timely* winter." In a subse-
quent passage of the original play the word *ghost* is again used
as in the present instance. Young Clifford, addressing himself
to his father's *dead body*, says:—

"A dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,
All smear'd and welter'd in his lukewarm blood!
Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghost* I swear," &c.

His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking ;
His well proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here ;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death ?

Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection ;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes ;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter ?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk ; where's your knife ?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite ? where are his talons ?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men ;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge :—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,

That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som. and Others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee .
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just;

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted¹⁸.

Q. Mar. [*A Noise within.*¹⁹] What noise is this?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
Weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY..

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.— [*Speaking to those within.*

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,

¹⁸ Thus imitated in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:—

"Come, Moor; I'm arm'd with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel."

¹⁹ In the old play the stage-direction is "Then all the Commons within cry, Down with Suffolk! down with Suffolk! And then enter again the Duke of Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn."

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;
 Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 That slily glided towards your majesty,
 It were but necessary you were wak'd ;
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 The mortal worm²⁰ might make the sleep eternal ;
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury !

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign :
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To show how quaint²¹ an orator you are :
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
 Sent from a sort²² of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in !

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
 I thank them for their tender loving care ;
 And had I not been 'cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
 For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means :
 And therefore, by His majesty I swear,

²⁰ *The mortal worm, i. e. deadly serpent.*

²¹ *Quaint, i. e. neat, dexterous.* So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii. Sc. 1 :—

“Yes, yes ; the lines are very quaintly writ.”

²² *A sort, i. e. a company.*

Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air²³
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;
But, when I swear, it is irrevokable :—
If, after three days space, thou here be'st found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransome for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you !
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company !
There's two of you, the devil make a third !
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps !

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fye, coward, woman, and soft-hearted
wretch !

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies ?

Suf. A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse
them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan²⁴,

²³ i. e. he shall not infect or breathe infection into this air.

²⁴ The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans ; and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gathered mandrakes was to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharged its malignity. See Bulleine's Bulwarke of De-

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave :
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees²⁵ !
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings²⁶ !
Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss :
And boding screechowls make the concert full !
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk ; thou torment'st
thyself ;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban²⁷, and will you bid me leave ?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,

fence against Sicknesse, &c. fol. 1579, p. 41. See also a note on the Second Part of King Henry IV. vol. v. p. 171.

²⁵ *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill boding plant.

²⁶ *As smart as lizards' stings.* This is one of the vulgar errors in the natural history of our ancestors. The *lizard* has no sting, and is quite harmless.

²⁷ This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves ; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me
thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[*Kisses his hand.*]

That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee²⁸!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation²⁹.

²⁸ That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think on *these lips* through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee.

²⁹ "Nec sine te pulchrum dias in luminis auras
Exoritur, neque sit lætum nec amabile quicquam."

Lucretius.

I can no more :—Live thou to joy thy life ;
Myself to joy³⁰ in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast ? what news, I
pr'ythee ?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death :
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side ; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul³¹ :
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit VAUX.]

Ah me ! what is this world ? what news are these ?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure ?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears ?
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now, get thee hence : The king, thou know'st, is
coming :

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live ;

And, still more elegantly, Milton, in a passage of his *Comus*
(afterwards omitted), ver. 214, &c.—

“ While I see you,

This dusky hollow is a paradise,
And heaven gates o'er my head.”

³⁰ The old copy prints “no joy.”

³¹ “Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.”

Macbeth.

And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
 Where³², from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
 So should'st thou either turn my flying soul³³,
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die, were torture more than death:
 O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive³⁴

It is applied to a deathful wound.
 To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris³⁵ that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask^a
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;

³² *Where* for *whereas*; as in other places. Thus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

“And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age,” &c.

³³ Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say:—

“See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.”

³⁴ *Corrosive* was generally pronounced and most frequently written *corsive* in Shakespeare's time. See Mr. Nares's Glossary in voce. The accent, as Mr. Todd observes, being then on the first syllable, the word was easily thus abbreviated.

³⁵ *Iris* was the messenger of Juno.

^a The old copies have *cask* for *casket*, probably to avoid a redundant syllable.

This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar.

This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III. London. Cardinal Beaufort's
Bedchamber.

Enter KING HENRY¹, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others. The Cardinal in Bed; Attendants with him.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure²,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no³?

O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is;

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes⁴, the dust hath blinded them.—

¹ The quarto offers this stage-direction:—"Enter the King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad." This description did not escape Shakespeare, for he has availed himself of it in a preceding speech by Vaux, p. 206.

² A passage in Hall's Chronicle, Henry VI. fol. 70, b. suggested the corresponding lines in the old play.

³ "We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—

Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"

King John.

⁴ "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with."

Macbeth.

Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul !—
Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch !
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair !

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him
grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be !
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand⁵, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign ; O God, forgive him !

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge⁶, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close ;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

⁵ Thus in the old play of King John, 1591, Pandulph sees the king dying, and says :—

“ Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,

Lift up your hand, in token you forgive.”

And again :—

“ *Lift up thy hand*, that we may witness here

Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ.”

⁶ “ *Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes*

Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse, quod hic est.”

“ This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudices shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth ; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.”—*Johnson.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. *The Seashore near Dover*¹.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter, from a Boat, a Captain², a Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and Others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Captain.

HE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful³ day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the
jades

That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings⁴
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransome on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—

¹ There is a curious circumstantial account of the event on which this scene is founded, in the Paston Letters, published by Sir John Fenn, vol. i. p. 38, Letter x. The scene is founded on the narration of Hall, which is copied by Holinshed.

² In the folio a *Lieutenant*.

³ The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. "Guilt, if afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*."—*Johnson*.

Spenser and Milton make use of the epithet:—

"For Venus hated his all-*blabbing* light."

Britain's Ida, c. ii.

"Ere the *blabbing* eastern scout."—*Comus*, v. 138.

Remorseful is pitiful.

⁴ The chariot of the night is supposed by Shakespeare to be drawn by dragons. Vide *Cymbeline*, Act ii. Sc. 2. To *clip* here is to *encompass*, *embrace*, as hovering over them.

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee :—
 And thou that art his mate, make boot of this ;—
 The other [*pointing to* SUFFOLK], Walter Whitmore,
 is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransome, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your
 head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What ! think you much to pay two thousand
 crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen ?—

Cut both the villains' throats !—for die you shall ;

The lives of those which we have lost in fight

Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.⁵

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir ; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die ; [*To* Suf.
 And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash ; take ransome, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman ;
 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I ; my name is Walter Whitmore.
 How now ? why start'st thou ? what ! doth death
 affright ?

Suf. Thy name affrights me⁶, in whose sound is
 death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

⁵ The old copy reads

“ The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
 Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.”

The correction is by Malone. The difference between the captain's present and succeeding sentiments may be thus accounted for. Here he is only striving to intimidate his prisoners into a ready payment of their ransom. Afterwards his natural disposition inclines him to mercy, till he is provoked by the upbraidings of Suffolk.

⁶ Suffolk had heard his name before without being startled by

And told me—that by *Water* I should die⁷ :
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded ;
 Thy name is—*Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not ;
 Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
 But with our sword we wip'd away the blot ;
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd⁸,
 And I proclaim'd a coward through the world !

[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore ; for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags !

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke ;
 [Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I⁹ ?]

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
 The honourable blood of Lancaster^a,

it. In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has consigned him to "*Walter* Whickmore," he immediately exclaims, "*Walter* !" Whickmore asks him why he fears him ; and Suffolk replies, "It is thy name affrights me."

⁷ Thus Drayton, in Queen Margaret's Epistle to this duke of Suffolk :—

" I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass ;
 Never the sea yet half so dangerous was ;
 And one foretold by *water* thou should'st die."

A note on these lines says, " The witch of Eye received answer from the spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*." See the fourth Scene of the first Act of this play. The prophecy is differently stated by a contemporary in the Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 40 :—" Also he asked the name of the ship ; and when he knew it, he remembered Stacy that said if he might escape the danger of the *Tower* he should be safe, and then his heart failed him."

⁸ The new image which Shakespeare has introduced into this speech—" my arms torn and defac'd"—is also found in King Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 2. See note on that passage.

⁹ This line, which is necessary to the understanding of what follows, is added from the quarto. 1st part of the Contention, &c.

^a The first of these two lines in the folios is given to the Captain, but evidently belongs to Suffolk ; *lowly* is also there misprinted *lowsie*.

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom¹⁰.
 Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
 Bare-headed plodded by my footcloth mule,
 And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
 When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
 Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride¹¹:
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
 And duly waited for my coming forth.
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue¹².

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our longboat's side
 Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole¹³?

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

¹⁰ A *jaded groom* is a *low fellow*. Suffolk's boast of his own blood was hardly warranted by his origin. His great grandfather had been a merchant at Hull. If Shakespeare had known his pedigree he would not have failed to make some of his adversaries reproach him with it. The first line of this speech is erroneously given to the Captain in the folio.

¹¹ *Abortive pride*, i. e. *pride that has had birth too soon*.

¹² By this expression, "charm thy riotous tongue," the poet meant Suffolk to say that it should be as potent as a *charm* in stopping his licentious talk. The same expression occurs in *Othello*, Act iv. Sc. 1, and is of common occurrence in the books of the poet's age. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*:—

"*Charm your skipping tongue.*"

And Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, b. v. c. 9:—

"That well could *charm* his tongue and time his speech."

¹³ This and the preceding "Yes, Poole," are taken also from the old 4to. *Contention*, &c.

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink ; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm :
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground ;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's
death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again :
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy¹⁴ a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart*.
By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France :
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
Hath slain their governours, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire : whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun¹⁵, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.

¹⁴ i. e. *To betroth in marriage*. This enumeration of Suffolk's crimes seems to have been suggested by the *Mirror for Magistrates*. See the *Legend of William de la Pole*. The rest of this speech is entirely Shakespeare's ; there is no trace of it in the original play.

* The folios have *mother-bleeding*.

¹⁵ Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.—*Camden's Remaines*.

The commons here in Kent are up in arms :
 And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
 Is crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee :—Away ! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
 Small things make base men proud : this villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace¹⁶, threatens more
 Than *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian pirate¹⁷.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible, that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Cap. Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me¹⁸.

Suff. I go of message from the queen to France ;
 I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,——

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Penè Gelidus timor occupat artus*¹⁹ ;—'tis thee
 I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave
 thee.

¹⁶ A *pinnace* then signified a *ship of small burthen*, built for speed. Vide note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 3, note 11.

¹⁷ *Bargulus*, Illyrius Latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit.—*Cicero de Officiis*, lib. ii. c. 11. Mention of this pirate is made in some of the translations of the time. In the old play it is, "Abradas the great Macedonian pirate."

¹⁸ In the old copy this line forms part of Suffolk's speech. It would seem that it should be uttered by the Captain, for what *pity* could Suffolk be called upon to show to his assailant.

¹⁹ The source from whence this line has been extracted has not yet been discovered. The following lines are the nearest which have been found in the Classic Poets :—

"Subitus tremor occupat artus."

Virg. Æn. v. 446.

"Ille quidem gelidos radiorum viribus artus."

Ovid. Metam. iv. 247.

"Navitas, confessu gelido pallore timorem."

De Tristib. El. iii. 113.

The first folio misprints *Pine* for *Penè*, and the second folio omits it.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit; no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—

More can I bear, than you dare execute²⁰.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can²¹,
That this my death may never be forgot!

Great men oft die by vile bezonians²²:

A Roman sworder and banditto slave,
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the Great²³: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit WHIT. and Others with Suf.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransome we have set,

²⁰ So in Othello:—

“Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt.”

²¹ This line is part of the captain's speech in the folios. According to the letter in the Paston Collection, already cited, the cutting off of Suffolk's head was very barbarously performed. “One of the lewdest of the ship bade him lay down his head, and he should be fairly ferd [dealt] with, and dye on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes.”

²² A bezonian is a mean low person. See note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act. v. Sc. 3.

²³ Pompey was killed by Achilles and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing-boat in which they were reached the coast, his head being thrown into the sea, a circumstance sufficiently resembling Suffolk's death to bring it to the poet's memory; though his mention of it is not quite accurate.

It is our pleasure, one of them depart :—

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK's Body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie²⁴,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle !

His body will I bear unto the king :

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends :

So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the Body.*]

SCENE II. Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of
a lath ; they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to
dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new
nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well,
I say, it was never merry world in England, since
gentlemen came up¹.

Geo. O miserable age ! Virtue is not regarded in
handycrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather
aprons.

²⁴ They "laid his body on the sands of Dover, and some say that his head was set on a pole by it."—*Paston Letters*, vol. i. p. 41.

¹ The same phrase was used by the duke of Suffolk to Wolsey and Campeggio in the reign of Henry VIII. "With that stepped forth the duke of Suffolk from the king, and by his commandment spake these words, with a stout and hault countenance—'It was never merry in England (quoth he) whilst we had cardinals among us.'"—*Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, p. 167, ed. 1825.

Geo. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True ; And yet it is said,—Labour in thy vocation ; which is as much to say, as,—let the magistrates be labouring men ; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it : for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

John. I see them ! I see them ! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham ;——

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,——

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver :——

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and Others in great number^a.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,——

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings².

[*Aside.*

Cade. — for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes. Command silence.

^a The folio has—"with infinite numbers."

² Tom Nashe speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a *cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put red herrings in cades, and from him they have their name."—*Lenten Stuffle*, 1599. — *Cade*, however, is derived from *cadus*, Lat. a cask. We may add, from the accounts of the Celeress of the Abbey of Barking, in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, "a barrel of herryng shold contain a thousand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundred, six score to the hundred." Cade, with more learning than should naturally fall to his character, alludes to his name from *cado*. to fall : but the folio misprints it *faile*.

Dick. Silence !

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-layer. [Aside.]

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [Aside.]

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces. [Aside.]

Smith. But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [Aside.]

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable ; and there was he born, under a hedge ; for his father had never a house, but the cage³. [Aside.]

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs ; for beggary is valiant.

[Aside.]

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that ; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [Aside.]

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof⁴. [Aside.]

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [Aside.]

Cade. Be brave then ; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny : the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops⁵ ; and I will make it felony,

³ " Little places of prison, set commonly in the market place, for harlots and vagabonds, we call *cages*."—*Baret*.

⁴ *His coat is of proof*. A quibble is most probably intended between two senses of the word ; one as being able to resist, the other as being *well tried*, that is, *long worn*.

⁵ *The three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops*. These drinking vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash, in his *Pierce Penni-*

to drink small beer : all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty !

Cade. I thank you, good people :—there shall be no money⁶ ; all shall eat and drink on my score ; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment ? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man ? Some say, the bee stings : but I say, 'tis the bee's wax ; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now ! who's there ?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham : he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous !

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain !

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations⁷, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't : the man is a proper man, lesse, 1595, says, "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more."

⁶ "To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the signs or tickets of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life."—*Johnson*.

⁷ *Obligations*, i. e. *bonds*.

of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters⁸: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently: Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him⁹.

⁸ *They use to write it on the top of letters.* That is, on the top of Letters Missive, and such like public acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*. Even in later times it was not unusual to write *Jesu*, or make a cross at the top of letters.

⁹ After this speech, in the old play, are the following words:—
"Is there any more of them that be knights?"

Tom. Yea, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down. Dick Butcher; rise up Sir Dick Butcher. Sound up the drum."

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his Brother, with Drum and Forces.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom :
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward : therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not¹⁰ ;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign ;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain ! thy father was a plasterer ;
And thou thyself, a shearman, art thou not ?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that ?

Cade. Marry, this :—Edmund Mortimer, earl of
March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter ; did he not ?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her, he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question ; but, I say, 'tis true :
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away ;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer, when he came to age :
His son am I ; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true ; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; there-
fore, deny it not.

¹⁰ *I pass not*, i. e. *I care not*, *I pay them no regard*.

"Transform me to what shape you can,

I pass not what it be." *Drayton's Quest of Cynthia*.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught
you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]
Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that—for his
father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys
went to span counter for French crowns, I am con-
tent he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's
head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England
maimed¹¹, and fain to go with a staff, but that my
puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that
that Lord Say hath gelded¹² the commonwealth, and
made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak
French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen
are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this: Can he,
that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good
counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,

¹¹ The folio has *maind*. The same play upon words is in Daniel's Civil Wars, 1595:—

“Anjou and *Maine*, the *main* that foul appears.”

¹² *Gelded*. Steevens observes that “Shakespeare has here transgressed a rule laid down by Tully, De Oratore: ‘Nolo morte dici Africani castratam esse rempublicam.’” We must here recollect the character of the speaker. I must again remark that in former instances the phrase was only metaphorically used for *diminishing* or *curtailing*, and is not peculiar to Shakespeare, but a common form of expression in his time. See note on Love's Labour's Lost, Act ii. Sc. 1, note 10.

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade ;
That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors :—
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the Two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon ;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most
out of order. Come, march forward ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of Blackheath.*

Alarums. *The two Parties enter and fight, and both
the STAFFORDS are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford ?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen,
and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in
thine own slaughter-house : therefore thus will I re-
ward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is ;
and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred
lacking one¹.

¹ In the reign of Elizabeth butchers were strictly enjoined not to sell flesh meat in Lent, not with a religious view, but for the double purpose of diminishing the consumption of flesh meat during that period, and so making it more plentiful during the rest of the year, and of encouraging the fisheries and augmenting the number of seamen. Butchers, who had interest at court, frequently obtained a dispensation to kill a certain number of beasts *a week* during Lent ; of which indulgence the wants of invalids who could not subsist without animal food was made the pretence. There are several proclamations on the subject in the library of the Society of Antiquaries.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear²; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, reading a Supplication; the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and LORD SAY with him; at a distance, QUEEN MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's Head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop¹ to entreat:

² Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So Holinshed:—"Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in glory returned again toward London." Sir Humphrey Stafford was in fact killed at Sevenoaks, and is buried at Bromsgrove, in Staffordshire.

¹ Shakespeare has here fallen into another inconsistency, by sometimes following Holinshed instead of the old play. He afterwards forgets this holy bishop: and in Scene the eighth we find only Buckingham and Clifford were sent, conformably to the old play. Holinshed mentions that the archbishop of Canterbury and the duke of Buckingham were sent.

For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword ! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains ! hath this lovely
face

Rul'd, like a wandering planet², over me ;
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same ?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have
thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam ! Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death ?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die
for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now ! what news ? why com'st thou
in such haste ?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark : Fly, my lord !
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house :
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless ;
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

² *Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me, i. e. predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over those born under their influence.* The old play led Shakespeare into this strange exhibition ; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her bosom, in presence of her husband !

Hath given them heart and courage to proceed :
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do³.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,^a
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger ;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes :
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge ; the
citizens

Fly and forsake their houses :
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor ; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord ; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret ; God, our hope, will suc-
cour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord ; [*To LORD SAY.*]
trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

³ Instead of this line the old copy has :—

“ Go bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
An army up, and meet with the rebels.”

^a *Kenilworth* is still locally pronounced *Killingworth*.

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower.*

Enter LORD SCALES, and Others, on the Walls.

Then enter certain Citizens below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself,

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,

And thither will I send you Matthew Gough:

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;

And so farewell, for I must hence again⁴. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Cannon Street.*

Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit¹ run nothing

⁴ The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio here again makes the gratuitous substitution of the words "rebellion never thrives," instead of "for I must hence again." Evidently with a view to the old stage notion of going off with a rhyming couplet.

¹ Whatever offence to modern delicacy may be given by this imagery, such ornaments to fountains appear to have been no uncommon device in ancient times. A small one of this kind is still one of the sights at Brussels, and is in great favour with the market folk. The curious reader may see a design, probably from the pencil of Benedetto di Montagna, for a very singular fountain of the same nature in that elegant book the *Hypnerotomachia*, printed by Aldus in 1499. Le Grand, in his *Vie Privée des François*, mentions that at a feast made by Philippe-

but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him*².

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London Bridge on fire³; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same.* Smithfield.

Alarum. *Enter on one side, CADE and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH*¹. *They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the

le-Bon there was “une statue d'enfant nu, posé sur une roche, et qui de sa broquette pissait eau de rose.” This conduit may, however have been one set up at the standarde in Cheape, according to Stow, by John Wels, grocer, mayor, in 1430, with a small cistern for fresh water, having one cock continually running. See a note on *As You Like It*, Act iv. Sc. 1, p. 84, note 8.

² “He also put to execution in Southwarke diverse persons, some for breaking this ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance lest they should bewray his base lineage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer.”—*Holinshed*, p. 634.

³ At that time London Bridge was of wood: the houses upon it were actually burnt in this rebellion. Hall says “he entered London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge.”

¹ Holinshed calls Matthew Gough “a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in serving of the king his father.” See also *W. of Wyrcestre*, p. 357; and the *Paston Letters*, vol. i. p. 42.

Savoy²; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth³.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

[*Aside.*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

[*Aside.*

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens⁴, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ay, thou say⁵, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord!

² This trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor Wat Tyler. It was never re-edified till Henry VI. founded the hospital.

³ "It was reported, indeed, that he should saie with great pride that within four daies *all the laws of England should come forth of his mouth.*"—*Holinshed*, p. 432.

⁴ A fifteen was the fifteenth part of all the moveables, or personal property of each subject.

⁵ Say is a kind of thin woollen stuff or serge.

now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used⁶; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them⁷; when, indeed, only for that cause, they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth⁸, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

⁶ Shakespeare is a little too early with this accusation. Yet Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicæ*, has availed himself of this passage to support his hypothesis that printing was introduced into England by Frederic Corsellis, one of Coster's workmen, from Haerlem in the time of Henry VI. Shakespeare's anachronisms are not more extraordinary than those of his contemporaries. Spenser mentions cloth made at Lincoln in the ideal reign of King Arthur, and has adorned a castle at the same period with cloth of Arras and of Tours.

⁷ *Because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; i. e. they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.*

⁸ A foot-cloth was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse: it was sometimes made of velvet and bordered with gold lace. This is a reproach truly characteristical: nothing gives so much offence to the lower orders as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*⁹.

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle¹⁰;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy:
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you¹¹,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

⁹ After this line the old play proceeds thus:—

“*Cade.* *Bonun terrum*, What's that?

Dick. He speaks French.

Will. No, 'tis Dutch.

Nick. No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough.”

¹⁰ “*Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi, qui Cantium incolunt.*”
—*Cæsar.* Thus translated by Ar. Golding, 1590:—“Of all the inhabitants of the isle, the *civillest* are the Kentish-folke.” It is said also in the same words in Lyly's *Euphues* and his *England*, 1580.

¹¹ This is the reading and punctuation of the folio, but I think with Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, that the word *Kent* is a corruption, and that we should read either *But*, as Johnson proposed, or *Bent*, which Steevens suggested as nearer the form of the suspected word.

Because my book preferr'd me to the king ;
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut ! when struck'st thou one blow in the
field !

Say. Great men have reaching hands ; oft have I
struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind
folks ?

Say. These cheeks are pale for¹² watching for your
good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make
'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
pap of a hatchet¹³.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man ?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us ; as who should say, I'll
be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand
steadier on a pole, or no : Take him away, and behead
him.

¹² *For*, i. e. *because of*.

¹³ The old copy reads "you shall have a hempen *candle* the
help of a hatchet." *Candle* is an evident misprint for *caudle*. There
can also be little doubt that Dr. Farmer's emendation, "*pap* of a
hatchet," is the true reading : it is a proper accompaniment to the
"hempen *caudle*." Lyly wrote a pamphlet with the title of "*Pap*
with a Hatchet ;" and the phrase occurs in his play of *Mother*
Bombie : "They give us *pap* with a spoone, and when we speake
for what we love, *pap* with a hatchet."

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
 Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
 Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
 Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
 Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
 These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
 This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
 O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but
 I'll bridle it; he shall die, and it be but for pleading
 so well for his life. Away with him! he has a famili-
 liar¹⁴ under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name.
 Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head pre-
 sently; and then break into his son-in-law's house,
 Sir James Cromer¹⁵, and strike off his head, and bring
 them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your
 prayers,
 God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
 How would it fare with your departed souls?
 And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with LORD SAY.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head
 on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall
 not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her
 maidenhead ere they have it¹⁶: Men shall hold of me

¹⁴ A *familiar*, i. e. a demon who was supposed to attend at call.
 So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

“Love is a *familiar*; there is no angel but love.”

¹⁵ It was William Crowmer, sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to
 death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower,
 and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason at Cade's
 mock commission of Oyer and Terminer at Guildhall. See *W.*
of Wyrcester, p. 470.

¹⁶ Alluding to an ancient usage, on which Beaumont and Fletcher
 have founded their play called *The Custom of the Country*. See

in capite; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, 'when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills¹⁷?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of LORD SAY and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another¹⁸, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

Cowel's Law Dictionary, or Blount's Glossographia, 1681, in voce *Marcheta*. Blackstone is of opinion that it never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. Boetius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in the time of Malcom III. A.D. 1057. Sir D. Dalrymple controverts the fact, and denies the actual existence of the custom; as does Whitaker in his History of Manchester. There are several ancient grants from our early kings to their subjects, written in rude verse, and empowering them to enjoy their lands as "*free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.*" The authenticity of them, however, is doubtful. See Blount's Jocular Tenures.

¹⁷ *Take up commodities upon our bills.* An equivoque alluding to the halberts or bills borne by the rabble. Shakespeare has the same quibble in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 3; *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 2, note 8.

¹⁸ This may be taken from the Legend of Jack Cade in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, as Dr. Farmer observes; but both Hall and Holinshed mention the circumstance.

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! —[*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rebel¹ lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White

¹ The old copy misprints *rabble* for *rebel*, which is corrected in my copy of the second folio and in that of Mr. Collier. The corresponding passage in the old play serves to confirm the correction, and the word *lead* seems to refer to Cade.

Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one; and so God's curse 'light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,
and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the Fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and

hell, have through the very midst of you ! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him ; And he, that brings his head unto the king, Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers ; we'll devise a mean

To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Kenelworth Castle.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the Terrace of the Castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I ?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old¹ :
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty !

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd ?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE'S Followers, with Halts about their Necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield ;
And humbly thus, with halts on their necks,

¹ So all the historians agree ; and yet in Part I. Act iii. Sc. 4. King Henry is made to say :—

“ I do remember how my father said ”—

This is a lapse of memory, if we presume that the whole of that play was written by the same hand as this.

Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallowlasses, and stout Kernes²,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His aims³ are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and
York distress'd;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd⁴ and boarded with a pirate:

² "The *Gallowlasse* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary foot-soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his piece, being commonly good markmen."—*Stanihurst's Descript. of Ireland*, c. viii. f. 21.

³ The first folio has erroneously "His *arms*." This the second folio converts to "His *armies*, which ruins the metre; *arms* for *aims* has been misprinted elsewhere.

⁴ The first folio reads *calme*; which may be right. The second folio printed by mistake *claimed*; and the third folio *calm'd*. This reading has been adopted as most perspicuous, and because in *Othello* we have:—

"Must be be-lee'd and *calm'd*."

By his *state* Henry means his *realm* which had recently become

But now⁵ is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd ;
 And now is York in arms to second him.—
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him ;
 And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
 Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower ;—
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
 I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms ;
 For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal,
 As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern
 better ;
 For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. Kent. Iden's Garden¹.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fye on ambition ! fye on myself ; that have
 a sword, and yet am ready to famish ! These five
 days have I hid me in these woods ; and durst not
 peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me : but now

calm, i. e. *quiet and peaceful*, by the defeat of Cade and his rabble,
 when York appears in arms to raise fresh disturbances. Boarded
with a pirate is boarded by one.

⁵ *But* is here not adversative. "It was only *just now*," says
 Henry, "that Cade and his followers were routed." Thus in
 King Richard II.—

"*But now* the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face."

¹ "A Gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so
 his time, that he took the said Cade in a garden in *Sussex*, so
 that there he was slaine at Hothfield," &c.—*Holinshed*, p. 635.
 "This Iden was, in fact, the new sheriff of Kent, who had followed
 Cade from Rochester."—*William of Wyrcester*, p. 472.

am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet², my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me

² A *sallet* is a *helmet*. *Salade*, Fr.; *celata*, Ital.; *celada*, Span. Etymologists differ in opinion on the origin of the word; some derive it from *celare*, Lat. to hide, or cover; others from the Low Latin, *salattarius*, which Isidore, in his Glossary, interprets *portator armarium*. The Teutonic *schal* is pointed out by Duchat, and adopted by Mr. Todd. The word undoubtedly came to us from the French. Caxton, in his Chronicle, speaking of Cade, says, "Anone he toke Sir Umfreyes *salade* and his briganteins smyten ful of gilte nailles, and also his gilt spores, and araied him like a lord and a captaine." We have a similar equivoque in the Interlude of Thersites:—

"*Thers.* Nowe, I pray Jupitur that thou die a cuckold,
I mean a *sallet* with which men do fyght.

Muleiber. It is a small tasting of a man's might,
That he should for any matter
Fyght with a few herbes in a platter."

for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.
Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him ; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not ; Why then should I betray thee ?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms ?

Cade. Brave thee ? ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well : I have eat no meat these five days ; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail³, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser ;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist ;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon ;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast ;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,⁴

³ See note on the Second Part of King Henry IV. Act v. Sc. 3, p. 288.

⁴ Johnson explains this, "As for words, whose pomp and rumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword." Thus in the Third Part of King Henry VI.—

"I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one."

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chine of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God⁵ on my knees, thou mayest be turn'd to hobnails. [*They fight; CADE falls.*] O! I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead⁶:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never

⁵ In the folio "I beseech *Jove*" was substituted to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 2, against profane swearing. Cade was very unlikely to swear by Jove.

⁶ This sentiment is much more correctly expressed in the quarto:—

"Oh sword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
For this great service thou hast done to me."

Shakespeare, in new moulding this speech, has used the same mode of expression that he has employed in *The Winter's Tale*:—"If thou'lt see a thing to *talk on*, when *thou art dead* and rotten, come hither," i. e. for people to talk of. So again, in a subsequent scene of this play:—

"And *dead men's cries* do fill the empty air."

Which of the plays of Shakespeare do not furnish expressions equally bold with "I will hang thee," to express "I will have thee hung?"

feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

[Dies.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me⁷, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell⁸.

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,

And there cut off thy most ungracious head ;

Which I will bear in triumph to the king,

Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the Body.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with Drum and Colours : his Forces at some distance.

York.

FROM Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head :

Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.

Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear ?

⁷ Johnson erroneously interprets this "in supposing that I am proud of my victory." Iden evidently means that Cade wrongs him by undervaluing his prowess.

⁸ This speech is somewhat wild and confused. In the quarto Iden merely says :—

"I'll drag him hence, and with my sword
Cut off his head, and bear it to the king."

Let them obey, that know not how to rule ;
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold :
 I cannot give due action to my words,
 Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
 A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul ;
 On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here ? Buckingham, to disturb me ?
 The king hath sent him, sure : I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
 greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
 To know the reason of these arms in peace ;
 Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
 Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so
 great.

O ! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
 I am so angry at these abject terms ;
 And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
 On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury !
 I am far better born than is the king :
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts :
 But I must make fair weather yet a while,
 Till Henry be more weak, and I more
 strong.—

Aside.

O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while ;
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither,

Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my
powers.—

Soldiers, I thank you all: disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm
to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost
bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo ! I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade ?—Great God, how just
art thou !—

O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him ?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd ? and what is thy degree ?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name ;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down ; [*He kneels.*] Rise up
a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty¹,
And never live but true unto his liege !

K. Hen. See, Buckingham ! Somerset comes with
the queen :
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
head,

¹ Iden has before said :—

“ Lord, who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these,” &c.

This is strictly a picture of poor human nature. He rails at enjoyments which he supposes out of his reach ; but no sooner are they offered to him, but he embraces them eagerly.

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure².

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:

Obeys, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of
these³,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

² "Mysus et Æmonia juvenis qua cuspe vulnus
Senserat, hac ipsa cuspe sensit opem."

Propert. lib. ii. El. 1.

Greene, in his *Orlando Furioso*, 1599, has the same allusion:—

"Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myself;
As those that with Achilles' lance were wounded,
Fetch'd help at self-same pointed speare."

³ The old copies have *thee*; Theobald corrected it. York alludes
to his sons, who are waiting without.

I know, ere they will have me go to ward⁴,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail: and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with
Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old
CLIFFORD and his Son.*

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it
good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with
thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:
To Bedlam⁵ with him! is the man grown mad?

⁴ To ward, i. e. custody, confinement.

⁵ This has been thought an anachronism; but Stow shows that it is not: "Next unto the parish of St. Buttolph is a fayre inne for receipt of travellers; then an hospitall of *S. Mary of Bethlehem*, founded by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the Sheriffes of London, in the yeare 1246. He founded it to have beene a priorie of cannons with brethren and sisters, and King Edward the Thirde granted a protection, which I have seene, for the brethren *Milicie beate Marie de Bethlem*, within the citie of London, the 14th yeare of his raigne. *It was an hospitall for distracted people.*"—*Survey of London*, p. 127, 1598.

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor ; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey ;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons ?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons
shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so ;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears⁶,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs ;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with
*Forces*⁷.

Clif. Are these thy bears ? we'll bait thy bears to
death,

And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld ;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw⁸,

⁶ The Nevils, Earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their crest.

⁷ The stage-direction in the quarto is—"Enter the Duke of York's sons, Edward the Earl of March, and crook-back Richard, at the one door, with Drum and Soldiers." Now York's eldest son could have been only thirteen years old at this time, and as there were two other sons between him and Richard, the latter could consequently not have been present.

⁸ Bear-baiting was not only a popular but a royal entertainment in the poet's time. See Stow's account of Queen Eliza-

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried :
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape !

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, least by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow ?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son !
What, wilt thou on thy deathbed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles ?
O, where is faith ? O, where is loyalty ?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth ?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood ?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience ?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it ?
For shame ! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself
The title of this most renowned duke ;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me ?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such
an oath ?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin ;

beth's amusements of this kind, or Laneham's Letter concerning the entertainments at Kenelworth Castle. *Being suffer'd* may possibly be used for *being punished, made to suffer*. The corrector of Mr. Collier's second folio would substitute "*having suffer'd from,*" which would be to change two words unnecessarily.

But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death, or^a dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet⁹,
(As on a mountain top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm),
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bearward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fye! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

^a The folio has "and dignity." Pope corrected it.

⁹ A *burgonet* is a *helmet*; a Burgundian's steel cap or *casque*.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick¹⁰, that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well¹.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is comé.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death².

¹⁰ *Foul stigmatick*, i. e. *one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma*. It was originally and properly "a person who had been branded with a hot iron for some crime. One notably defamed for naughtiness." See Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616; or Blount's *Glossography*, 1674.

¹ In the old play:—

"The bonniest gray, that e'er was bred in north."

² This passage will remind the classical reader of Achilles' conduct in the twenty-second *Iliad*, v. 205, where he expresses his determination that Hector should fall by no other hand than his own

War. Then, nobly, York ; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

Clif. What seest thou in me, York ? why dost thou pause ?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it !

Clif. My soul and body on the action both !

York. A dreadful lay³ !—address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.*]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*Dies*⁴.]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will !

[*Exit.*]

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion ! all is on the rout :

³ *A dreadful lay*, i. e. *a dreadful wager, a tremendous stake.*

⁴ The author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon with him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of the third part of this drama the poet has forgot this circumstance, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened :—

“ Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.”

These lines were adopted by Shakespeare from *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, upon which the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* is founded.

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly:
 He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,

[*Seeing his dead Father.*]

And the premised⁵ flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heaven together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease⁶!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 The silver livery of advised age;
 And, in thy reverence⁷, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,

⁵ *Premised is sent before their time.* The sense is, "let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now."

⁶ *To cease is to stop, a verb activa.* So in *Timon of Athens*:—

"Be not *ceas'd*

With slight denial."

⁷ In that period of life which is entitled to command reverence. Reverenda canities. Shakespeare has used the word in the same manner in *As You Like It*, where Orlando says to his brother, speaking of their father, "thou art indeed nearer to his *reverence*."

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did⁸ :

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house ;

[*Taking up the Body.*

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders :

But then Æneas bare a living load,

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET,
fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there ;

For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,

The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous in his death⁹.

Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
MARGARET, and Others, *retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord ! you are slow ; for shame,
away !

⁸ When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her. See Ovid Trist. l. iii. El. 9 :—

“ Divellit, divulsaque membra per agros

Dissipat, in multis invenienda locis :—

Ut genitor luctuque novo tardetur, et artus

Dum legit extinctos, triste moretur iter.”

⁹ The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction of Jourdain, the witch, in the first act :—

“ Let him shun castles :

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.”

Such equivocal predictions were much in vogue in early times, and the fall of many eminent persons is by the Chronicles represented as accomplishing them : being delivered in obscure terms, any fortuitous event was the more readily supposed to verify them.

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom¹⁰
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect),
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Cliff. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present party¹¹.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt.]

¹⁰ This expression, *the bottom of all our fortunes*, is peculiarly Shakespeare's; he has it again in *King Henry IV. Part I.*—

“The very *bottom* and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our *fortunes*.”

Again in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“Which *sees into the bottom* of my grief.”

And in *Measure for Measure*:—

“To *look into the bottom* of my place.”

¹¹ The folio has *parts*, which has hitherto been supposed to stand for *parties*, but it is evidently an error for *party*; by which, as Mr. Tyrwhitt and Steevens observe, the offensive jingle of *hearts* and *parts* is avoided, and the line rendered much more harmonious.

SCENE III. *Fields near Saint Albans.*

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time¹;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth²,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him³; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—

¹ Warburton would substitute "all *bruise* of time." But, as Steevens observes, "the *brush* of time" is the gradual detrition of time. So in Timon of Athens:—

"One winter's *brush*."

² i. e. the height of youth: the brow of a hill is its summit.

³ That is, three times I saw him fallen, and striding over him defended him till he recovered. This act of friendship Shakespeare has frequently mentioned. See the First Part of King Henry IV. Act v. Sc. 1, *ad finem*.

Well, lords, we have not got that which we have⁴;
 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
 Being opposites of such repairing nature⁵.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
 For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
 To call a present court of parliament.
 Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
 What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
 Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
 Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
 Sound, drums and trumpets! and to London all:
 And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *Well, lords, we have not got that which we have, i. e. we have not secured that which we have acquired.* Thus in Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece:—

“Oft they have not that which they possess.”

⁵ *Being opposites of such repairing nature, i. e. being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat.* To repair, in ancient language, was to renovate, to restore to a former condition. Thus in Cymbeline:—

“O, disloyal thing

That should'st repair my youth.”

And in All's Well that Ends Well:—

“It much repairs me
 To talk of your good father.”







THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE action of this play opens just after the first battle of St. Albans [May 23, 1455], wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of King Henry VI. and the birth of Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward V. [November 4, 1471]. So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years.

The title of the old play, which Shakespeare altered and improved, is "The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth: with the whole Contention between the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke: as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be solde at his Shoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewal, 1595." There was another edition in 1600 by the same publisher: and it was reproduced with the name of Shakespeare on the title page, printed by T. P. no date, but ascertained to have been printed in 1619.

The present historical drama was altered by Crown, and brought on the stage in 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War*. Surely the works of Shakespeare could have been little read at that period; for Crown, in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition:—

"For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone,

The divine Shakespeare *did not lay one stone*."

Whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade, copied almost verbatim from the Second Part of King Henry VI. and several others from this Third Part, with as little variation.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH :

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, *his Son*

LEWIS XI. King of France.

DUKE of SOMERSET,

DUKE of EXETER,

EARL of OXFORD,

EARL of NORTHUMBERLAND,

EARL of WESTMORELAND,

LORD CLIFFORD,

Lords on King Henry's side.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York :

EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.

EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,

GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloster,

his Sons.

DUKE of NORFOLK,

MARQUIS of MONTAGUE,

EARL of WARWICK,

EARL of PEMBROKE,

LORD HASTINGS,

LORD STAFFORD,

of the Duke of York's Party.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,

SIR HUGH MORTIMER,

Uncles to the Duke of York.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.

LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey. **SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.** **SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.** **SIR JOHN SOMERVILE.** Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, during part of the third act, in France ; during all the rest of the play, in England.



THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI¹.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *The Parliament House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's Party break in. Then, Enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Others, with white Roses in their Hats.

Warwick.

WONDER how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of
the north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain².

¹ This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition ; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. —Johnson.

² See the former play, p. 249, note 4. Shakespeare has fallen into this inconsistency by following the old plays in the construction of these dramas.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerous :
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody Sword.*

Mont. And, brother³, here's the earl of Wiltshire's
blood, [To YORK, *showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did⁴.

[*Throwing down the DUKE OF SOMERSET's Head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat : possess it, York :
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my
lords ;

³ York and Montague address each other as brothers, but Montague was brother to the Earl of Warwick, and York's wife was half-sister to Thomas Montague Earl of Salisbury, their father, consequently she was their aunt, not their sister. See note on Act i. Sc. 1 of the previous play.

⁴ Shakespeare was also led into this anachronism by the old plays. At the time of the first battle of St. Albans, where Richard is represented to have fought in the last scene of the preceding play, he was not one year old ; having been born at Fotheringay Castle, October 21, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the present act refers, he was but six years old ; and in the fifth act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not more than sixteen and eight months.

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*]

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council.

By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he⁵ that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells⁶.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.
Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[*WARWICK leads YORK to the Throne,
who seats himself.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and Others, with red Roses in their Hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state ! belike, he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father ;

⁵ The True Tragedy has "The proudest bird."

⁶ The allusion is to falconry. Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to alarm the birds ; to fright them from rising.

And thine, Lord Clifford ; and you both have vow'd
revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me !

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in
steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this ? let's pluck him
down :

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he ;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin ; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah ! know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly⁷.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's
heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house !
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[*They advance to the Duke.*

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet :
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down ; he made thee duke
of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was⁸.

⁷ The folio gives this line to *Westmoreland* ; in the old play it is rightly given to *Exeter*.

⁸ The old play reads "as the *kingdom* is." Why Shakespeare altered it, it is not easy to say, for the new line only exhibits the same meaning more obscurely. York means that the *dukedom* was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster :
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York⁹;

inheritance from his mother. His title to the crown was not as Duke of York, but as Earl of March, and by naming that he covertly asserts his right to the crown. The words "Thou art deceived" from the old play were unnecessarily inserted in York's previous speech.

⁹ The folio has *my* father. The passage as it is contains another mistake of the author of the old play. York's father was Earl of

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March :
 I am the son of Henry the Fifth¹⁰;
 Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
 And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I ;
 When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks
 you lose :

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother [*To York*], as thou lov'st and
 honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will
 fly.

York. Sons, peace !

K. Hen. Peace thou ! and give King Henry leave
 to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first : hear him, lords ;
 And be you silent and attentive too,
 For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly
 throne,

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat ?
 No : first shall war unpeople this my realm ;
 Ay, and their colours, often borne in France ;
 And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,
 Shall be my winding-sheet¹¹. Why faint you, lords ?
 My title's good, and better far than his.

Cambridge, and was beheaded in the lifetime of his elder brother,
 Edward Duke of York.

¹⁰ The military reputation of King Henry V. is the sole support
 of his son. The name of King Henry the Fifth dispersed the
 followers of Cade.

¹¹ Perhaps Gray had this passage in mind when he wrote :—
 " Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The windingsheet of Edward's race."

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king

K. Hen. I know not what to say ; my title's weak.

[*Aside.*

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

York. What then ?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king :
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth ;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown¹² ?

Exe. No ; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter ?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not ?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd : 'tis not thy southern
power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence :
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,

¹² *Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown, i. e. detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty.*

Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father !

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign the¹³ crown.

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York ;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one
word ;

Let me, for this my life time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content : Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son ?

War. What good is this to England, and himself ?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry !

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us !

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed !

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome !
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd !

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,
and WESTMORELAND.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter !

¹³ The old copy has *thy* crown. Mr. Collier's second folio substitutes *my*.

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may: I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath,

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

And neither¹⁴ by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the Throne.*]

War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes

[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle¹⁵.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

¹⁴ Malone asserts that *neither, either, brother*, and many similar words, were used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries as monosyllables. Steevens doubts this, and observes with propriety, that the versification of this and the preceding play has many lines as unmetrical and irregular as this.

¹⁵ Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray¹⁶
her anger :

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man ! 'would, I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father !
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus ?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I ;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once ;
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood ;
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me :
If you be king, why should not I succeed ?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret ; pardon me, sweet
son ;

The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee ! art thou king, and wilt be
forc'd ?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre¹⁷,

¹⁶ *Bewray*, i. e. *betray*, *discover*. So in *King Lear* :—
"He did *bewray* his practice."

¹⁷ The queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of kingly power is soon followed by loss of life.

And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge¹⁸ commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; Come, we'll after them.

¹⁸ The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the Lord Faulconbridge, "a man," says Hall, "of no lesse courage than audacitie, who for his cruel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the world in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an ill hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such at least were his instructions with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land, as well friends as enemies. He once brought his ships up the Thames, and with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Essex, made a spirited assault on the city, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict, and the loss of many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded. See Hall and Holinshed.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field, I'll see your grace : till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET, and the Prince.]

K. Hen. Poor queen ! how love to me, and to her son,

Hath made her break out into terms of rage !
 Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke ;
 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
 Will coast¹⁹ my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
 Tire²⁰ on the flesh of me, and of my son !
 The loss of those three lords²¹ torments my heart :

¹⁹ To coast is to pursue, to hover about anything. Thus in the Loyal Subject of Beaumont and Fletcher :—

“ Take you those horse and coast them.”

And in *The Maid of the Mill*, by the same authors, two gentlemen entering, a lady asks :—“ Who are those that coast us ?” So in Chapman's Version of the fifth Iliad :—

“ Atrides yet coasts through the troops confirming men so stay'd.”

And Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 352 :—“ William Douglas still coasted the Englishmen, doing them what damage he might.” See also p. 404, and other passages. Shakespeare uses it again in *King Henry VIII.* speaking of Wolsey's tortuous policy in the matter of the divorce, it is said :—

“ The king perceives him how he coasts

And hedges his own way.”

And in his *Venus and Adonis* :—

“ All in haste she coasteth to the cry.”

The old orthography of the word was *coste*, or *cost*, from the French *costoyer*, to pursue a course alongside an object, to watch it.

²⁰ To tire is to tear ; to feed like a bird of prey, from the Anglo Saxon *Týrian*, &c. Thus in the poet's *Venus and Adonis* :—

“ Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,

Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.”

²¹ i. e. of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair :
Come, cousin²², you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Sandal Castle, near
Wakefield, in Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother¹, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken :
I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be for-
sworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

²² Henry Holland Duke of Exeter was cousin-german to the king, his grandfather John, having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of John of Gaunt by his first wife.

¹ See note 3 at p. 258, ante.

York. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took ²
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears :
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough ; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :
In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
Witty³, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise ;

² The obligation of an oath is here eluded by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself, in the foregoing play, was rational and just.—*Johnson.* Here, as Mr. Hunter observes, the character of Richard first developes itself. He could not be as prominent as Shakespeare makes him, at this period, since he was only born in 1452. Lord Chedworth refers to Cicero de Officiis, i. 3 ; but the earlier source is Euripides Phœnissæ, v. 524.

³ Witty has here the signification of *knowing* or *intelligent*, a sense borne by the A. S. wit-ig.

And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger*⁴.

But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords⁵,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle:

She is hard by with twenty thousand men;

And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou,
that we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;

My brother Montague shall post to London!

Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

Whom we have left protectors of the king,

With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:

And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine
uncles!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;

The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the
field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

⁴ The folio reads "Enter Gabriel." It was the name of the actor, probably *Gabriel Singer*, who played this insignificant part. The emendation is from the old play, and was made by Theobald.

⁵ "I know not," says Johnson, "whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against precipitancy, by which we often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in our power. Had York stayed but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury."

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be
great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt*

SCENE III. *Plains near Sandal Castle.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his
Tutor*¹.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father², he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch³

¹ "A priest called Sir Robert Aspull."—*Hall*, fo. 99.

² i. e. the father of which brat, namely, the Duke of York.

³ So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch. This may refer to the practice of confining lions and keeping them without food, that they might devour criminals exposed to them. *Steevens*

That trembles under his devouring paws :
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey ;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford ! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford ! hear me speak before I die ;
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's
blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again ;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore——

[*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death :—
To thee I pray ; sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm : Why wilt thou slay
me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born⁴.

remarks that the epithet *devouring*, which might well have characterized the whole animal, is oddly enough bestowed on his paws. Should we not read *jaws* ?

⁴ Rutland was born in 1443, and Clifford's father was slain at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Consequently Rutland was then at least twelve years old.

Thou hast one son⁵, for his sake pity me ;
 Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
 He be as miserably slain as I.
 Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
 And when I give occasion of offence,
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause ?

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

[*CLIFFORD stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ*⁶!

[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !
 And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field :
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me¹ ;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them :
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me ;
 And thrice cried, *Courage, father ! fight it out !*
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,

⁵ This one son of Clifford was the shepherd-lord, celebrated in Wordsworth's *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*.

⁶ This line is in Ovid's *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*. The same quotation is in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

¹ These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 649.

With purple falchion painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 Richard cried, *Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
 And cried, *A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
 With this we charg'd again : but, out, alas !
 We bodg'd² again ; as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with overmatching waves.

[*A short Alarum within.*

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue ;
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury :
 And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury :
 The sands are number'd, that make up my life ;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTH-
 UMBERLAND, and *Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage ;
 I am your but, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
 Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
 And made an evening at the noontide prick³.

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth

² *Bodged* is probably the same as *budged*, from *bouger*, French. Steevens thought that it was the same as *boggled*, i. e. made bad, or bungling work of the attempt to rally. But the following passage, in which Coriolanus speaks of his army who had fled from their adversaries, seems decisive :—

“The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*
 From rascals worse than they.”

Coles renders “To budge, pedem referre,” to retreat, the sense required here.

³ That is, at the dial point of mid-day.

A bird that will revenge upon you all :
 And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
 Why come you not ? what ! multitudes, and fear ?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further
 So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons ;
 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
 And, in thy thought, o'errun my former time :
 And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face ;
 And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,
 Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word ;
 But buckle³ with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford ! for a thousand causes,
 I would prolong awhile the traitor's life :
 Wrath makes him deaf : speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford ; do not honour him so much,
 To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart :
 What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
 For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
 It is war's prize⁴ to take all vantages ;
 And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*YORK is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty ;

³ To buckle with is to contend with. The folios misprint it buckler.

⁴ Prize here must have the same meaning as *prise* in French, or *presa* in Italian, i. e. a hold or advantage that may be taken. Unless we can imagine that it signifies *licitum est*, "it is prized or esteemed lawful in war," &c. *Price*, *prise*, and *prize* were used indiscriminately by our ancestors.

So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,

Come make him stand upon this molehill here;

That raught⁵ at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament⁶,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crookback prodigy,

Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin⁷ with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

⁵ *Raught*, i. e. *reached*. Vide note on Part II. of this play, Act ii. Sc. 3.

⁶ Mr. Hunter remarks that the allusion here is to the Bill exhibited in Parliament by the Duke of York in 1460, 39 Hen. VI. showing his descent from King Edward III. and even from King Henry III.

⁷ *Napkin*, i. e. *handkerchief*.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport ;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York ! and, lords, bow low to him.
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[*Putting a paper Crown on his Head*⁸.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king !
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair ;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale⁹ your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath ?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable !
Off with the crown ; and, with the crown, his head ;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead ¹⁰.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay ; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves
of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !
How ill beseeming is it in thy sex

⁸ According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York's head till after he was dead ; but Holinshed, after having copied Hall, says :—" Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose heade they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled down afore him, as the Jews did to Christe, in scorne, saying to him, Hayle king without rule, hayle king without heritage, hayle duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length, having thus scorned hym with these and diverse other like despitefull woordes, they strooke off his heade, which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queen."

⁹ *Impale*, i. e. *encircle with a crown*.

¹⁰ *Do him dead*, i. e. *kill him*. The expression *done to death* is of frequent occurrence in our older poets, and has been elsewhere explained. See the first scene of Act ii. note 12.

To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush :
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.

Thy father bears the type¹¹ of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem ;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud ;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small :
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd ;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :
'Tis government¹², that makes them seem divine ;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion¹³.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide !
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :

¹¹ *The type*, i. e. *the crown, the emblem or symbol of royalty*. Thus in King Richard III.—

“The high imperial *type* of this earth's glory.”

¹² *Government* in the language of the time signified *evenness of temper, and decency of manners*.

¹³ *Septentrion*, i. e. *the north*. Thus Milton:—

“Cold *septentrion* blasts.”

Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins¹⁴.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-
 woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions¹⁵ move me so,
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
 blood¹⁶:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 O, ten time more, than tigers of Hyrcania.

¹⁴ We meet with the same thought in Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*:—

*"This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more:
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er,
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife."*

And in *Macbeth*:—

"That tears shall drown the wind."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

"Where are my tears? rain, rain to lay this wind."

And in *King John*:—

"This shower blown up by tempest of the soul."

¹⁵ *Passions* for *griefs*. Thus in *The Tempest*:—

"And shall not myself,

*One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?"*

And in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

*"Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
 For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight."*

¹⁶ The folio of 1632, gives this line thus:—

"Would not have stain'd the roses just with blood."

An interpolation possibly from some MS. memorandum on the margin of the copy used by the printer. The corrector of Mr. Collier's copy has changed *just* to *hues*. But the whole is of no authority. See a passage in Act ii. Sc. 6, where King Henry, speaking of a son killed by his father, says:—

"The red rose and the white are on his face."

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears¹⁷ ;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed !—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse ;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North. Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my Lord Northum
berland ?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
death.

[*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
king.

[*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God !
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[*Dies.*]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates ;
So York may overlook the town of York¹⁸.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹⁷ So in King Richard II. Act v. Sc. 1 :—

“ Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.”


¹⁸ This gallant prince fell by his own imprudence, in consequence of leading an army of only five thousand men to engage with twenty thousand, and not waiting for the arrival of his son

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Power marching.

Edward.

 WONDER, how our princely father 'scap'd ;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.

Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news ;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother ? why is he so sad ?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about ;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him¹ in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat² :
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies :
So fled his enemies my warlike father ;

the Earl of March, with a large body of Welshmen. He and Cecily his wife, with his son Edmund, Earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Fotheringay Church. Peacham, in his *Complete Gentlemen*, 1627, p. 153, gives an account of the destruction of their monuments, of the disinterment, &c. ; and of their reinterment in the church by command of Queen Elizabeth under a mean monument of plaster.

¹ *Bore him*, i. e. *demeaned himself*.

² *Neat*, i. e. *horned cattle, cows, oxen, &c.*

Methinks, 'tis prize³ enough to be his son.
 See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun⁴!
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun⁵;
 Not separated with the racking clouds⁶,
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
 See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
 heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
 Each one already blazing by our meeds⁷,

³ *Prize* is here again used for *advantage, privilege*. See Act i. Sc. 4, p. 276, ante.

⁴ Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the *sun*, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.

⁵ This circumstance is mentioned both by Hall and Holinshed. "At which tyme the *sun* (as some write) appeared to the earl of March like *three sunnes*, and sodainely joyned altogether in one; upon whiche sight hee tooke such courage, that he fiercely setting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this cause menne ymagined that he gave the sun in his full bryghtnesse for his badge or cognizance."—*Holinshed*.

⁶ *The racking clouds*, i. e. *the clouds floating before the wind like a reek or vapour*. This verb, though now obsolete, was formerly in common use; and it is now provincially common to speak of the *rack* of the weather.

"Like inconstant clouds

That, *rack'd* upon the carriage of the winds,

Increase," &c.

K. Edward III. 1596.

Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in One*:—

"Stay, clouds, ye *rack* too fast."

⁷ *Meed* anciently signified *merit* as well as reward; and is so explained by Cotgrave, Philips, and others. The word is used in Timon of Athens in the same sense:—

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters : by your leave I
speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger^a.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue ?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more ! for I have heard too
much^b.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes ;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy^c
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd ;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite ;
Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood

“ No need but he repays
Sevenfold above itself.”

^a The stage-direction in the folio is, “Enter one blowing.”

^b The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death.

^c The hope of Troy was Hector.

Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York .
They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon ;
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !
O Clifford ! boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee !
Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest :
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for me !
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with
thee ;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun¹⁰ :
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

¹⁰ Thus in Spenser's Hymn of Heavenly Beauty :—

“ Like the native bird of eagle's kind
On that bright sun of glory fix thine eyes.”

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with their Army¹¹.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance, Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told, The words would add more anguish than the wounds. O valiant lord! the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet, Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption, Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death¹².

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears : And now to add more measure to your woes, I come to tell you things sith then befall'n. After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought, Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp, Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run, Were brought me of your loss, and his depart. I then in London, keeper of the king, Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends, [And very well appointed, as I thought¹³,] March'd toward Saint Albans to intercept the queen, Bearing the king in my behalf along : For by my scouts I was advertised, That she was coming with a full intent To dash our late decree in parliament,

¹¹ This meeting was at Chipping Norton, according to W. Wyrcester, p. 488.

¹² *Done to death.* We have here again this common ancient expression for *killed*; from the French *faire mourir*. So in Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 3:—

“*Done to death* by barbarous hands.”

¹³ This line is not in the folio. Mr. Dyce remarks that the want of *and* between *muster'd* and *march'd* indicates that the line may have been omitted by error.

Touching King Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen ;
Or whether 'twas report of her success ;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards :
But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled ; the king unto the queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, posthaste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here, we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

*Edw.*¹⁴ Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick ?

And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers :

And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,

¹⁴ The ages of the duke of York's children will show how far historic truth is departed from in the present play. The battle of Wakefield was fought on the 29th of December, 1460, when Edward was in his nineteenth year, Rutland in his eighteenth, George of York, afterwards duke of Clarence, in his twelfth, and Richard only in his ninth year.

With aid of soldiers to this needful war¹⁵.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled :

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear :

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist ;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick : blame me not ;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done ?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads ?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?
If for the last, say, Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament ;
And now to London all the crew are gone,

¹⁵ This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Gloster (as they were afterwards created) were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return until their brother Edward had got possession of the crown. The duchess of Burgundy was not their aunt, but a third cousin.

To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong :
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via* ! to London will we march [*amain* ;]¹⁶
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our foes !
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick
speak :

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries, Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean ;
And when thou fall'st¹⁷, (as God forbid the hour !)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend !

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York ;
The next degree is England's royal throne :
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along ;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds),
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums ;—God and Saint
George for us !

¹⁶ The word *amain*, necessary to complete the sense, is from the " True Tragedy."

¹⁷ The folios have *fail'st*, the old play *faint'st*.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now ! what news ?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host ;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts¹⁸, brave warriors : Let's
away. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before York.*

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the
PRINCE of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUM-
BERLAND, with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of
York.

Yonder's the head of that arch enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown :
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
wrack ;

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

¹⁸ *Why then it sorts*, i. e. *Why then things are as they should be ;
it falls out right.*

Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows :
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire ;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young :
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight),
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
For shame, my liege ! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault ;
And long hereafter say unto his child,
*What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly¹ gave away ?*
Ah, what a shame were this ! Look on the boy ;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success ?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;

¹ *Fondly*, i. e. *foolishly*.

² The king quotes two proverbs ; the one—" Ill gotten goods never prosper ;" the other—" Happy the child whose father went to the devil." This last he must be supposed to use interrogatively, as disputing the truth of it : " Was it always happy for that son ?" &c. This interpretation sets the king's reasoning right.

And 'would, my father had left me no more !
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York ! 'would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here !

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits ; our foes
are nigh,
And this soft carriage³ makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son ;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly lea
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness :
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York ;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him :
Darraign your battle⁴, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field :
The queen hath best success when you are absent⁵.

³ The old copy has *courage*. The correction, which is warranted by the reading of the corresponding passage in the old play, was suggested by Monck Mason.

⁴ *Darraign*, i. e. *prepare*, which is the word in the quartos. *Darraign*, for, to prepare for a combat, is of frequent use in our old writers, and comes from the old Norman French *desraigne*, applied to the preliminary discussion of the terms of a contest, whether by arms or pleading. See Ducange in v. *Desrainare* ; and Roquefort in v. *Desrene*.

⁵ "Happy was the queene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises ; for where his person was

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence :
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent ;
Since when, his oath is broke⁶; for, as I hear,
You that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too ;
Who should succeed the father, but the son ?

present the victorie fledde ever from him to the other parte."—*Hall's Chronicle.* Henry VI. fol. c. Drayton has enlarged upon this superstitious belief in his *Miseries of Queen Margaret.*

⁶ Edward's argument is founded on an article said to have been in the compact between Henry and the duke of York: "That if the king did closely or apertly studye or go about to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the sayde duke or his blood, then he *to forget the crowne*, and the duke of Yorke to take it."—*Hall.* If this had been one of the articles of the compact, the duke having been killed at Wakefield, his eldest son would now have a title to the crown; but Malone doubts whether it ever made part of that agreement. The poet followed *Hall.* This and the three following lines are given to Clarence by error in the folio.

Rich. Are you there, butcher? O! I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crookback; here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick?
dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently:
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:

By him that made us all, I am resolv'd⁷,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue⁸.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But, like a foul misshapen stigmatick⁹,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizard's dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt¹⁰,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel¹¹ should be call'd the sea),
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught¹²,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart¹³?

Edw. A wisp of straw¹⁴ were worth a thousand
crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself:
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

⁷ *I am resolved*, i. e. *I am convinced*; it is my firm persuasion.

⁸ This speech is also assigned by mistake to Warwick in the folio. The quarto properly gives it to Richard.

⁹ *One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity*; a stigma. See the Second Part of Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 1, p. 248.

¹⁰ *Gilt* is a superficial covering of gold.

¹¹ A channel in the poet's time signified what we now call a kennel; which word is still pronounced channel in the north.

¹² *Extraught*, i. e. *extracted*. The quarto has *derived*.

¹³ *To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart*, i. e. *discover*; show thy meanness of birth by thy indecent railing.

¹⁴ *A wisp of straw* was often applied as a mark of opprobrium to an immodest woman, a scold, or similar offenders; even showing it to a woman was, therefore, considered as a grievous affront. A callat was a lewd wanton; but a term often given to a scold.

Although thy husband may be Menelaus¹⁵;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day¹⁶.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹⁵ *Menelaus*, i. e. a *cuckold*. In *Troilus and Cressida*, *Thersites*, speaking of *Menelaus*, calls him, "The goodly transformation of Jupiter there,—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

¹⁶ Thus the quarto; the folios have *this day*.

SCENE III. *A Field of Battle between Towton
and Saxton, in Yorkshire*¹.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forespent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope
of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair²;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thy-
self?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk³,

¹ Shakespeare has here, perhaps, intentionally thrown three different actions into one. The principal action took place on the eve of Palm Sunday, 1461. "This battle," says Carte, "decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, overturned in one day an usurpation strengthened by sixty-two years' continuance, and established Edward on the throne of England."

² "Thus repulsed, *our final hope*
Is flat despair." *Milton.*

³ The brother here mentioned is no person in the drama, but a natural son of Salisbury. Holinshed, relating the death of Lord Clifford in this action at Ferrybridge, on the 28th of March, 1461,

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance :
 And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,
 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death !
 So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood :
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;
 And look upon⁴, as if the tragedy
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors ?
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine ;
 And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.
 And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings !
 Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands,
 That to my foes this body must be prey,
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul !
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand ; and, gentle Warwick,

says, " He was slaine, and with him the *bastard* of Salisbury, brother to the earl of *Warwick*, a valiant young gentleman, and of great audacitie."

⁴ *Look upon* for *look on*, i. e. *are mere spectators*. Vide *The Winter's Tale*, Act v. Sc. 2 :—

"What?—*Look upon*, my brother :"—&c.

See a note on Act iv. Sc. 3, of the same play, p. 91.

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay
 And call them pillars, that will stand to us ;
 And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 As victors wear at the Olympian games :
 This may plant courage in their quailing⁵ breasts ;
 For yet is hope of life, and victory.
 Fore-slow⁶ no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone :
 Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
 And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall¹.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
 This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York ;
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
 And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
 To execute the like upon thyself ;
 And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters ; CLIFFORD flies.*]

⁵ *Quailing* is sinking into dejection.

⁶ *To fore-slow* is to delay, to loiter.

"*Fore-slow* no time ; sweet Lancaster, let's march."

Marlowe's Edward III.

¹ "Non si te ferreus agger
 Ambiat." *Statius, Theb. ii. v. 453.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death^a.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails²,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory;

^a Two very similar lines in the preceding play are spoken by Richard's father of Clifford's father:—

“Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase;
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.”

¹ The leading thought in both these soliloquies is borrowed from Holinshed, p. 665. “This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtful state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides,” &c. Steevens points out a similar comparison in Virgil, *Æn.* lib. x. ver. 354, which originates with Homer, *Iliad* xiv.

² So in the Song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*:—“When Dick the Shepherd blows his nail!” A similar expression occurs in one of South's Sermons. “So that the king, for anything that he has to do in these matters, may sit and *blow his nails*, for use them otherwise he cannot.” It seems to have been a proverbial expression for being idle from necessity.

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
 Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 'Would, I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
 For what is in this world, but grief and woe ?
 O God ! methinks, it were a happy life³,
 To be no better than a homely swain ;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times :
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate ;
 So many hours must I sport myself ;

³ This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity.—*Johnson*. There are some verses preserved of Henry VI. which are in a strain of the same pensive moralizing character. The reader may not be displeased to have them here subjoined, that he may compare them with the congenial thoughts the poet has attributed to him :—

“ Kingdoms are but cares ;
 State is devoid of stay ;
 Riches are ready snares,
 And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy [game],
 Which vice doth still provoke ;
 Pomp unprompt ; and fame a flame ;
 Power a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rock
 Out of his slimy mud,
 Shall mire himself, and hardly 'scape
 The swelling of the flood.”

VI.

D D

So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father⁴,
dragging in the dead Body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns :
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God ! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events !

⁴ These two horrible instances which were probably suggested by a passage in Hall's Chronicle concerning this battle, are selected to show the innumerable calamities of civil war. Raphael has introduced the second of these incidents in his picture of the battle of Constantine and Maxentius.

From London by the king was I press'd forth ;
 My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
 And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
 Whiles lions war, and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;
 And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief⁵.

*Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the Body
 in his arms.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;
 For I have bought it with a hundred blows.
 But let me see :—is this our foeman's face ?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye ; see, see, what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !
 O, pity, God, this miserable age !
 What stratagems⁶, how fell, how butcherly,

⁵ The king intends to say that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war* ; all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves.

⁶ *Stratagems* here means *direful events*. Thus in the Second Part of King Henry IV. Northumberland says :—

“ Every minute now

Should be the father of some *stratagem*.”

And in the old play of King Leir, Regan says :—

Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late⁷ !

K. Hen. Woe above woe ! grief more than common
 grief !

O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds !
 O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses :
 The one, his purple blood right well resembles ;
 The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth !
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied !

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
 Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied !

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful
 chances,
 Misthink⁸ the king, and not be satisfied !

Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son ?

K. Hen. Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects'
 woe ?

“Hast thou the heart to act a *stratagem*,
 And give a stab or two if need require ?”

The word *stratagemme* is shown by Mason to have sometimes the same meaning in Italian.

⁷ Of these obscure lines the following explanation by Henley is the most probable which has been offered :—“Had the son been younger he would have been precluded from the levy which brought him to the field ; and had the father recognised him before their mortal encounter, it would not have been too late to have saved him from death.” But perhaps *too late* may merely mean *too recently*. There is a passage in The Rape of Lucrece of the same kind :— “I did give that life

Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.”

⁸ *Misthink*, i. e. *think unfavourably of*.

Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the Body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre ;
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;
 And so obsequious⁹ will thy father be,
 E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
 I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit, with the Body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,

Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET,
 PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,
 And Warwick rages like a chafed bull :
 Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post
 amain,

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds¹⁰
 Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
 With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them,

⁹ *Obsequious* is here, careful of *obsequies*, or *funeral rites*. See *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 1. In the next line both folios read "*Men* for the loss of thee," an evident misprint for *E'en*. This was suggested by Mr. Dyce in his *Remarks on Collier and Knight*, p. 183.

¹⁰ *Greyhounds* was often written *grewnds*, and pronounced as a monosyllable.

Nay, stay not to expostulate ; make speed,
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
Exeter ;

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward ! away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same.*

*A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD wounded*¹.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O, Lancaster ! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
[The common people swarm like summer flies² :]
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun³ ?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies ?
O Phœbus ! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth :

¹ In the old play the stage-direction adds, *with an arrow in his neck*. It is thought that Beaumont and Fletcher ridiculed this by introducing Ralph, the grocer's prentice, in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, with a *forked arrow through his head*. The circumstance is related by Holinshed, p. 664 :—"The Lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenlie, with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was stricken into the *throte*, and immediately rendered his spirit."

² This line was introduced by Theobald from "The True Tragedy. The line lower down, "They, never, then, had sprung like summer-flies," evidently referring to it, is not found in "The True Tragedy," and indeed seems altogether superfluous.

³ Hence perhaps originated the following passage in *The Bard of Gray* :—

"The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,
Gone to salute the rising morn."

And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies ;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity ?
Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :
The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint :
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest ;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune bids us
pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks⁴.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy⁵ to stem the waves.
But think, you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape :
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave :

⁴ Thus in King Richard III.—

"Grim visaged *war* hath *smooth'd* his *wrinkled* front."

⁵ See note 2 on The Merchant of Venice, Act i. Sc. i.

And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD groans, and dies.]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing⁶. See who it is^a:

Edw. And now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the
head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screechowl to our house,
That nothing sung but death⁷ to us and ours
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the Body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft:
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,

⁶ *Departing for separation.* To *depart*, in old language, is to part. Thus in the old marriage service:—"Till death us *depart*."

^a "See who it is:" these words and the two preceding lines are given to Richard in the folio. The distribution adopted is from the True Tragedy.

⁷ We have this also in King Richard III.—

"Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death."

Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words⁸.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford ! swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath ? nay, then the world goes hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath :

I know by that, he's dead ; And, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him,

This hand should chop it off ; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead : Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen :

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again :

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation ;

⁸ *Eager words*, i. e. *sour words* ; *words of asperity*. *Verie eagre* or *sowre* : *peracerbus*.—*Baret*. From the Fr. *aigre*.

And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be :
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat ;
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster ;
And George, of Clarence ; Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence ; George, of
Gloster ;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous⁹.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation ;
Richard, be duke of Gloster : Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

⁹ Alluding to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock and Humphrey, Dukes of Gloster. The author of the old play, in which this line is found, had a passage of Hall's Chronicle in his thoughts, in which the unfortunate end of those who had borne the title is recounted : he thus concludes :—" So that this name of Gloucester is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, as the proverb speaks of Sejanus horse, whose ryder was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie."

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter Two Keepers¹, with Crossbows in their Hands.

1 Keeper.

UNDER this thick grown brake² we'll shroud
ourselves ;
For through this laund³ anon the deer will
come ;

And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 Keep. That cannot be ; the noise of thy crossbow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best :
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

¹ In the folio copy, instead of *two keepers*, we have through negligence the names of the persons who represented these characters, *Sincklo* and *Humphrey*. *Humphrey* was probably *Humphrey Jeaffes*, mentioned in Mr. Henslowe's manuscript ; *Sincklo* we have before mentioned, his name being prefixed to some speeches in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*. Hall and Holinshed tell us that Henry VI. "was no sooner entered into England but he was known and taken of one Cantlow, and brought to the king." It appears, however, from records in the duchy office, that King Edward granted a rent charge of one hundred pounds to Sir James Harington, in recompense of his great and laborious diligence about the capture and detention of the king's great traitor, rebel, and enemy, lately called Henry the Sixth, made by the said James ; and likewise annuities to Richard and Thomas Talbot, Esquires, — Talbot, and Levesey, for their services in the same capture. Henry had been for some time harboured by James Maychell of Crakenthorpe, Westmoreland. See Rymer's *Fœdera*, xi. 548, 575.

² A *brake* is a *thicket*.

³ *Laund*, i. e. a plain extended between woods, a *lawn*.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a Prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ;

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off⁴, wherewith thou wast anointed :

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee ;

For how can I help them, and not myself ?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee :

This is the *quondam* king ; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity⁵ ;

For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear awhile ; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid ;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

To wife for Edward : If this news be true,

Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost ;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

⁴ Thus also in King Richard II.—

“Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm from an anointed king.”

It is observable that this line is one of those additions to the original play which are found in the folio and not in the quarto.

⁵ The old copy has “the sower Adversaries.” Pope altered it to “these sour adversities.” Mr. Collier retains the old reading, not perceiving with Mr. Dyce that it is “flagrant nonsense.” The reading I adopt is suggested by that gentleman.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him ;
 For she's a woman to be pitied much :
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
 The tiger will be mild, whiles she doth mourn ;
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
 To hear and see her complaints, her brinish tears.
 Ay, but she's come to beg ; Warwick, to give :
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry ;
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
 She weeps, and says, her Henry is depos'd ;
 He smiles, and says, his Edward is install'd ;
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more :
 Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength⁶ ;
 And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
 With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
 O Margaret ! thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor soul.
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn⁷.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings
 and queens ?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was
 born to :

A man at least, for less I should not be ;
 And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind⁸ ; and that's enough.

⁶ This line has already occurred in the former act :—

“ Inferring arguments of mighty force.”

In the old play the line occurs but once.

⁷ The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen.—*Steevens.*

⁸ Malone thinks that there is an allusion here to an old poem by Sir Edward Dyer, beginning—“ My mind to me a kingdom is.” See it in Percy's *Reliques*, 3d edit. vol. i. p. 293.

2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd, content ;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us : for, as we think,
You are the king, King Edward hath depos'd ;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

2 Keep. No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England ?

2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old ;
My father and my grandfather were kings ;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me :
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths ?

1 Keep. No ;

For we were subjects, but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe a man ?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust ;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths ; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;
And be you kings ; command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead ; your king's name
be obey'd :
And what God will, that let your king perform ;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and
LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror :
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life¹.

¹ The old copies have erroneously Sir *Richard*. This is in every particular a falsification of history. Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans fighting on the side of King Henry ; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized by the conqueror (Queen Margaret), that they were in fact seized by King Edward after his victory at Towton, 1461. The present scene is laid in 1464. Shakespeare followed the old play in this instance ; but when he afterwards had occasion to mention this matter in writing his King Richard III. he stated it truly as he found it in the Chronicles. In Act i. Sc. 2 of that play, Richard, addressing himself to Queen Elizabeth (the Lady Grey of the present scene), says :—

“ In all which time you and your husband *Grey*
Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;
And, Rivers, so were you :—was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain ? ”

Malone cites this circumstance, among others, as proving that Shakespeare was not the original author of this and the preceding play

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit ;
It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea ! is it so ?

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game ; How true he keeps the
wind ! [*Aside.*

Glo. Silence . [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit ;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :
May it please your highness to resolve me now ;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you
all your lands,

An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

[*Aside.*

Glo. God forbid that ! for he'll take vantages.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow ?
tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her.

[*Aside.*

Glo. Nay, then whip me ; he'll rather give her two.

[*Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's
land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave ; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you ; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the
other side.

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

[Aside.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

[Aside.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks,
my prayers;

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought
you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my
dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them
and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness² of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

[*Aside.*

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

[*Aside.*

² *Sadness, i. e. seriousness.*

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete
with modesty ;

Her words do show her wit incomparable

All her perfections challenge sovereignty :

One way, or other, she is for a king ;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen ?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious
lord :

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends ;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto :
I know I am too mean to be your queen :

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow ; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should
call you father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call
thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
[*Aside.*]

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
[*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two
have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry
her.

Clar. To whom, my lord ?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell you both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower :—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along : Lords, use her honourably*.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, LADY GREY,
CLARENCE, and Lord.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would, he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring
To cross me from the golden time I look for !
And yet, between my soul's desire and me
(The lustful Edward's title buried)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself :
A cold premeditation for my purpose !
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty
Like one that stands upon a promontory
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way :

* The folios have *honourable*. It is *honourably* in the True Tragedy, which the first line of Gloster's speech indicates to have been the word.

So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp³,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself⁴,

³ It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of bears are produced in the same state with those of other animals.—*Johnson*.

⁴ Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially

I'll make my heaven, to dream upon the crown ;
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until my misshap'd trunk, that bears this head,
 Be round impaled⁵ with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home :
 And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns ;
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,
 Torment myself to catch the English crown :
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile ;
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more sliely than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy ;
 I can add colours to the cameleon ;
 Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
 And set the murd'rous Machiavel⁶ to school.

observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt.—*Johnson*.

⁵ *Round impaled*, i. e. *encircled*. Steevens would read with Hanmer :—

“ Until my head that this misshap'd trunk bears.”
 Otherwise, he observes, the trunk that bears the head is to be encircled with the crown, and not the head itself.

⁶ The old play reads with more propriety :—

“ And set the *aspiring Cataline* to school.”

By which the anachronism is also avoided. Machiavel is men-

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS, the French King, and LADY BONA, attended; the King takes his State. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD her Son, and the EARL OF OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
[*Rising.*]

Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis
doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with
tears,

tioned in various books of the poet's age as the great exemplar of profound politicians. An amusing instance of the odium attached to his name is to be found in Gill's *Logonomia Anglica*, 1621:—"Et ne semper Sidneios loquamur, audi epilogum fabulæ quam docuit Boreali dialecto poeta, titulumque fuit reus Machiavellus:—

"Machil iz hanged
And brenned iz his buks
Though Machil iz hanged
Yet he iz not wranged,
The Di'el haz him fanged
In hiz cruked cluks."

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side : yield not thy neck

[Seats her by him.]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief ;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn ;

While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,

Usurps the regal title, and the seat

Of England's true anointed lawful king.

This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,

With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ;

And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done :

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;

Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the
storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our
foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK¹, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[Descending from his State, Queen MARGARET rises.]

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness, and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

¹ This nobleman's embassy and commission, the insult he receives by the king's hasty marriage, and his consequent resolution to avenge it, with the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the king, Shakespeare found in Hall and Holinshed; but later as well as earlier writers of better authority incline us to discredit the whole; and to refer the rupture between the king and his political creator to other causes. Perhaps we need seek no further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is but too often experienced in those who are under great obligations—too great to be discharged. There needs no other proof how little our common histories are to be depended on than this fabulous story of Warwick and the Lady Bona. The king was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Widville, in 1463, and in February, 1465, Warwick actually stood sponsor to the Princess Elizabeth, their first child. It should seem from the *Annales* of W. of Worcester that no open rupture had taken place between the king and Warwick up to the beginning of November, 1468; at least nothing appears to the contrary in that historian, whose work is unfortunately defective from that period.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done².

War. And, gracious madam, [*To BONA*], in our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity ;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still : but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour :
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret !

Prince. And why not queen ?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp ;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France :
From these our Henry lineally descends.

² There is nearly the same line in a former speech of Margaret. It is found in its present situation alone in the old play.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten ?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years ; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
liege,
Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree ?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death ? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death³ ?
No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and
Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not !

[*Retiring with the Prince and OXFORD.*]

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
conscience,

Is Edward your true king ? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

³ This passage unavoidably brings to mind that admirable image of *old age* in Sackville's *Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates*:—

“ His withered fist still knocking at death's door.”

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate⁴.

K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseech a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal^a plant⁵;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy⁶, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
Yet I confess, [*To WAR.*] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall
be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king. *

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;

⁴ He means "that Henry was unsuccessful in war," having lost his dominions in France, &c.

^a The folios misprint *external*. The True Tragedy has *eternal*.

⁵ In the language of Shakespeare's time, by an *eternal* plant was meant what we now call a perennial one.

⁶ Steevens properly suggests that *envy* in this place, as in many others, is put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female disdain.

Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret ;
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease :
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you⁷ ;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
peace ;
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings⁸ !
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance⁹, and thy lord's false love ;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A Horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

*Enter a Messenger*¹⁰.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you ;
Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.
These from our king unto your majesty.
And, madam, these for you ; from whom I know not.

[*They all read their Letters.*

⁷ Johnson is inclined to think this ironical ; the poverty of Margaret's father being a frequent topic of reproach.

⁸ The queen here applies to Warwick the very words that King Edward, p. 298, addresses to the Deity. It seems doubtful whether these words in the former instance are not in the old play addressed to Warwick also.

⁹ *Conveyance* is used for any crafty artifice. The word has already been explained. Vide King Henry VI. Part I. Act I. Sc. 3.

¹⁰ In the old copies this messenger is called *Post*.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were
nettled :

I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and your's,
fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd
joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady
Grey?

And now, to sooth¹¹ your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of
heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece¹²?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;

¹¹ To *sooth*, in ancient language, was "to countenance a falsehood or forged tale, to uphold one in his talke, and affirme it to be true which he speaketh."—*Baret*. Malone errs in taking *to sooth* in its modern acceptation of *to soften*.

¹² "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earle's house, which was much against the earle's honestie (whether he would have deflowered his daughter or his niece, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed), for surely such a thing was attempted by King Edward."—*Holinshed*, p. 668.

And am I guerdon'd¹³ at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my
hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are
one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

¹³ *Guerdon'd*, i. e. rewarded.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride :
Thou seest what's past, go fear¹⁴ thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower
shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me
wrong ;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward ; be gone¹⁵. [Exit Mess.

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle :
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt ;
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty :—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter¹⁶, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion :—

¹⁴ To *fear* is here used in its active sense of to *make afraid*, to *frighten*.

¹⁵ Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient custom, Warwick makes a present to the herald or messenger, who in the old play is called a *Post*. See note on King Henry V. Act iii. Sc. vi.

¹⁶ This is a departure from the truth of history, for Edward Prince of Wales was married to Anne, *second* daughter of the Earl of Warwick. In fact Isabella, his *eldest* daughter, was married to Clarence in 1468. There is however no inconsistency in the present proposal, for at the time represented, when Warwick was

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now ? These soldiers shall
be levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but WARWICK.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale¹⁷, but me ?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*]

in France, neither of his daughters were married. Shakespeare has here again followed the old play. In King Richard III. he has properly represented Lady Anne, the widow of Edward Prince of Wales, as the *youngest* daughter of Warwick.

¹⁷ *A stale* here means *a stalking horse, a pretence*. It is from the A. S. *stælan*, to steal.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and Others.

Gloster.

NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and Others.

Glo. And his well chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you
our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of
Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose, they take offence without a
cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you^a shall have your will, because our
king:

^a *You* is not in the old copies, it was added by Rowe.

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I :

No ; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together : ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike,
aside,

Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen :—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be
appeas'd,

By such invention as I can devise ?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alli-
ance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself¹ ?

Mont. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting
France :

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas²,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves ;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

¹ See King John, note on the final speech.

² This has been the advice of every man who in any age un-
derstood and favoured the interest of England.—*Johnson.*

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks your grace hath not done well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir³
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent⁴,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

³ Until the Restoration minors coming into possession of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who *bestowed* them on his favourites, or in other words gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased. I know not (says Johnson) when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards.

⁴ Her father was Sir Richard Widville, Knight, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother Jaqueline, Duchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, Earl of St. Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.

But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their
frowns :

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey ?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands :
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France ?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters ; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters ?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words ;
Go tell false Edward, thy^a supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave ? belike, he thinks me
Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage ?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild
disdain ;

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

^a It is *the* in the folio, but *thy* is the word used by Lewis in his speech to the messenger.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less ;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen ?
For I have heard, that she was there in place⁵.

Mess. Tell him, quoth she, *my mourning weeds are done*⁶,

And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words ;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words ?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd :
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they are so link'd in
friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder ; Clarence will have the
younger⁷.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ;
That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me⁸.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*]

⁵ *In place* signifies there *present*. The expression is of frequent occurrence in old English writers. It is from the French *en place*.

⁶ *My mourning weeds are done*, i. e. *my mourning is ended*.

⁷ This is consonant with the former passage of this play, though at variance with what really happened. See Act II. Sc. 2.

⁸ Johnson has remarked upon the actual improbability of Clarence making this speech in the king's hearing. Shakespeare

Glo. Not I :

My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen ;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
They are already, or quickly will be landed :
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance :
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me ?
If it be so, then both depart to him ;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends ;
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause !

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us ?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so ; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*

followed the old play, where this line is also found. When the Earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, " They that love me, follow me." Shakespeare has a similar line in King Richard III. :—

" The rest that love me, rise, and follow me."

SCENE II. *A Plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come !
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;

And welcome, Somerset : I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :
But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :
That as Ulysses¹, and stout Diomedé,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds² ;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself ; I say not, slaughter him,

¹ See the tenth book of the *Iliad*. These circumstances were accessible, however, without reference to Homer.

² We are told by some of the writers of the Trojan story, that the capture of these horses was one of the necessary preliminaries of the fate of Troy.

For I intend but only to surprise him.

You, that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry !*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort :

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Edward's *Camp, near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand ;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed ?

1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow, then belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent ?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chief-
est friend.

3 *Watch.* O! is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field ?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dan-
gerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour¹.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

¹ This honest watchman's opinion coincides with that of Falstaff. See the First Part of King Henry IV. Act v. Sc. 3.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

But to defend his person from night foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*WARWICK, and the rest, cry all, Warwick!
Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who
fly, crying, Arm! Arm! WARWICK and
the rest following them.*

*The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding. Re-enter
WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the King out in his
Gown, sitting in a Chair; GLOSTER and HAST-
INGS fly over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly ;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare ;
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies ?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too ?

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king :
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind², be Edward England's king :
[*Takes off his Crown.*]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed ; thou but the shadow.
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him :
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide ;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit KING EDWARD, led out ;*
SOMERSET withhim.]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers ?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do ;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*]

² For his mind, i. e. in his mind ; as far as his own mind goes.

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd, that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence
(For trust' not him that hath once broken faith),

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right ;
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly ;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Park near Middleham Castle in
Yorkshire*¹.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM
STANLEY, and Others.

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William
Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case : You know, our king, my
brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty ;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this his way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord ; for this way lies the
game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man ; see, where the
huntsmen stand.

¹ Holinshed is followed in the representation here given of King Edward's capture and imprisonment. The whole has been treated as untrue by Hume and Henry, but Lingard has established the fact beyond doubt, and that it took place in the latter part of 1469.

Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord: and ship from thence to
Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my
meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou
go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from War-
wick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOM-
MERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE,
Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and
friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;

At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sove-
reigns;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure :
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee ;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me ;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars ;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous ;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars¹ :
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place².

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war ;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both
your hands ;

Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your
hearts,

That no dissension hinder government :

¹ Few men accommodate themselves to their destiny, or adapt themselves to circumstances.

² See note 8, p. 338, ante.

I make you both protectors of this land ;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will ?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent :
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content :

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place :
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate³.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed :
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope : If secret
powers [Lays his hand on his head.
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

³ The folio, 1623, has *confiscate*, but omits *be*. The folio, 1632, has *confiscated*.

This pretty lad⁴ will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended⁵ him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

⁴ This was adopted from Hall by the author of the old play; Holinshed also copies Hall almost verbatim:—"Whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him, Lo, surelie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place." P. 678. Henry Earl of Richmond was the son of Edmond Earl of Richmond and Margaret, daughter to John the first Duke of Somerset. Edmond was half brother to King Henry VI. being the son of that king's mother, Queen Catherine, by her second husband, Owen Tudor. It is said that after the Earl became Henry the Seventh, to show his gratitude to Henry VI. for this early presage in his favour, he solicited Pope Julius to canonize him a saint; but either would not pay the price, or as Bacon supposes, the pope refused lest "as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished if there were not a distance kept between innocents and saints."

⁵ *Attended him*, i. e. *waited for him*. Nearly the whole of this scene first appeared in the folio.

A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WAR. CLAR. Lieut.
and Attendants.]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's :
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help ;
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond ;
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours :
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay ; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Britany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Before York.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and
Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings,
and the rest ;
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desir'd help from Burgundy :
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven¹ before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?

Glo. The gates made fast ! Brother, I like not
this ;

¹ In the old play this is written *Raunspurhaven*, we may therefore infer that such was the pronunciation.

For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man ! abodements must not now
affright us :

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon
them.

*Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his
Brethren.*

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my
dukedom,

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

[*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?
Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so ? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded !

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were
well,

So 'twere not 'long of him² : but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

² i. e. *So it were not by his instrumentality.* The mayor is willing
we should enter, so he may not be blamed.

Re-enter the Mayor, and Two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor : these gates must not be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;

[Takes his Keys.]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd,

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John ! But why come you
in arms ?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery : But we now
forget

Our title to the crown ! and only claim

Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again ;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[A March begun.]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while ; and we'll
debate,

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating ? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune ; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you :
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title ?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points ?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make
our claim ;

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit ! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand ;
The bruit³ thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will ; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself ;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet ! Edward shall be here proclaim'd :

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a Paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*Reads.*] *Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth !

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery ;—and thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York :

And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates ;

For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence ! how evil it beseems thee,

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers ; doubt not of the day ;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

³ *Bruit*, i. e. *report*. Vide *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 7.

SCENE VIII¹. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true
hope².

¹ In the original play this scene follows immediately after King Henry's observations on young Richmond, the sixth scene of the present play.

² Shakespeare has twice repeated this passage, which made an impression upon him in the old play. He has applied the same

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*Kissing HENRY'S hand.*] I seal
my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed³ hath got
me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

expression to the Duke of York, where his overthrow at Wakefield is described:—

“ Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them *as the hope of Troy*
Against the Greeks.”

In the former instance no trace is to be found of these lines in the old play. Several similar repetitions are found in this Third Part of King Henry VI.

³ *Meed*, i. e. *merit*. Vide p. 283, Act II. Sc. 2, note 7. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute the unlikely word *mind*, but change is quite unnecessary.

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! A Lancaster!⁴]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.

You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow :

Now stops thy spring ; my sea shall suck them dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.

Hence with him to the Tower ; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains⁵ :

The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,

Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay⁶.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares :

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

⁴ Johnson suggested that this should be A York! A York! and we must either suppose the shouts to have come from some of Henry's guard on the appearance of Edward, or that it was a ruse on the part of the latter who had ordered his men everywhere to shout "Long live King Henry!"

⁵ Warwick has but just left the stage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention? Shakespeare here again followed the old play. Some of the old dramatic writers seem to have thought that all the persons of the drama must know whatever was known to the writers themselves, or to the audience.

⁶ The allusion is to the proverb, "Make hay while the sun shines."

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and Others.

Warwick.

WHERE is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[Drum heard.]

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord: here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite ! is sportful Edward come ?
Where slept our scouts¹, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair ?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city
gates ?

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward, king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down ?
Call Warwick, patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said, the
king ;
Or did he make the jest against his will ?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift ?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give ;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift².

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's
gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight :
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again :
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner :

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off ?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

¹ Thus in King John :—

“ O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?
Where hath it slept ? ”

² *I'll do thee service for so good a gift*, that is, *enroll myself among thy dependents*. Cowell informs us that *servitium* is “ that service which the tenant by reason of his fee oweth unto his lord.”

The king was slily finger'd from the deck³ !
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace⁴,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so ; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down :

Nay, when⁵ ? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide
thy friend ;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with Drum and Colours.

War. O cheerful colours ! see, where Oxford
comes !

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster !

[*OXFORD and his Forces enter the City.*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array ; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle :
If not, the city, being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

³ A pack of cards was anciently termed a *deck of cards*, or a *pair of cards*. An instance of a pack of cards being called a *deck* occurs in the Sessions Paper for January, 1788. The term is said to be still used in Ireland.

⁴ The palace of the bishop of London.

⁵ *When ?* This expression of impatience has been already noticed in *The Tempest* and *King Richard II.*

Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the City.]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason^a

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the City.]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset⁶,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps
along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an^b upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:—

[GLOSTER and CLARENCE whisper⁷.]

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this
means? *[Taking the red Rose out of his Cap.]*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

^a *buy*, must here be understood to signify *pay for*. It is equivalent to the phrase "you shall *aby* it dear."

⁶ The first of these noblemen was Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Albans, 1455. The second was Henry his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463. The present duke, Edmund, brother to Henry, was taken prisoner at Tewksbury, 1471, and there beheaded; his brother John losing his life in the same fight.

^b The folio misprints *in* for *an*.

⁷ This stage-direction is from the quarto.

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
 That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt⁸, unnatural,
 To bend the fatal instruments of war
 Against his brother, and his lawful king?
 Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
 To keep that oath, were more impiety
 Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
 I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
 With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee
 (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad),
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
 belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brotherlike.

War. O passing⁹ traitor, perjurd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,
 and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads
 the way:

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory

[*March. Exeunt.*]

⁸ *So blunt*, i. e. *stupid, insensible of paternal fondness.*

⁹ *O passing traitor*, i. e. *exceeding, egregious.* "A passing impudent fellow; insigniter impudens."—*Baret.*

SCENE II. *A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

Alarums, and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there : die thou, and die our fear ;

For Warwick was a bug¹, that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast ; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh ? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick ?
Why ask I that ? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept² ;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black
veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world :
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres ;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave ?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow ?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood !

¹ Warwick was the *bugbear* that frightened us all. Thus in the Taming of the Shrew, Act i. Sc. 2 :—

“Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.”

² “All the fowls of heaven made their nest in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young.”—*Ezekiel*, c. xxxi.

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me ; and, of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length³ !
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick ! wert thou as we
 are,
 We might recover all our loss again !
 The queen from France hath brought a puissant
 power :

Even now we heard the news : Ah, could'st thou fly !

War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 And with thy lips keep in my soul a while !
 Thou lov'st me not ; for, brother, if thou didst,
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
 That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his
 last ;

And, to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
 And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
 And more he would have said ; and more he spoke,
 Which sounded like a clamour in a vault⁴,

³ "Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo
 Villaque." *Hor.*

"Mors sola fatetur

Quantula sint hominum corpuscula."—*Juv.*

Camden mentions in his *Remaines*, that Constantine, in order to dissuade a person from covetousness, drew out with his lance the length and breadth of a man's grave, adding, "This is all thou shalt have when thou art dead, if thou canst happily get so much."

Cavendish, in his *Metrical Legends*, introduces Wolsey's shade lamenting to leave his palaces and gardens.

⁴ Thus the quarto. The folio has this line :—

"Which sounded like a *cannon* in a vault."

I cannot but think that *cannon* is an error of the press in the first folio, and that the quarto is right.

That might not be distinguish'd ; but, at last,
 I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
 O, farewell, Warwick !

War. Sweet rest his soul ! fly, lords, and save yourselves :

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power !
 [*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S Body.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph ; with
 CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward
 course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
 But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
 That will encounter with our glorious sun,
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed :
 I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen
 Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd¹ our coast,
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
 And blow it to the source from whence it came :
 Thy very beams will dry those vapours up ;
 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,

¹ *Arriv'd* is here used in an active form. Thus in Julius Cæsar :—

“ But ere we could *arrive* the point proposed,
 Cæsar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.”

And in Coriolanus :—“ And now *arriving*
 A place of potency.”

Milton uses the same structure in *Paradise Lost*, b. ii.—

“ Ere he *arrive*
 The happy isle.”

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her ;
 If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértis'd by our loving friends,
 That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury ;
 We having now the best at Barnet field,
 Will thither straight, for willingness rids way ;
 And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
 In every county as we go along.
 Strike up the drum ; cry, Courage ! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury.*

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
 their loss¹,
 But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
 What though the mast be now blown overboard,
 The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
 And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
 Yet lives our pilot still : Is't meet, that he
 Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
 With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to that which hath too
 much² ;
 Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?
 Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !

¹ This speech in the original play is expressed in eleven lines.

² Thus Jaques moralizing upon the weeping stag in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 2 :—

“Thou mak'st a testament

As worldlings do, giving the sum of more
 To that which has too much.”

A similar thought is found in Shakespeare's *Lover's Complaint* :

Say, Warwick was our anchor ! What of that ?
And Montague our top-mast ; What of him ?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles ; What of these ?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ?
And Somerset another goodly mast ;
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep ;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say, no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea ?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit ?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock ?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim ; alas, 'tis but a while :
Tread on the sand ; why, there you quickly sink :
Bestride the rock ; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here :
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes ;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,

See note on the passage in *As You Like It*. There is no trace of this passage in the old play.

And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here, as God forbid !

Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage !

And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame.

O, brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather

Doth live again in thee ; Long may'st thou live,

To bear his image, and renew his glories !

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,

Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,

If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at³.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset : sweet Oxford,
thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing
else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less : it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not
budge.

March. *Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD,
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out :

³ This scene is nearly half of it first given in the folio.

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,

My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this : Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;

And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice : then, in God's name, lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the same.*

Alarums : Excursions : and afterwards a Retreat.

Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces ; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes Castle¹ straight :

For Somerset², off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXF. and SOM. guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds
Edward,

Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?

Glo. It is : and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

¹ *Hammes Castle.* i. e. the castle of Ham, in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years ; and which has in recent times been the residence of several illustrious prisoners of state.

² See note 6, on p. 360.

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak :

What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick ?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to³ ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York !
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth ;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd !

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Æsop*⁴ fable in a winter's night ;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back
rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm⁵ your
tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful :
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are :

³ We have nearly the same words in *The Tempest* :—
"O, my heart bleeds,

To think of the teen that I have turn'd you to."

⁴ The prince calls Richard *Æsop* for his crookedness ; and the poet following nature makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach.

⁵ See *King Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 1, p. 207, note 10.*

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here⁶.

[*Stabs him.*]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*GLO. stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*CLAR. stabs him.*]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words⁷?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother: I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!

They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it⁸.

He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

⁶ That is, *thou who art the likeness*, &c. The railer is of course his mother Margaret. The old copies describe Edward as striking the first blow, and Gloster the next; and this is according to history, which informs us that Edward smote the prince with his gauntlet, on which the rest despatched him.

⁷ *To fill the world with words*, i. e. *dispute, contention*. Thus in one of the former parts of King Henry VI.—

"Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me."

⁸ *To equal it*, that is, *to liken or compare with it*. See Baret's *Alvearie* under the word *equall*. The corrector of Mr. Collier's

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
 No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
 Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
 You have no children, butchers! if you had⁹,
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
 But, if you ever chance to have a child,
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
 As, deathsmen! you have rid¹⁰ this sweet young
 prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
 What! wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
 'Twas sin before¹¹, but now 'tis charity.
 What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
 Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
 Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

folio would absurdly change it to *sequel*. The words "if this foul deed were by," show how improper the alteration would be.

⁹ This is but slightly altered from the quarto:—

"You have no children, devils; if you had,

The thought of them would have stopp'd your rage."

The same sentiment is repeated by Macduff in the tragedy of Macbeth; and one passage may serve as a comment on the other.

¹⁰ To *rid* is to *cut off*, to *destroy*. Thus Caliban, in *The Tempest*, says:—"The red plague *rid* you."

¹¹ She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say ; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince !

[*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone ?

Clar. To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence : discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares ;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY is discovered sitting with a Book in his
Hand, the Lieutenant attending. *Enter GLOSTER.*

Glo. Good day, my lord ! What, at your book so
hard ?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord : My lord, I should say
rather ;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better :
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous ; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves : we must confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the
wolf :

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act ?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth¹ every bush :

¹ To *misdoubt*, is to *suspect danger*, to *fear*.

And I, the hapless male² to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish³ fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou
didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel⁴ of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans^a for their parents' timeless death,—

² The word *male* is here used in an uncommon sense, for the male parent: the sweet bird is evidently his son Prince Edward.

³ *Peevish*, in the language of our ancestors, was used to signify silly or foolish. See note on Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Sc. 1.

⁴ i. e. who suspect no part of what my fears presage.

^a The word *fate* at the end of the preceding line, as well as *And* here are wanting in the first folio, but are supplied in the second.

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
 The raven rook'd⁵ her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
 To wit, an indigested and deformed lump⁶,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
 To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more; Die, prophet, in thy
 speech; *[Stabs him.]*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
 O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! *[Dies.]*

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
 See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
 O, may such purple tears be always shed
 From those that wish the downfall of our house!
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,

⁵ To *rook*, or *ruck* is to cower down like a bird at roost or on its nest. The word is of very ancient use in our language. We find it in Chaucer, and in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*:—

“But now they *rucken* in her nest.”

Stanyhurst, in his translation of Virgil, 1582, book iv.—

“Also on the turrets the skrich howle, &c.

..... doth *ruck*,” &c.

And in Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metam.* book vi.—

“The furies made the bridegroom's bed, and on the house
 did *rucke*

A cursed owle, the messenger of ill successe and lucke.”

⁶ “*Rudis indigestaque moles.*”

Ovid. Met. i. 7.

Down, down to hell ; and say, I sent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of ;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward :
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?
The midwife wonder'd ; and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !
And so I was ; which plainly signified,
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it⁷.
I have no brother, I am like no brother :
And this word, love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me ; I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light ;
But I will sort⁸ a pitchy day for thee :
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life ;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone :
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest ;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [Exit.]

⁷ Dryden seems to have had this line in his mind when writing his *Œdipus* :—

“It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,
And wander'd in thy limbs.”

⁸ *But I will sort a pitchy day for thee*, i. e. *select, choose out a day dark with thy fate, a gloomy day for you.*

SCENE VII. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his Throne ;*
 QUEEN ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Others, near him.*

K. Edw Once more we sit in England's royal throne,

Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down¹, in tops of all their pride ?
 Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted² champions :
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
 And two Northumberlands ; two braver men
 Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound :
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.
 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy :
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night ;
 Went all a foot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

¹ A kindred image occurs in King Henry V.—

“ *Mowing* like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.”

² *Undoubted*, i. e. *dauntless*. To doubt is to fear,—also to cause fear ; to daunt : and undoubted—undaunted—*Dauntless*. Dr. Richardson favoured me with this interpretation. Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *redoubted* without necessity.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid ;
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave ;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back :
 Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute³.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely
 queen ;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother,
 thanks⁴.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
 sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit :—

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master ;
 And cried, All hail ! when as he meant, all } *Aside.*
 harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
 Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Mar-
 garet ?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
 France.

³ I follow the reading of the quarto. Gloucester may be supposed to touch his head and look significantly at his hand. The folio has, and *that* shalt.

⁴ The old quarto play appropriates this line to the *queen*. The first and second folio, by mistake have given it to *Clarence*. In Steevens's copy of the second folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his majesty had erased *Cl.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a royal name.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*]





CRITICAL ESSAY ON KING HENRY VI.

THREE PARTS.

THE historical plays of Shakespeare, the Histories as they are entitled in the first edition, are manifestly distinguished from his Tragedies and Comedies by a specialty of construction as mutually dependent. Each play is at once a sequel and an introduction; the main action which it brings to its height can scarcely, cannot properly, be appreciated without remembrance of a former play, and the scene closes at last not on the full cadence of a hushed catastrophe but on the first murmurs of forcible reaction. Each drama bears thus the same relation to the entire series that exists between one of its scenes and itself as a whole, and the analogy is still further extended when we find that the dramas themselves tend to group and compose and thus form still grander Acts of the great movement. King John, isolated by the break of time, I would designate as the first Act, and Richard the Second, including in thought the missing drama, without which the latter play is scarcely self-explained, the second. This brings us to the great break in legitimacy, and the three next plays, the two parts of Henry IV. and Henry V. united among themselves by similarity in style as belonging to the same age of the poet, and by numerous reappearances of persons of the plays, especially Henry of Monmouth, compose another Act. The fourth Act opens the boy-reign of Henry VI. whose mere minority makes a great separation from what goes before, while the most prominent and interesting characters appear for the first time like Talbot, or are individualized for the first time. The contrast of style though largely due to the different age of the author to which they belong, assists the distinction, while from the first part of Henry VI. to the close of Richard III. the course of events runs on or hurries forward without gap or resting place of prolonged quietude, and the house of York, Richard Plantagenet and his sons, and Margaret of Anjou, appear for the first time and then re-appear in prominent activity almost throughout. At the accession of Henry Tudor another break occurs, marked again by lapse of time and change of characters, and highly contrasted style of writing, and King Henry

the Eighth, an isolated drama, concludes the series as a fifth Act, which King John opened as the first.

Of this series King John may seem the most complete within itself, and yet it does not end without a hint that a reign of happier auspices was to follow and order the affairs he left so rude and indigest; while the conclusion of Henry VIII. brought down events by prophecy to the very days of the poet.

That plays should be written and continued to be written on such a system of definite interconnection and suspended interest, implies a public of assiduous and persevering playgoers with taste well exercised and whetted in this direction, of the existence of which we have many proofs. Heywood writing, in 1612, his *Apology for Actors*, avouches both the fulness of the historical drama, and the general interest it excited and satisfied—"Plays have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discoveries of our English Chronicles; and what man have you now of that weak capacity that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay from the landing of Brute until this day, being possessed of their true use?"

But it is from the Abuse of Actors that we obtain a notice much more to our present purpose,—the indication of the vogue of the History Play when the place of Shakespeare was still with the spectators. A pamphlet by Gosson, printed about 1581, when Shakespeare was only seventeen, accuseth thus:—"If a true History be taken in hand, it is made like our shadows, longest at the rising and falling of the sun, shortest of all at high noon; for the poets drive it most commonly into such points as may best show the majesty of their pen in Tragical speeches, or set the hearers agog with discourses of love, or paint a few antics to fit their own humours with scoffs and taunts, or bring in a show to furnish the stage when it is bare: when the matter of itself comes short of this, they follow the practice of a cobbler and set their teeth to the leather to pull it out." The pattern of this description is recognized in such remains as the exaggerated passion of the *True Tragedy of Richard III.* printed in 1594, the love-making and low comedy of the *Famous Victories*, the dumb show of *Pericles*, or the play in *Hamlet*; and the old play of *Richard II.* recorded by Dr Forman, examples the stupid perversion of History by a dramatic cobbler, which is rivalled in the *Edward I.* of Peele in 1589. That the last abuse, however, came to be reckoned as such, and imputed as a drawback, may be perceived from the frequency with which the old dramatic histories claim on their title-pages to be *True Histories*. The old play of *King John* is not without lapses in this respect that might be accounted serious, but that it preserves on the whole so excellently, an adherence to the essential truth.

A different picture is given of the Historic Stage in 1592, when Shakespeare was still but twenty-eight years old, but already so distinguished as to excite both admiration and envy. Something might be allowed for the partiality of the writer, but we have the best proof in extant works that his main drift was no exaggeration. In a pamphlet by Thomas Nashe, *Pierce Pennilesse* his supplication to the Devil, printed in 1592, we have this witness:—"Nay, what if I prove plays to be no extreme but a rare exercise of virtue! First, for the subject of them; for the most part it is borrowed out of our English Chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts that have been long buried in rusty brass and worm-eaten books are revived, and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence, than which what can be a sharper reproof to these degenerate days of ours? . . . How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had been two hundred years in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators (at least at several times) who in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding! In plays all cosenages, all cunning drifts overgilded with outward holiness, all stratagems of war, all the cankerworms that breed in the rust of peace are most lively anatomized. They show the ill-success of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, the wretched end of usurpers, the misery of civil dissension, and how just God is evermore in punishing murder, and to prove every one of these allegations could I propound the circumstances of this play, and that if I meant to handle this subject otherwise than *obiter*."

Unless the lively writer expressed himself with extreme carelessness we are justified in taking his word that, at this date of 1592, History plays were the most popular of all, and although, as we have seen, they were rife long before, he seems to intimate and indeed his words imply, that at this time the restoration to life of historical characters was a novelty at least in the perfection and liveliness and truth of the representations. This praise is quite merited by the old King John, printed in the previous year, and in a less degree by the portion of the famous *Victories of Henry V.* to which Nashe makes a distinct reference, but pre-eminently by the first part of Henry VI. which his mention of Talbot certainly refers to. Nothing can be more strictly correct than the allegation of a firm and unflinching tone of critical judgment both in politics and morals in these plays, as borne out by those that remain to us of the period.

Within the Decad that divides the testimonies of Gosson and Nashe a remarkable and brilliant group of writers developed the literature of the Theatre; some are well-known by name and extant works, but others have left anonymous productions, or have perished from memory entirely.

After Shakespeare's the most celebrated names are Greene who died in 1592, and Marlowe slain in a wretched brawl the year after; Peele follows, of inferior originality and merit. The plays of the period were written in prose, rhyme and blank verse. We may accept the Famous Victories as a type of the prose plays of the lower grade; dramatic compositions in blank verse occur from Gorboduc in 1561, downwards to 1587, when Nash talks of "the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse," in a tone that indicates its abundance, though the more ambitious productions may even to this date have been more frequently in rhyme; "vain-glorious tragedians," he says, "are mounted on the stage of arrogance, and think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse." This was written in an introduction to the Menaphon or Arcadia of Greene, his friend, and Greene in "Perimedes, the blacksmith," published the next year, marks the individual allusion by a reference to the author of Tamburlaine, whom he accuses of "setting the end of scholarship in an English blank verse," and who, it would seem, had somewhere imputed to Greene an incapacity of writing it. In the prologue to Tamburlaine accordingly we find a tone of self-assertion that, coupled with the turgid verse of the play, brings home the charge of arrogance:—

"From jiggling veins of rhyming motherwits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war," &c., &c.

All these hints appear to be part of the same squabble, and though the first part of Tamburlaine the Great was not printed before 1590, I cannot but believe that it was produced on the stage at least as early as 1587, and though it is true blank verse may have abounded on the stage at that time, this play must be taken as opening a special controversy, or commencing an epoch both of versification and style. The great fault of the blank verse of the period is flatness and monotony, giving a general impression of timidity in execution; it is entirely wanting in the variety and flexibility conferred by the licenses of additional syllables, and variety of pause and inflection; the lines end with monosyllables with wearying frequentness, and in renouncing the bondage of rhyme they seem to have sacrificed ornament without acquiring grace and freedom. But the versification of Tamburlaine fairly bursts the bondage, though not, perhaps, without retaining some of its scars. The writer breaks away in forcible violence, and aids his spasm with every artificial excitement of extravagance and fairly escapes, though some of his movements may still remind of the stiffness induced by earlier slavery. To Marlowe, therefore, I suspect we must assign the merit of the bold and revolutionary innovation that prepared for milder and sweeter laws, and caused the regulated vigour of Shakespeare to be so generally greeted with the admiration of "gentleness."

The blank verse of Greene is much nearer to emancipation than that of Peele, but still lingers with that heavy-gaited monotony that marks its proper epoch. Still we can only speak with hesitation of all these writers by the criterion of imperfect remains, and the accidents of time may have as much done them injustice as it has favoured Marlowe in preserving his Edward II. which evinces as great power in its development from his inferior style as in proper excellence, and must be greatly valued, whether it led the way for Shakespeare, or was written with the aid of his example. This is a point which will find its answer with others, if we can make up our minds on the main questions concerning the authorship of the three parts of Henry VI. which in one form or other may be carried up as high as 1592 at least, and these questions we must now approach. Before doing so I have only to add to previous remarks that I cannot satisfy myself that any of the writers named was likely to have written the old King John, and as this probably was not the only work of its author, and perhaps not the best, the field of conjecture is left open for nameless competitors in all enquiry as to anterior History plays, as foundations of those of Shakespeare.

The First Part of Henry VI. has not come down to us in any other form than we find it in the first edition of Shakespeare's works, but we find the mention just quoted in 1592 of its subject matter having been dramatized. Of the second part and also of the third, ruder forms came from the press in quarto in repeated editions from 1594 downwards, but it was not until 1619 that the name of Shakespeare appeared on their title-pages. The last play of the series, however, appears to have been written as early as 1592, for the often quoted posthumous libel of Greene in this year parodies one of its lines in his attack on Shakespeare as "*a tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide.*" The titles of the quartos make no reference to a previous drama; one is usually styled "The first part of the Contention of the two famous houses of York and Lancaster," and the other, "The true tragedy of Richard Duke of York." The title-page of the latter states that the play had been "sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke's servants," who also acted the mistrusted play of Titus Andronicus; Greene was in the habit of writing for this company, which was not Shakespeare's. There is so much uncertainty about the limits of dramatic literary property at this time that little can be gathered from such records. Thus Mr. Collier shows that Tamburlaine was acted by the Lord Admiral's servants as attested by the title-page, and Henslowe's diary shows that it was also represented by those of Lord Strange. It seems probable that at first when a profusion of dramatic novelties was called for and supplied, this demand was the only protection required. The company that paid for a new play had the first representation of it, and after they had thus satisfied the curiosity of the audience or the town, no

advantage might remain in the property worth protecting. Hence plays may have been carried from one company to another, or exchanged by them with little restriction; and it would remain for the appearance of plays of such attractiveness as to become stock plays, for a stricter jealousy to arise. In this state of things no doubt the temptation to evasion would increase proportionably, and some of the numerous alterations of other men's plays of which we have accounts may have been made merely for the purpose of acquiring a right to represent them,—a process open to all the licenses and limitations of the legal, the customary and the honourable. The true state of the case with respect to Greene's charge I suspect to have been this, that some of his plays, perhaps the old *Taming of the Shrew*, perhaps several, had been altered by Shakespeare, and the altered plays had so much exceeded the originals in popularity that the author, as an author so readily will, felt vexed and piqued, and while he thought the play decidedly changed for the worse would fain ascribe all its new success to its old materials. This, however, is by the way, for as regards the present plays, there is nothing in those portions that declare themselves most plainly as original that can bring Greene's name or claim into consideration.

The researches that have been made into the history of the publishing right of these plays as traceable in title-pages, and the stationers' books have been quite as unfruitful in any conclusive inference.

The epilogue of Henry V. bespeaks indulgence for that play as connected with the story of Henry VI. "whose state so many had the managing, that they lost France,"—the theme of our First Part,—“which oft our stage has shown;” but it would be idle to wrest this into a claim on the part of the poet to the authorship of Henry VI. and hence apart from the strong presumption given by insertion in the first folio, we are cast upon internal evidence.

It is abundantly certain that all the three plays, as we possess them from the folio, contain a vast amount that Shakespeare never composed originally, and some that we may even wonder how he could bear to transcribe. Beyond this point opinions are more divided, and I can but state my own; after full consideration I feel confident in the belief that the framework and groundwork of all three plays was furnished by as many older plays by some single author, such plays as the author of the *Troublesome Raigne of King John* was at least capable of producing, and whose name may be equally unknown; that the first of the series owes least to Shakespeare, but that even in this we may recognize his hand, not only in speeches and scenes which betray him unmistakably, but also in prevailing avoidance of the worst offences against poetic taste that are so abundant in his contemporaries, and to be ascribed to the liberality of his pruning-knife; t:3

false parade of classical allusions, the prolonged and turgid bombast are absent or severely controlled; if no deep characterization is attempted inconsistencies in character are fully excluded, and there is a form and proportion in the scenes, their movement and conduct that is very Shakespearian, though in a lower tone. I recognize great merit in the plan and management of the play; but much of this, though seen to more advantage from the later adjustments, I suspect is due to the rude but genuine spirit of the first designer.

In the other two parts the contributions of Shakespeare are much more extensive and generally obvious, and indeed admitted; the edition of the folio differs very materially from the quartos, and the changes are clearly for improvement, by the better pen; but the same pen is already recognizable in the quartos themselves, where mixed style betrays very contrasted authorship, and large portions are such as only a poet equal to Shakespeare could have written, which therefore were written by Shakespeare. No stress can be laid on the absence of his name from the title-pages, as the three 4to. editions of *Henry V.* were equally neglectful.

In all these plays the archaic portion is in the crude monotonous versification which we have already remarked upon.

Certainly, if it could be admitted that the two plays as found in 4to. were material yet untouched by Shakespeare, we might hesitate in ascribing to him any share whatever in the first part, which contains nothing superior or perhaps equal to considerable portions of them, but the view I have adopted is different, and we are thus directed to look with more interest and attention to the First Part of *Henry VI.* which Shakespeare to some extent adopted and approved, and did not disdain to alter.

The theme of the play is indicated with exactness in the Epilogue to *Henry V.*; the multifarious managing of the State of the child or childish *Henry VI.* which lost France and brought reactionary disaster upon England. The contrast of the reigns of father and son is expressed in the opening scene before the corpse of King *Henry V.* among the wrangling regents. Amidst this bickering and the insignificance of the king, the claimant of the throne, by the legitimate line, is reminded of his claim, and the war in France is feebly conducted or supported; the two disorders, the internal and the external, mutually aggravate each other; and the grand disasters that lose the foreign conquests of *Henry the Fifth*, are skilfully connected with the germ of the great contest of the Roses in the opposition of the first wearers of the symbols, the Duke of York and Lancastrian Somerset; the play closes as the great Contention is ready to burst forth, and the last incident prepares for the marriage of *Henry* in weakness and faith-breach, with *Margaret of Anjou*, the Erinnyes of his coming troubles. A minor, a king whose nature makes him for ever a minor, succeeds an energetic conqueror, and the

spectator looks on at the catastrophe of a national glory which has so narrow a foundation as the hereditary chance of a governor succeeding a conqueror, and at the excesses of an aristocracy clerical and lay, when no second check countervails the accident that lets them out of hand. National pride is solaced by the heroism of Talbot, and by an ingenious representation of the course of disaster which reminds of the skill with which Homer exhibits his Greeks driven to their ships by a series of encounters which cover them individually with glory, and permit to their enemies a very slender allowance of glory indeed. Even at the height of disaster the glory of the nation is exceedingly well taken care of. Sir John Fastolf is made the sole scapegoat for want of spirit, the defeats of the English are shown as consequences of the dissensions of their leaders and the strength of the French appears chiefly in stratagem and the seduction of allies, and they owe their best successes to the inspiring leading of a woman, and perhaps something to sorcery.

The representation given of Joan la Pucelle is grating and disagreeable from our conviction that it is historically false and unjust; this however was not the conviction of Hall and Holinshed and their readers, which was as distinctly the other way; and though such glimpses of the truth appear in their narrative as would well enable Shakespeare to divine and display the whole of it, to have done so would have involved a much more extensive change of the old play than he took in hand. Taking the character as it stands,—the embodiment of motives and disposition in harmony with deeds that the chroniclers assert as facts, it is hard to say that it is other than consistent and natural. The world is now in possession of numerous detailed examples of religious enthusiasm and self-deception combining with ambitious or political purpose in all their strange and mingling manifestations both of the mind and body, and if we scrutinize the most fortunate of them the result is much the same as the catastrophe of Joan even as represented in the play. The false impressions and assumptions that inflame the enthusiast work wonders in their strength, but their weakness tells at last. The self-conviction of the special choice and guidance and inspiration of heaven suffers rude shocks in an extended course, as rude as the blindest fatalism that hardens its purposes by repetition of the phrase of a destiny, a mission or a star. Rarely indeed does the vainly exalted thought of special heavenly protection escape reversal by as depressing a belief of desertion and forsakenness, and a life of heroism may easily close in vacillation, or despair, or degrading attempt to keep up by foul means, or trickery, the influence that only worked wonders, and was victorious when it sprung spontaneously. Still the dramatist has been more tender to Joan in one respect than the historians, and he rejects the fact they charge her with, of shamefully slaughtering, out of spite and in cold blood, her surrendered prisoner.

Apart from the traces of general refinement and correction already adverted to, it is in the scene of the quarrel in the Temple Garden that the hand of Shakespeare most clearly betrays itself; as no account of such an incident is to be found elsewhere, it is possible that his are both the execution and the invention of it. The scenes which set forth the perils and heroism of the Talbots have also the ring of true Shakespearian metal; and the fine taste with which the versification assumes the enrichment of rhyme at the very moment that the tone of the sentiment will bear or even requires it, is unexampled in any other work of the time but his own. The happy ingenuity of the connection of incidents in this act by the resulting of the death of Talbot from the quarrel of his colleagues, premonitory of the wars of the Roses, is worthy of Shakespeare, but it would be unjust to his predecessors to deny that it may only be one of his adoptions.

The coherence of the plan of the First Part of Henry VI. with that of the first part of the Contention, is obvious and undeniable, however we explain it; if the plays were of entirely distinct authorship, one must still have been written to complete the other, for the second as clearly presupposes an introduction, as the first promises a sequel. Certain superior passages, and the general absence of the grosser dramatic faults and inconsistencies avouch that the revising eye and pen of Shakespeare passed over the first part; and weaknesses and quaintnesses still more abundant are the proofs of the less august parentage. Quotation may be sparing in a matter so clear.

Salisbury. Talbot my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means gott'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Talbot. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Call'd the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me;
Which I disdain'd, scorn'd; and crav'd death."

Besides the old monotony, the extract exemplifies the sign that recurs throughout large portions of the play, of the author enslaved by his instrument in the alternate use and rejection, even in the same line and parallel phrases, of the license of contracted syllables under the evident pressure of metrical urgency. In other passages we have a different signal of similar distress in the crowding of redundant syllables, which exclude all rhythm from the line, or accommodate it by jostling the most emphatic words into its very weakest places; thus—

"With those clear rays which she infused on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see."
Again:—

"And hunger will enforce them to be more eager."

Lines of this sort are not Alexandrines, but simply unmetrical, mere crudities, and to be distinguished from those varieties—trochaic trimeters we may account them, which Shakespeare admitted in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and in the *Comedy of Errors*. Examples of these abound in the *First Part of the Contention* :—

—“ The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

—Buckingham’s proud looks bewray his cruel thoughts.

—And thrice by awkward winds driv’n back from England’s bounds.”

These lines, I think, were very probably written by Shakespeare, though he reduced them to rule in the later revisal, leaving however others; and thus in the first part of *Henry VI.* also, this loose metre is comparatively rare, and yet is not wanting :—

“ Otherwise the famish’d English, like pale ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.”

The subject of the second part of *Henry VI.* is the progress of disorder in the country consequent on the weak character of the king, his want of every spark of kingly, national or even manly spirit. Of a devout tendency, his religious feelings have not the energy to rise from a pious ejaculation to a fervent prayer, still less to stimulate a really conscientious action. Selfishly and imprudently he married Margaret to gratify a passion foolishly adopted at second hand, and makes no effort to control a wife whose vague animosities hurry him to destruction; he deserts Gloster in base cravenheartedness, and when he is murdered almost under his eyes, banishes the murderer Suffolk only when compelled by the indignant outbreak of the commons, and then from no higher motive than apprehension of consequences to himself. Afterwards he is as ready to purchase his own tranquillity by the sacrifice of the rights of his son; and thus on the strength of harmlessness and freedom from active vice, he brings the country into civil war, and takes rank as a saint. The character of Gloster is finely contrasted with that of the king: he has a reputation for goodness—the good Duke Humphrey, as the king for saintship; and his goodness, though of more genuine quality, is at the last as nugatory from like defect of energy. He laments the base forfeiture of national honour, that never gives the king concern, yet does nothing worthy of his position to save it, is utterly incapable of coping with the ill-conditioned Cardinal, and descends to a useless and degrading brawl, and is at last his victim, and is as unable to rule, or guide, or protect his wife, as Henry himself. Such a pretence of government is entirely out of harmony with the genius of the country both in commonalty and nobility, and both classes become agitated sympathetically. The men of Kent are represented as rising in disgust and contempt for the ordinance of a bookish priestlike king and counsellors, who acquiesce in the loss of conquests of a bolder monarch; and a powerful confederacy of nobles

lends aid to the claimant of the throne by the elder line, who certainly possesses many qualities that are more worthy of power, though as usual in history they can only command power through violence and fraud, that bring on a Nemesis behind them. The crown that came to the line of Lancaster, through the dissolute misgovernment of Richard II. falls from it again through the misgovernment of the factitious piety of an enervate devotee.

The drama in one respect misrepresents the motive of Jack Cade's insurrection as directed against learning and letters, a characteristic borrowed from the earlier outbreaks in the reign of Richard II. This deviation from the chronicled authority is not at all in Shakespeare's manner, though when it had been once made, it admitted of such happy combination with the spirit of the reign, that he developed instead of discarding it. This lively picture of a lightheaded popular ferment, arising from no very serious distress or discontent, and raging and exhausting itself, is really very slightly developed from the text of the Contention. Again, the most effective and decisive lines of the death of Cardinal Beaufort, are found in the old sketch, and the scene round the death-bed of the murdered Gloster, which I extract, may serve to support my opinion of the early date of Shakespeare's contributions.

[WARWICK draws the curtains and shows
DUKE HUMPHREY in his bed.

King. Ah uncle Gloster, heaven receive thy soul,
Farewell, poor Henry's joy, now thou art gone,

War. Now by his soul, that took our shape upon him,
To free us from his father's dreadful curse,
I am resolved that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice famous duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for these words?

War. Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, pale and bloodless;
But, lo! the blood is settled in his face
More better coloured than when he lived;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and stern,
His fingers spread abroad, as one that grasped for life,
Yet was by strength surprised; the least of these are probable.
It cannot choose but he was murdered.

Queen. Suffolk and the Cardinal had him in charge,
And they, I trust, Sir, are no murderers.

War. Ay, but 'tis well known they were not his friends.
And 'tis well seen he found some enemies.

Card. But have ye no greater proofs than these?

War. Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?

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Who finds a partridge in the puttock's nest,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kite soar with unbloody beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

.....
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty hundred times.

.....
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames;
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mute,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knees
Make thee crave pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And after all this fearful homage done
Give thee thy hire and send thee down to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!"

It will be seen on comparison that almost all of this is word for word with the text of the later version, and is indeed, except in the versification of a few lines, quite in the tone and style of the additions that only appear in the folio.

The Second Part of Henry the Sixth closes with the first open claim in arms of the Duke of York and his first and successful stricken field; we are brought to the very opening in bloodshed of the civil contention and all the chief characters whose deeds and adventures, whose cruelties and reprisals make up the third and closing part, are already on the scene. The central figure of Henry affords invaluable relief to the sameness of the atrocities on either side in this festival of savage barbarities, and yet his weakest failings are akin to the vices of the half-barbarous aristocracy who rage around him. The play commences with abject meanness on his part in bartering the hopes of his heir for his personal immunity and ease during life, and the hollow compromise he relies on is presently broken through by his own party, as well as that of York, and with equal guilt of perjury on either side. Instability and faithlessness are active also between members of the same party, and Exeter, the fleeting Clarence and Warwick desert and return under the influence of the merest personal whims and piques and self-interest. All the other virtues but valour in its lowest dogged form appear to have taken leave of society; in no direction that we can turn is an effort apparent that claims our confidence and deserves our sympathy, and the state of affairs is represented that has occurred more than once among the civil convulsions nearer to our own time, though happily not in our own country—high motive and good faith

utterly wanting, or if found together unsupported by even ordinary sagacity, application and courage. In such a case the strongest right, much more its merest shadow, forfeits the vantage ground of natural strength to the very basest ambition guided by first-rate talents, energy and courage; and when the battle at last turns between contenders who are all destitute of right and virtue, the victory will surely fall to him who with the best or an equal capacity is the most treacherous, prompt and pitilessly unsparing. The better and indeed the greater strength of the consistency of right is lost, and the consistency of wrong has the reversion of supremacy and bears down all before it, though only in its onward and downward course to its own destruction. It is by title of such steady and overruling consistency that the house of York triumphs at last, and that within that house the last prize is destined inevitably for Richard, the most able, steadfast, daring and unscrupulous of all. This destiny is distinctly indicated in the present play, and the hint is given too in the prediction about Richmond, that, if wickedness is rising to a head and ripening, the sickle is also preparing that is to raze it to the ground. For the rest the progress of the contest decimates a turbulent nobility and leads us to anticipate a quieter world in days to come.

We can scarcely say that Henry V. had a less lively sense than his son, that he was the holder and inheritor of an ill-gotten kingdom, or was less apprehensive of abying the at last inevitable retribution; father and son alike anticipate the evil day as rapidly becoming due, but the invader of France will compound for the deferment of it till after the field of Agincourt, till the French are conquered, and his son in baser spirit will bargain for his own security in whatever disgrace, and shuffle off the loss and penalty upon his heir. But the apprehensions that were powerless upon the martial disposition of Henry V. and never held him back from any means within his reach of securing his throne and warding off subversion by his own endeavours, are utterly fatal to the political vigour of his successor. The father turned, as we have seen, his very devoutness to account and became half a hypocrite as he screened his ambition from men, and seems even to hope to screen it from God behind professions of religion, conscientiousness and humility, and gave a holy outside to a cause that is indefensible. But it is in not unusual order that the hypocrite begets the bigot,—as usual as for the bigot to foster and bring forward the unbeliever. And thus the weaker will, and capacity in every respect more limited, is even in consequence of its defects more consistent, and gives up in hopelessness and depression the contest that a bolder spirit at least kept up though conscious it could not be carried through. This is a dilemma of the class that the drama as holding up the spectacle of human affairs in their strictest agony, has ever delighted in, for what can be more agitating than to look on at the exertions of individual man as he struggles to reconcile the requirements of his nature

with the course of events, and goes down of necessity at last in a conflict of which the solution lies wide without the little verge of limited existence.

The relation of the Third part of Henry VI. to the second part of the Contention, otherwise called *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, is very simple; some judicious changes are made, various speeches are much elaborated and the irregularities, or rather the peculiarities of metre, are softened down; but it would be bold to say that the play, as published in the first folio, contains anything that surpasses the powers of the author of its representative in quarto. In the first scene of this play King Henry replies to the pretensions of York:—

“Suppose by right and equity thou be king,
Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly seat
Wherein my father and my grandaire sate?

No, first shall war unpeople this my realm, &c.

In the revised play this admission is well suppressed, and in place of it we have the substituted *Aside*—“I know not what to say, my title's weak.”

The following are examples of the dealing with the long trochaic lines:—

“ And there with him
Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford, all abreast,
Brake in and were by the hands of common soldiers slain.

And himself,

Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford all abreast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
—My lord, this harmful pity makes your followers faint.
—My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.”

Thus runs the original soliloquy of Gloster in the third Act:—

“Ah, Edward will use women honourably,
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no issue might succeed
To hinder me from the golden time I look for:
For I am not yet look'd on in the world!
First there is Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
And his son, and all the look for issue (qy. all the
look'd for issue)

Of their loins, ere I can plant myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull myself within a lady's lap,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O monstrous man to harbour such a thought!
Why love did scorn me in my mother's womb,
And for I should not deal in her affairs,

She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh
 And placed an envious mountain on my back
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 To dry mine arm up like a withered stump,
 To make my legs of an unequal size,
 And am I then a man to be beloved?
 Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
 Tut, I can smile and murder when I smile,
 I cry content to that which grieves me most;
 I can add colours to theameleon,
 And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
 And set the aspiring Catiline to school;
 Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
 Tush, were it ten times higher, I'll pull it down."

These are surely droppings from no other pen but Shakespeare's; if metal like this were often met with in the secondary literature of his age, it would not be the weary work it is to drive galleries through its mighty mass for the sake of here and there a spangle to reward the student of our old language, the enthusiasts of a period, and the curious in literary history.

It is chiefly in form and management that the two parts of the Contention betray relationship to the archaism of the first part of Henry VI.—a relationship however, to my impressions, as undoubted as the careful though variously extensive correction, extension and revisal, by Shakespeare of all the three. Resting in this conclusion, and recalling the comparison of dates already given, the development of Shakespeare's dramatic poesy is carried so far back upon the conclusion of the career of Marlowe that it is at least an open question to which of the poets was chiefly due if not the first disruption of the old model of stage blank verse, at least the decisive example of its capabilities for perfect ease, vigour and harmony; and recalling what is implied by the splenetic attack and hints of Greene, I am finally disposed to favour the award to Shakespeare.

In leaving these plays I would draw attention to the parallel not only of incident but expression, of the slaughter of young Rutland by Clifford, and that of Lycaon by Achilles in the Iliad. The resemblance may be due to the classical knowledge of the original English dramatist, or to the sympathy of poetic minds. The rendering of this passage is one of the worthiest in Pope's translation. Clifford and Achilles are here merciless alike, and yet not utterly pitiless:—

"*Clifford.* In vain thou speak'st, *poor boy*; my father's blood
 Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter."
 And thus the Greek:—

"Die then, *my friend*, what boots it to deplore,
 The great, the good Patroclus is no more."

W. W. LL.





THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS Tragedy, though called in the original edition in 4to. "The Life and Death of King Richard the Third," comprises only fourteen years. The second scene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI. who is said to have been murdered on the 21st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not in fact take place till 1477-8.

Several dramas on the present story had been written before Shakespeare attempted it. There was a Latin play on the subject, by Dr. Legge, which had been acted at St. John's College, Oxford, some time before the year 1588. And a childish imitation of it, by one Henry Lacey, exists in MS. in the British Museum (MSS. Harl. No. 6926); it is dated 1586. In the books of the Stationers' Company are the following entries:—"Aug. 15, 1586, A Tragical Report of King Richard the Third: a ballad." June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry: "An enterlude, intituled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is shown the Deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the Smotheringe of the Two Princes in the Tower, with the lamentable Ende of Shore's Wife, and the Contention of the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke." A single copy of this ancient Interlude, which Mr. Boswell thinks was written by the author of *Lochrine*, wanting the title-page, and a few lines at the beginning, was in the collection of Mr. Rhodes of Lyon's Inn, who liberally allowed Mr. Boswell to print it in the last *Variorum* edition of Shakespeare*. It is possible that it may have been read and

* A complete copy of Creed's edition of this curious Interlude (which upon comparison proved to be a different impression from that in Mr. Rhodes's collection), was afterwards sold by auction by Mr. Evans. The title was as follows:—"The True Tragedie of Richard the Third: Wherein is showne the death of Edward

used by Shakespeare, but if so it seems to have afforded him little or nothing, as there are few traces of imitation. In this, as in other instances, the bookseller was probably induced to publish the old play in consequence of the success of the new one in performance, and before it had yet got into print. It is in itself interesting as a specimen of the kind of Historical drama with which the theatre was furnished by the precursors of Marlowe and Shakespeare. It is a very rude and inartificial piece of work, chronology, facts, places and persons are confounded, and the expedient of a kind of chorus, to explain circumstances not exhibited, is adopted, in one place Report being personified for that purpose. It is partly in prose, partly in rhyming couplets and stanzas, and partly in the popular old fourteen syllable metre.

Shakespeare's play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 20, 1597, by Andrew Wise; and was then published with the following title:—"The Tragedy of King Richard the Third; Containing His treacherous Plots against his Brother Clarence; the pitiful murther of his innocent nephewes; his tyrannical usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath beene lately acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. At London, printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, 1597. It was again reprinted, in 4to. in 1598, 1602, 1613, 1624, twice in 1629, and again in 1634.

Malone thought that this play was probably written in the year 1593 or 1594. One of Shakespeare's Richards, and most probably this, is alluded to in the Epigrams of John Weever*,

the Fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conjunction of the two noble Houses Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London, Printed by Thomas Creede; and are to be sold by William Barley at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore, 1594; 4to." This copy is now in the Duke of Devonshire's collection. It is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable that but a single copy of each of the two editions of this piece should be known to exist.

* Of this very curious little volume the title is as follows:—"Epigrammes in the oldest Cut and newest Fashion. A twise seven Houres (in so many Weekes) Studie. No longer (like the Fashion) not unlike to continue. The first seven, John Weever. *Sit voluisse sit valuisse.* At London: printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushele; and are to be sold at his shop, at the great north doore of Paules. 1599. 12^o." There is a portrait of the author, engraved by Cecill, prefixed. According to the date upon this print Weever was then twenty-three years old; but he tells us in some introductory stanzas that when he wrote the Epigrams, which com-

published in 1599; but which must have been written in 1595.

AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE.

Honie-tong'd Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them, and none other;
Their rosie-teinted features clothed in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddesse said to be their mother.
Rose-cheekt Adonis with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her,
Chaste Lucretia, virgine-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquine seeking still to prove her,
Romeo, RICHARD, more whose names I know not,
Their sugred tongues and power-attractive beauty,
Say they are saints, although that saints they shew not,
For thousand vowes to them subjective dutie,
They burn in love thy children Shakespeare let them,
Go woo thy muse more nymphish brood beget them.

27th Epig. 4th Weeke.

The earliest entry relating to Shakespeare's Richard the Third is dated Oct. 20, 1597, when it is registered to Andrew Wise, the publisher of the first edition, bearing date in that year, and Mr. Collier is disposed to think that nearer the date of its production. It was again entered to Matthew Lawe, together with Richard the Second and Henry IV., first part, on the 17th of June, 1603.

The first 4to. bears marks of having been hastily and carelessly printed, probably from an imperfect MS. Yet it serves in many places to correct the folio where it would otherwise be unintelligible. The folio contains several passages which are not to be found in any of the quartos, one in particular extending to more than fifty lines, but it has also omissions for which it is difficult to account. These variations are pointed out in the notes.

Johnson says:—"This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable."

Malone agrees with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play, from its first exhibition to the present hour, has been estimated greatly beyond its merits. He attributes, but I think erroneously, its popularity to the detestation in which Richard's cha-

pose the volume, he was *not* twenty years old; that he was one—

"That twenty twelvemonths yet did never know."

Consequently these Epigrams must have been written in 1595.

racter was held at the time Shakespeare wrote, and to the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, "who was pleased at seeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could be placed on the scene."

Steevens has stated the true grounds of the perpetual popularity of the play, which can only be attributed to one cause—the wonderful dramatic effect produced by the character of Richard. He says:—"I most cordially join with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone in their opinions; and yet, perhaps, they have overlooked one cause of the success of this tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps beyond all others, variegated, and consequently favourable to a judicious performer. It comprehends, indeed, a trait of almost every species of character on the stage: the hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting sinner, &c. are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author."



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, *afterwards*

King Edward V.

RICHARD, Duke of York,

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, *afterwards*

King Richard III.

} *Sons to the King.*

} *Brothers to the King.*

A young Son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, *afterwards* King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.

DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE of NORFOLK: EARL of SURREY, *his Son.*

EARL RIVERS, *Brother to King Edward's Queen.*

MARQUIS of DORSET, and LORD GREY, *her Sons.*

EARL of OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS. LORD STANLEY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest. Another Priest.*

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *Widow of King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS of YORK, *Mother to King Edward IV. Clarence, and Gloster.*

LADY ANNE, *Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.*

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants, two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—England.



LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.^a

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun¹ of
York ;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our
house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments² ;

^a It may be proper to observe that this is the running title adopted from the head line. The general title in the folio styles it "The Tragedy of King Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battle of Bosworth."

¹ *By this sun of York.* In the old copies it is *son* or *sonne*, as if an equivoque was intended. The cognizance of Edward IV. was *a sun*, in memory of the three suns which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. Vide the Third Part of King Henry VI. Act ii. Sc. 1.

² "Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory."

Rape of Lucrece.

Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed³ steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute⁴.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature⁵,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time ;
Unless to see⁶ my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity ;
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,

³ i. e. steeds caparisoned or clothed in the trappings of war. The word is properly *barbed*, from equus *bardatus*, Latin of the middle ages.

⁴ The old copies have *love*. "Is the warlike sound of drum and trumpet turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? The neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances." — *Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584. There is a passage in the Legend of the Death of King Richard III. in the Mirror for Magistrates evidently imitated from Shakespeare.

⁵ *Feature* is proportion, or beauty, in general. Vide Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. Sc. 4, note 5. By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another ; but *disfiguring* nature. So we have "*dissembling glass*" for a *distorting* one in The Midsummer Night's Dream.

⁶ The quartos have *spy*.

I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions⁷ dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other :
And, if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up ;
About a prophecy, which says, that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be⁸.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence
comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day : What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace ?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers :
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you should⁹ be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for, I protest,
As yet I do not : But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,

⁷ *Inductions dangerous*, i. e. *preparations for mischief*.

⁸ This is from Holinshed. Philip de Comines says that the English at that time were never unfurnished with some prophecy or other, by which they accounted for every event.

⁹ The quartos have *shall*.

And says, a wizzard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be ;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he :
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women :

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower ;
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers¹⁰ him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower ?
From whence this present day he is deliver'd.
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery :
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself¹¹,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this¹² monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;

¹⁰ *Tempers*, i. e. frames his temper, moulds it to this extremity. The folio has : "That tempts him to this harsh extremity." In the last line of Clarence's next speech, the folio misprints "Lord Hastings was for her delivery."

¹¹ *The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself* ; i. e. the Queen and Shore.

¹² So the quarto, the folio has "our monarchy."

His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say :
We speak no treason, man ;—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble queen
Well struck in years¹³ ; fair, and not jealous :
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Nought to do with mistress Shore ? I tell
thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord ?

Glo. Her husband, knave :—Would'st thou betray
me ?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me ; and,
withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey¹⁴.

¹³ *Well struck in years.* This expression was preceded by others equally singular, expressing what we now call "an advanced age." Thus in Arthur Hall's translation of the first book of Homer's *Iliad*, 1581 :—

"In Grea's forme, the good handmaid, nowe wel *ystept*
in yeares."

And in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, book v. can. 6 :—

"Well *shot* in years he seem'd.

Warton has justly observed that, "by an imperceptible progression from one kindred sense to another, words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their etymology."

¹⁴ This and the three preceding speeches were probably all designed for prose. It is at any rate impossible that this line could have been intended for metre.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects¹⁵, and must obey.
 Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
 And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
 Were it, to call King Edward's widow, sister,
 I will perform it to enfranchise you.
 Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you¹⁶:
 Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and
Guard.]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
 Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
 If heaven will take the present at our hands.
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
 Well are you welcome to this open air.
 How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

¹⁵ i. e. *the lowest of her subjects*. This substantive is found in Psalm xxxv. 15:—"Yea, the very *abjects* came together against me unawares, making mouths at me, and ceased not." Again, in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, 21st book:—

"Whither? rogue! *abject*! wilt thou bear from us
 That bow propos'd?"

And in the same author's version of Homer's *Hymn to Venus*:—

"That thou wilt never let me live to be
 An *abject*, after so divine degree
 Taken in fortune."

¹⁶ He means, "or else be imprisoned in your stead." To *lie* signified anciently to *reside*, or remain in a place, as appears by many instances in these volumes.

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence
too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd¹⁷,
While kites and buzzards prey¹⁸ at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home:
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul¹⁹, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed²⁰?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse²¹ up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

¹⁷ A *mew* was a place in which falcons were kept; and being confined therein, while moulting, was metaphorically used for any close place or places of confinement. The verb to *mew* was formed from the substantive. Thus in *Albumazar*:—

“Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully *mew'd*
From brown soar feathers of dull yeomanry
To the glorious bloom of gentry.”

¹⁸ Thus the quarto. The folio, *play*.

¹⁹ The folio reads “Now by St. John.” The usual imprecation of Gloster is however “by St. Paul.”

²⁰ The quarto has “*What*, is he in his bed?”

²¹ Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *post-haste*.

And leave the world for me to bustle in !
 For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter²² :
 What though I kill'd her husband, and her father ?
 The readiest way to make the wench amends,
 Is to become her husband, and her father :
 The which will I ; not all so much for love,
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market :
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives, and reigns ;
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

Enter Attendants bearing the Corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, in an open Coffin, Gentlemen bearing Halberds, to guard it ; and LADY ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
 Whilst I a while obsequiously¹ lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 Poor key-cold² figure of a holy king !
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,

²² Lady Anne, the betrothed widow of Edward prince of Wales. See King Henry VI. Part III.

¹ *Obsequiously lament*, i. e. *lament as at the obsequies of the dead*. Thus in Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2 :—

“ To do obsequious sorrow.”

² A *key*, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was often employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers. Thus in the Country Girl, by T. B. 1647 :—

“ The *key-cold* figure of a man.”

Shakespeare employs it again in the Rape of Lucrece :—

“ And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream
 He falls.”

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
 Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
 Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!^a
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders³, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness⁴!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
 Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the Corpse, and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

^a This line is not in the quartos, which also differ in the two preceding lines.

³ So the quartos. The folio has *wolves* instead of *adders*.

⁴ *Unhappiness*, i. e. *disposition to mischief*. Thus in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—"Dreamed of *unhappiness* and waked herself with laughing." This line is not in the quartos.

Glo. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou when I command :

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?
Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble
us not ;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern⁵ of thy butcheries.—
O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh⁶ !—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !

⁵ *Pattern*, i. e. *example*.

⁶ This is from Holinshed. It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. The opinion seems to be derived from the ancient northern nations, from whom we descended ; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases. See *Pitt's Atlas ; Sweden*, p. 20.

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils⁷, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd⁸ infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Foulter than heart can think thee, thou canst
make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Then say they were not slain⁹:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

⁷ The folio has *crimes*, but Lady Anne's answer reiterates the word *evils*.

⁸ The folio has "*defused* infection of man." *Diffus'd* anciently signified *dark, obscure, strange, uncouth*. See notes on King Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2, p. 438; and Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv. Sc. 4, note 6.

⁹ The quartos:—"Why then they are not dead."

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest ; Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? then, God grant
me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter¹⁰ for the King of heaven that hath
him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him
thither ;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat¹¹ into a slower method ;

¹⁰ The folio has "The better."

¹¹ The folio has "something."

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live¹² one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wrack,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by :
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy
life !

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd¹³ my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he ?

¹² The quartos have "rest." In Gloster's next speech the quartos read, "These eyes could *never* endure *sweet* beauty's wrack."

¹³ The quartos, "*slew*."

Glo. Here : [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me ?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead¹⁴ !

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once ;
For now they kill me with a living death¹⁵.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops :

These eyes, which never shed remorseful¹⁶ tears,

No,—when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him :

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death ;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain :—in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear¹⁷ ;

¹⁴ See notes on King Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2, p. 437 ; and King Henry VI. Part II. Act III. Sc. 2, p. 188.

¹⁵ We have the same expression in *Venus and Adonis* applied to love :—

“ For I have heard it is a *life in death*

That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.”

Pope adopts it :—

“ *A living death* I bear,

Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.”

And in Watson's *Sonnets*, printed about 1580 :—

“ Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieve,

A living death, and ever-dying life.”

¹⁶ *Remorseful*, i. e. *pitiful*. This and the eleven succeeding lines are not in the quarto.

¹⁷ Here is an apparent reference to King Henry VI. Part III. Act II. Sc. 1.

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing¹⁸ word ;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open ; she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry :—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me¹⁹.
Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Ed-
ward ;— *[She again offers at his breast.]*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on²⁰.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

¹⁸ The quartos, "*soothing words.*" Some lines lower, the quartos have *lips* for *lip*, and *bosom* for *breast*.

¹⁹ Shakespeare countenances the observation that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty.

²⁰ The passage stands thus in the quartos :—

"Nay, do not pause ; 'twas I that kill'd your husband,
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me :
Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that kill'd King Henry
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on."

Glo. That was in thy rage
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give²¹.

[*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most²² cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place²³:

²¹ This line is from the quarto of 1597. In the folio the previous line is made part of Lady Anne's speech. In the first line of Gloster's next speech the quarto has *this* ring, instead of *my* ring.

²² The quarto, *more*.

²³ Crosby Place is now Crosby Square, in Bishopsgate Street. This magnificent house was built in 1466, by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. He died in 1475. The ancient hall of this fabric is still remaining. Sir J. Crosby's Tomb is in the neighbouring church of St Helen the Great. The folio has Crosby *house*.

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
 At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
 I will with all expedient²⁴ duty see you :
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
 Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.
 Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve :
 But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I have said farewell already²⁵.

[*Exeunt LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and
 BERKLEY.*]

Glo. [Sirs, take up the corse²⁶.]

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glo. No, to White Friars ; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
 Was ever woman in this humour won ?
 I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
 What ! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of her²⁷ hatred by ;

²⁴ *Expedient*, i. e. *expeditious*.

²⁵ Cibber, who altered King Richard III. for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the improbability of this scene, that he thought it necessary to make Tressel say :—

“ When future chronicles shall speak of this,
 They will be thought romance, not history.”

The embassy, under Lord Macartney, to China witnessed the representation of a play in a theatre at Tien-sing with a similar plot.

²⁶ This line is not in the folio.

²⁷ Thus the quartos. The folio has “ *my* hatred,” but King Henry's corse was surely the witness of Anne's hatred? and

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !

Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury²⁸ ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford :

And will she yet abase²⁹ her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed ?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety !

On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus !

My dukedom to a beggarly denier³⁰,

I do mistake my person all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man³¹.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body :

what Gloster afterwards says,—

“ To take her in her heart's extremest hate,”
is decisive. In the next line but one the quarto reads:—

“ And I *nothing* to back my suit *at all*.”

²⁸ This fixes the exact time of the scene to August, 1471. King Edward, however, is introduced in the second act dying. That king died in April, 1483 ; consequently there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact not confined nor put to death till March, 1477-8, seven years afterwards.

²⁹ The quartos have *debase*.

³⁰ A small coin, the twelfth part of a French *sous*.

³¹ *Marvellous* is here used adverbially. A *proper man*, in old language, was a *well proportioned one*.

Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in³² his grave ;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS,
and LORD GREY.*

Riv. Have patience, madam ; there's no doubt, his
majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words¹.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on
me ?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly
son,

To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young ; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector ?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet² :
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

³² *In for into.*

¹ The folio has *eyes*.

² *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will : *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment. See note on King Henry VI. Part I. Act iv. Sc. 6, note 1.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY*³.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace !

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond⁴, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say, Amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley ?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

Buck. Madam, good hope ; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health ! Did you confer with him ?

³ By the poets inadvertence in the old copies *Derby* is put for *Stanley*. The person meant was Thomas Lord Stanley, lord steward of King Edward the Fourth's household. But he was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of King Henry VII. In the fourth and fifth acts of this play when spoken of, and once when he enters he is called Lord Stanley. Yet it is incorrect to style him my Lord of Stanley, an inconvenience attending the alteration which was made by Theobald.

⁴ Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half brother to King Henry VI. by whom she had only one son, afterwards King Henry VII. she married Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphry, Duke of Buckingham.

Buck. Ay, madam : he desires to make atonement⁵

Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain ;
And sent to warn⁶ them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well ! But that will never
be :

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it :—
Who are they⁷, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not ?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your
grace ?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee ? when done thee wrong ?
Or thee ? or thee ? or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all ! His royal grace,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish !
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

⁵ *Atonement*, i. e. *reconcilement*, the old sense of the word.

⁶ *Warn*, i. e. *summon*. Thus in Julius Cæsar :—

“ They mean to *warn* us at Philippi here.”

The word is still used in that sense in Scotland.

⁷ The folio has, *Who is it ?*

But you must trouble him with lewd⁸ complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send: that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and so remove it⁹.

Glo. I cannot tell¹⁰; The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack¹¹ became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

• ⁸ *Lewd* here signifies *idle, ungracious*; and not *rude, ignorant*, as Steevens asserts. "I make as though I saw not thy *leude pajantis* (i. e. thy *idle devices*) tuis ineptiis."—*Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519.

⁹ This line is from the quartos, and necessary to complete the sense of the passage. The folio reads:—

"Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground."

¹⁰ i. e. *I cannot tell* what to say or think of it. See note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act i. Sc. 2, p. 177; and Mr. Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. 125.

¹¹ This proverbial expression at once demonstrates the origin of the term *Jack*, so often used by Shakespeare. It means one of the very lowest class of people, among whom this name is most common and familiar.

I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the mean¹²
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord ; for——

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers ? why, who knows not
so ?

She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not ? She may, ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glo. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too :
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at¹³ :
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech
thee !

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What ! threat you me with telling of the king ?

¹² The quarto, *cause*.

¹³ The quartos :—

“ To be thus taunted, scorned and baited at.”

Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said¹⁴
I will avouch, in presence of the king :
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I remember them too well :
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a packhorse in his great affairs ;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or
thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;
And, Rivers, so were you : Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at St. Albans slain¹⁵ ?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this¹⁶, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself, which Jesu pardon !

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown :
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up :
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine ;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this
world,

¹⁴ This line is from the quartos. It was evidently omitted by error in the folio. The second line below is only in the folio.

¹⁵ See note on King Henry VI. Part III. Act iii. Sc. 2, note 1. Margaret's battle is Margaret's army, or, battling for Margaret.

¹⁶ The quarto, now.

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign¹⁷ king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedler:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd¹⁸ from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen¹⁹, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels.
Ah, gentle²⁰ villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st²¹ thou in
my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death²²?

¹⁷ The quartos, *lawful*.

¹⁸ To *pill* is to *pillage*. It is often used with to *poll* or strip.
"Kildare did use to *pill and poll* his friendes, tenants, and re-
teyners."—*Holinshed*.

¹⁹ The folio has "that I *am* queen."

²⁰ *Gentle* is here used ironically.

²¹ *What mak'st thou in my sight?* i. e. *what dost thou in my sight?*
This phrase has been already explained in the notes to *Love's*
Labour's Lost, Act iv. Sc. 3. In *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 1,
Shakespeare again plays upon the word *make*, as in this instance:—

"Now, sir, what *make* you here?

Nothing: I am not taught to *make* anything."

²² Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in
1464, and Edward issued a proclamation prohibiting any of his

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment,
 Than death can yield me here by my abode.
 A husband and a son thou ow'st to me,—
 And thou a kingdom ;—all of you, allegiance :
 This sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;
 And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
 And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes ;
 And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
 Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul
 Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee ;
 And God, not we, hath plagu'd²³ thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
 And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it²⁴.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
 Ready to catch each other by the throat,

subjects from aiding her return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. So that her introduction in the present scene is a mere poetical fiction.

²³ To *plague* in ancient language is to punish. Hence the scriptural term of the *plagues* of Egypt. Thus also in King John :—

“ That he's not only *plagued* for her sin.”

²⁴ See King Henry VI. Part III. Act 1, Sc. 2 :—

“ What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland.”

And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but²⁵ answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's death²⁶;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,

²⁵ *But* is here used in its exceptive sense: could all this *only*, or nothing *but* this answer for the death of that brat. Vide note on *The Tempest*, Act i. Sc. 2, note 15.

²⁶ The quartos, *loss*. Just above, the quartos have *my son* instead of *our son*.

And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog²⁷ !
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell !
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb²⁸ !
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
 Thou rag of honour ! thou detested——

Glo. Margaret !

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glo. Ha ?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then ; for I did think,

²⁷ *Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog.* It was an old prejudice which is not yet quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed are *marked* by nature as prone to mischief. She calls him *hog*, in allusion to his cognizance, which was a boar. "The expression," says Warburton, "is fine; remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons." The rhyme for which Collingborne was executed, as given by Heywood in his *Metrical History of King Edward IV.* will illustrate this:—

"The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
 Doe rule all England under a *hog*.
 The crooke backt boore the way hath found
 To root our roses from our ground,
 Both flower and bud will he confound,
 Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
 And then the dog, the cat, and rat
 Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

The persons aimed at in this rhyme were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovell.

²⁸ In this line the folio has "thy heavy mother's womb."

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did : but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me ; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune !

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse ;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects :

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess ! you are malapert :
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current²⁹ :

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them :

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry ; learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dors. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more : but I was born so high :

²⁹ He was created Marquess of Dorset in 1476. The scene is laid in 1477-8.

Our aiery³⁰ buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade!—alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright outshining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd³¹.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still lives my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think³² but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed³³ of yonder dog;

³⁰ *Aiery* for *brood*. This word properly signified a brood of eagles, or hawks; though in later times often used for the nest of those birds of prey. Its etymology is from *eyren*, eggs; we sometimes find it spelled *eyry*. The commentators explained it *nest* in this passage, according to which explanation the meaning a few lines lower would be, "your *nest* buildeth in our *nest's nest*!"

³¹ The quarto:—

"And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd."

³² The quarto, "I'll not believe."

³³ The quartos, *beware*. The alteration was intentional, to avoid the repetition of the word which occurs four lines lower.

Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him ;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel ?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?

O ! but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's³⁴ ! [*Exit.*]

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine ; I muse³⁵, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother ;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid :

He is frank'd³⁶ up to fatting for his pains ;—

God pardon them that are the cause thereof !

³⁴ Walpole says " It is evident, from the conduct of Shakespeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which Queen Margaret had ranted against them ; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them."

³⁵ The quartos, " I wonder she's at liberty."

³⁶ A *frank* is a *pen* or *coop* in which hogs and other animals were confined while fatting. To be *franked up* was to be closely confined. To *franch*, or *frank*, was to stuff, to cram, to fatten.

Riv. A virtuous and a christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well adyis'd ;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords³⁷.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come : Lords, will you go
with me ?

Riv. We wait upon your grace³⁸.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I indeed have cast³⁹ in darkness,
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls ;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham ;
And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it ; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey⁴⁰ :
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ :
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter Two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.

³⁷ The folio :—

“ And for your grace, and yours, my gracious lord.”

³⁸ The quarto :—

“ Madam, we will attend your grace.”

³⁹ The quarto, *laid*.

⁴⁰ The folio has *Dorset* instead of *Vaughan*, which is the right name found in the quartos.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolved mates !
Are you now going to despatch this thing ?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord ; and come to have the
warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me :
[*Gives the Warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
prate,

Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd,

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes
fall tears⁴¹ :

I like you, lads :—about your business straight ;

Go, go, despatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Tower.

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY*¹.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a christian-faithful man,

⁴¹ The quarto repeats the word *drop*. This appears to have been a proverbial saying. It occurs in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607 ; but was perhaps borrowed from this play :—

“ Men's eyes must millstones drop, when fools shed tears.”

In the quartos the scene ends with the words “ about your business.”

¹ In the folio this is altered to “ Enter Clarence and *Keeper*,” and the speeches given to Brakenbury have the prefix, *Keeper*.

I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you,
tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy² ;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster :
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears³ :
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wracks ;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

² Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles Duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nancy, in January, 1476-7. Isabel, the wife of Clarence, being then dead, (poisoned by the Duke of Gloucester, as it has been conjectured,) he wished to have married Mary, the daughter and heir of the Duke of Burgundy ; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers, and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy however chose a husband for herself, having married, in 1477, Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederic.

³ See a note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 157. Milton's *Minor Poems*, by T. Warton, ed. 1791.

Inestimable stones, unvalued⁴ jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
 Stopt⁵ in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast⁶, and wand'ring air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk⁷,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in⁸ this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that sour⁹ ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cried¹⁰ aloud, *What scourge for perjury*

⁴ *Unvalued* for *invaluable*, not to be valued, *inestimable*. Thus
 Spenser, sonnet lxxvii.—

“Two golden apples of *unvalued* price.”

And Milton, speaking of Shakespeare:—

“Each heart

Hath from the leaves of thy *unvalued* book

Those Delphick lines with deep impression took.”

In the 4th act we have in the same manner *unavoided* twice used
 for *unavoidable*.

⁵ The quarto has *kept*; and in the next line, “To *seek*.”

⁶ *Vast* is *waste*, *desolate*. *Vastum* per *inane*.

⁷ *Bulk*, i. e. *breast*. See note on Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 1.

⁸ Thus the quarto; and in the next line, “O, no.”

⁹ The quartos have *grim*.

¹⁰ The folio has “*spake* aloud.”

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood¹¹, and he shriek'd¹² out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting¹³, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments¹⁴!
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you!
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury¹⁵, I have done these things,
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
 O, spare my guiltless wife¹⁶, and my poor children!—

¹¹ Lee has transplanted this image into his *Mithridates*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

¹² The first quarto has *squak'd*; the others *squeak'd*.

¹³ *Fleeting* or *flitting*, in old language, was used for *uncertain*, *inconstant*, *fluctuating*. Thus in *Harington's Ariosto*, B xvii. st. 18.

"But came to find his *fleeting* female friend."

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the epithet is applied to the moon. Clarence broke his oath with the Earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother Edward. See *K. Hen. VI. Pt. III. Act v. Sc. 1.*

¹⁴ The folio, "*unto torment*;" the quartos "*to your torments*." In the next line but one the quartos have "*Environ'd me about*."

¹⁵ In the folio this is altered to "O, keeper, keeper." *Brakenbury* is made to enter when Clarence says, "I fain would sleep." This may have been a purposed change; but the arrangement of the quarto is undoubtedly preferable, and even Mr. Knight has adhered to it.

¹⁶ The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. See note on p. 434.

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me¹⁷ ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord ; God give your grace good rest !—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a Chair*¹⁸.

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories¹⁹,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares²⁰ :
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho ! who's here ?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow ? and how cam'st thou hither ?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What ! so brief ?

2 *Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.
Let him see our commission ; and talk no more.

[*A Paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands :
I will not reason what is meant hereby,

¹⁷ Thus the quarto. The folio, in pursuance of the change, reads, "Keeper, I prythee sit by me awhile."

¹⁸ This stage direction is founded upon a line in the quartos, after the murderers enter,

"Here are the keys, there sits the Duke asleep."

The folio makes Brakenbury enter here.

¹⁹ This line may be thus understood, "The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles."

²⁰ They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications.

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys ; there sits the duke asleep²¹ :
I'll to the king ; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir ; 'tis a point of wisdom :
Fare you well. [Exit BRAKENBURY.]

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

1 *Murd.* No ; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when
he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall never
wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleep-
ing.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath
bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What ! art thou afraid ?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it ;
but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no
warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou had'st been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell
him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little : I hope, this
passionate²² humour of mine will change ; it was wont
to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now ?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's
done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies ; I had forgot the reward.

²¹ The folio has :—

“There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.”

²² Thus the folio. The quarto has, “I hope my *holy* humour
will change.”

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now ?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter ; let it go : there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again ?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, [it is a dangerous thing²³,] it makes a man a coward : a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; a man cannot swear, but it checks him ; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him : 'tis a blushing shamefaced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills one full of obstacles : it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found : it beggars any man that keeps it : it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not : he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh²⁴.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall²⁵ fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work ?

²³ "It is a dangerous thing." These words are from the 4to. 1597.

²⁴ One villain says, Conscience is at his elbow, persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, Take the devil *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not. Perhaps conscience is here personified, as in Launcelot's dialogue in the Merchant of Venice ; but however that may be, Shakespeare uses *him* for *it* in many other places.

²⁵ i. e. a *bold courageous fellow*. Vide note on the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 4, note 5.

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard²⁶ with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason²⁷ with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak! Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

²⁶ *Costard*, i. e. *head*. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 12.

²⁷ *Reason*, i. e. *talk* with him. Thus in the *Merchant of Venice*:—

“I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday.”

Clar. Are you drawn²⁸ forth among a world of men,
 To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
 Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
 What lawful quest²⁹ have given their verdict up
 Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
 The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
 Before I be convict by course of law,
 To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
 I charge you, as you hope to have redemption³⁰,
 By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sin,
 That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
 The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
 Hath in the table of his law commanded,
 That thou shalt do no murder; Will you then
 Spurn at his edict, and fulfill a man's?
 Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
 To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on
 thee,

²⁸ The quartos have:—

"Are you call'd forth from out a world of men."

²⁹ *Quest* for *inquest* was the term for a *jury*. "A *quest* of twelve men, Duodecim viratus." *Baret*. In *Hamlet* we have "crowners *quest* law."

Shakespeare has followed the current tale of his own time. But the truth is, that Clarence was tried and found guilty by his peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by Edward; but he does not assert that the Duke of Gloster was the instrument. Polydore Vergil says, though he talked with several persons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death.

³⁰ Thus the quarto. The folio reads:—

"I charge you as you hope for any goodness."

This was of course altered and the next line omitted to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21.

For false forswearing, and for murder too :
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow ; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law
to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear³¹ degree ?

Clar. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :

He sends you not to murder me for this ;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly ;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
faults,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hired for meed³², go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster ;

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

³¹ For the sense of *dear* here see note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1, p. 463.

³² *Meed*, i. e. *reward*.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you³³.

Clar. O! no; he loves me, and he holds me dear :
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
[And charg'd us from his soul to love each other³⁴,]
He little thought of this divided friendship :
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest. Come, you
deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls³⁵,

³³ Walpole rightly suggested, from the Chronicles of Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with his brother that moiety of the estate of the great earl of Warwick, to which Gloster became entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the duchess of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward prince of Wales. This is fully confirmed by a letter from Sir John Paston to his brother, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2:—"Yesterday the king, the queen, my lords of Clarence and Gloucester went to Shene to pardon; men say, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Gloucester; and, as it is said, he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sister-in-law, but *they shall part no livelihood*, as he saith; so, what will fall, can I not say."—*Paston Letters*, vol. ii. p. 91.

³⁴ This line is omitted in the folio.

³⁵ In the quarto the first four lines of this speech are addressed by Clarence to one of the murderers, "Hast thou," &c.

To counsel me to make my peace with God,
 And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
 That you will war with God, by murdering me ?
 O ! sirs, consider, they that set you on
 To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do ?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent ! No : 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;
 O ! if thine eye be not a flatterer,
 Come thou on my side, and intreat for me :
 A begging prince, what beggar pities not ?
 Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
 If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
 Would not entreat for life ?—as you would beg
 Were you in my distress³⁶—

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that ; if all this will not
 do,

[*Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the malmsey butt within.

[*Exit, with the body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd !
 How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
 Of this most grievous murder³⁷ !

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now ? what mean'st thou, that thou
 help'st me not ?

³⁶ The five preceding lines are not in the quarto. The folio inserts them after the line "Relent and save your souls," where they seem out of place, and follow more naturally here.

³⁷ The quarto has :—

"Of this most grievous *guilty* murder done."

In this part there are several other variations, but not of sufficient importance for notice.

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had saved his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*]

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,

Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD (*led in sick*), QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and Others.

King Edward.

WHY, so: now have I done a good day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And more¹ in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred², swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

¹ The quarto reads *now in*. The folio, *more to peace*.

² *Dissemble not your hatred*, i. e. do not merely *cloke* and *conceal* your ill will to each other, but eradicate it altogether from your bosoms, and swear to love each other.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king ;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor you³ son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings ; I will never more re-
member

Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him.—Hastings, love
lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces* DORSET.]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace [*To the Queen*], but^a with all duteous
love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love !
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me ! this do I beg of heaven,

³ So the folio. The quarto has "Nor *your* son Dorset."

^a *but* is here again used in its old exceptive or negative sense, we must understand it as *nor*. See p. 427, note 25.

When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[*Embracing RIVERS, &c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble
duke⁴.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
day:—

Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By⁵ any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

⁴ The folio reads, "And in good time

Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke."

And the stage-direction is, "Enter Ratcliffe and Gloster." But
Gloster only appears to have entered.

⁵ The folio has, "To any," which can hardly be right. The
quartos, "By any." And above, the folio misprints *unwillingly*
for *unwittingly*, which is found in all the quartos.

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us :
 Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset
 That all without desert have frown'd on me ;
 Of you Lord Woodville, and Lord Scales, of you⁶ ;
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen : indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night ;
 I thank my God for my humility⁷.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter :—
 I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
 Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

⁶ The folio has only this additional line. There was no such person as Lord Woodville. The eldest son of Earl Rivers was Lord Scales.

⁷ Milton, in his ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΗΣ, has this observation :—
 "The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare ; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place. I intended (saith he), not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies. The like saith Richard :—

'I do not know that Englishman alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night ;
 I thank my God for my humility.'

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet used not much license in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but his religion."

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows he is ?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dor. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand⁸,
That came too lag to see him buried :
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood⁹,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I prythee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit¹⁰, sovereign, of my servant's life ;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death¹¹,

⁸ This is an allusion to the proverbial expression which Drayton has versified in his *Baron's Wars* :—

" Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go,
Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow."

Canto II. Ed. 1619.

⁹ We have the same play on words in *Macbeth* :—

" The near in blood

The nearer bloody."

¹⁰ *The forfeit.* He means the *remission* of the forfeit.

¹¹ " This lamentation is very tender and pathetic. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd¹²?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:
But for my brother, not a man would speak,
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold

less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others."—*Johnson*. The hint for this pathetic speech is to be found in Sir Thomas More's History of Edward V. inserted in the Chronicles.

¹² *Be advis'd*, i. e. *be circumspect, deliberate, or consider what I was about.*

"And bid me be *advised* how I tread."

King Henry VI. Part II. Act ii. Sc. 4.

On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet¹³.

Ah, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
DORSET, and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you
not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?

O! they did urge it still unto the king:

God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,

To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK*¹, *with a Son and
Daughter of CLARENCE.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your
breast;

And cry, *O Clarence, my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins², you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,

¹³ Hastings was lord chamberlain to King Edward IV.

¹ Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.

² The duchess is here addressing her grand-children; but cousin seems to have been used instead of our kinsman and kinswoman, and to have supplied the place of both.

As loath to lose him, not your father's death :
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The king mine uncle is to blame for this :
God will revenge it ; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love
you well :

Incapable³ and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can : for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him :
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shape,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice !
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs⁴ he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble⁵, grandam ?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

³ *Incapable*, i. e. *unsusceptible*. Thus in *Hamlet* :—
"As one *incapable* of her own distress."

⁴ *Dugs*. This word gave no offence to our ancestors ; one instance will show that it was used even in the most refined poetry :—
"And on thy *dugs* the queen of love doth tell
Her godhead's power in scrowles of my desire."

Constable's Sonnets, 1594. Dec. vi. Son. 4.

⁵ *Dissemble*. In the language of our elder writers, to *dissemble* signified to *feign* or *simulate*, as well as to *cloak* or *conceal feelings* or *dispositions*. Milton uses *dissembler* in this sense in the extract in a note on a former page.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly⁶; RIVERS, and DORSET, following her.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er changing night⁷.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images⁸:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left.
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,

⁶ The old stage-direction in the folio adds, "*With her hair about her ears.*"

⁷ The quartos, "of perpetual rest."

⁸ *His images*, i. e. *the children by whom he was represented*. Thus, in the Rape of Lucrece, Lucretius says to his daughter:—

"O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou hast torn."

In the same poem the succeeding image is also found:—

"Poor *broken glass*, I often did behold

In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;

But now, that fresh fair *mirror*, dim and old,

Shows me a bare-bon'd *death* by time outworn."

We have something like it in Shakespeare's third Sonnet.

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan),
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints⁹:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they¹⁰:—
Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

⁹ The quartos have "laments."

¹⁰ This line is from the quarto, 1597. In the preceding line the folio has *they* for *I*, which is also from the quarto.

Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd¹¹
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd: in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY,
HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and Others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our¹² harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace: Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy
breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing
peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:

¹¹ This and the eleven following lines are first found in the folio of 1623.

¹² The quartos have, "cure their harms."

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts¹³,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet¹⁴
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd :
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us ;
And the compáct is firm, and true, in me.

Hast. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all¹⁵ :
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd :

¹³ The folio has *hates*. The reading of the quartos is *hearts*, which seems to afford better sense. The rancour which had severed your high-swoln hearts but lately brought again into union, which union must be preserved and cherished by gentleness.

¹⁴ Edward, the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as Prince of Wales ; under the governance of Anthony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches ; and by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages.—Vide *Holinshed*.

¹⁵ This speech is not in the quartos, and is given to *Rivers* in the folio, but it must belong to *Hastings*, who was of the Duke of Gloster's party. The next speech is given to *Hastings*, which I transfer to *Stanley*.

Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Stan. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow¹⁶.
Madam,—and you my sister,—will you go
To give your censures¹⁷ in this weighty business ?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index¹⁸ to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet ! My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour : Whither away so fast ?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself :
Hear you the news abroad ?

1 *Cit.* Yes ; that the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady ; seldom comes the better¹ :

¹⁶ The folio erroneously prints *London* both here and afterwards. In the next line the quarto has *mother* instead of *sister*.

¹⁷ *Censures*, i. e. *your judgments, your opinions*.

¹⁸ *I'll sort occasion, as index, &c.* i. e. *I will take an opportunity as prelude or introduction*. So in *Othello*:—"An *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history of lust and foul thoughts."—Vide note on *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 4.

¹ An ancient proverbial saying, noticed in *The English Courtier* and *Country Gentlemen*, 4to. blk l. 1586, sign. B: "As the proverbe sayth *seldome come the better*. VAL. That proverb in-

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death ?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no ; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child² !

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government ;
That, in his nonage³, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so ? no, no, good friends, God
wot ;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel ; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and
mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father ;
Or, by his father, there were none at all :

deed is auncient, and for the most part true." I find it in *Hormanni Vulgaria*, 1519, thus :—" *Selde cometh the better. Raro succedere meliorem.*" Mr. Douce has adduced a more ancient citation of it.

² " Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child."

Ecclesiast. c. x.

Shakespeare found it cited in the Duke of Buckingham's speech to the citizens in More's *Richard III.*

³ We may hope well of his government under all circumstances ; we may hope this of his council while he is in his nonage, and of himself in his riper years.

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster ;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud :
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst : all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth :
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :
You cannot reason⁴ almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so :
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing⁵ danger ; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm⁶.
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I ; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

⁴ i. e. *Converse*. See note 27, p. 440.

⁵ Thus the quartos. The folio has, *Pursuing*.

⁶ "Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them ; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest."—*From More's Richard III. copied by Holinshed, III. 721.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford ;

And at Northampton they do rest to-night¹ :

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince ;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin ? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother ; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,

¹ This is the reading of the folio. The quarto of 1597, reads :—

“ Last night I hear they lay at Northampton :

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night.”

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved. According to the reading of the quarto the scene would be on the day on which the king was journeying from Northampton to Stratford ; and of course the messenger's account of the peers being seized, &c. which happened on the next day after the king had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted, the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the king was seized ; but the archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which, before the entry of the messenger, he manifestly does not know ; namely, the Duke of Gloster's coming to Stratford the morning after the king had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and seizing the Lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the queen herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the king's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *mid-night* of the day on which this violence was offered to him by his uncle. See *Hall*, Edward V. fol. 6. Malone thinks this an unanswerable argument in favour of the reading of the quarto ; while Steevens thinks it a matter of indifference, but prefers the text of the folio copy on account of the versification.

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young :

So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so no doubt he is, my gracious madam².

Duch. I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York ? I pr'ythee, let me
hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old ;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse ? why, she was dead ere thou wast
born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous³ boy : Go to, you are too shrewd.

Duch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger^a.

Arch.

Here comes a messenger :

What news ?

² This line is erroneously given to the young Duke of York in the folio ; and the next is given to the *Archbishop* in the quarto ; in the folio, to the *Duchess of York*, to whom it seems more appropriate.

³ *Parlous* is a popular corruption of *perilous* ; jocularly used for *alarming, amazing*.

^a In the quarto "Enter Dorset" followed by "Here comes Lord Dorset. What news, Lord Marquess?"

Mess. Such news, my lord,
As grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pom-
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners. [fret,

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut⁴
Upon the innocent and awless⁵ throne:
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy and weep, their gain and loss;
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves the conquerors
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,

⁴ The quarto reads to *jet*, which Mr. Boswell thought preferable; but the folio is right. "To *jut* upon the throne" is to make *inroads* or *invasions* upon it. See Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, in voce *incurso*. Baret distinguishes the words thus: "*To jette*, lordly through the streets that men may see them. *Incedere* magnifice per ora hominum. *To jut*, hit or runne against, &c. *Incurrere* et offendere." Mr. Collier thinks they were meant for the same word, but to *jut* upon, and not to *jet* is the proper word here.

⁵ *Awless*, i. e. wanting awe or reverence. The quartos have *lawless*, and the words were used with nearly the same meaning, like *awful* and *lawful*.

Blood to blood, self against self :—O ! preposterous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on death⁶ no more !

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go.
[To the Queen.]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep⁷ : And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours !
Go ; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER¹, and Others.

Buckingham.

WELCOME, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber².

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :

⁶ The folio has, on *earth*.

⁷ Afterwards, however, this obsequious archbishop [Rotherham] to ingratiate himself with Richard III. put his majesty's badge, the *Hog*, upon the gate of the Public Library at Cambridge.

¹ Thomas Bouchier was made a cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.

² London was anciently called *Camera Regis*. See Coke's Institutes, 4. 243 ; Camden's Britannia, 374 ; and Ben Jonson's Entertainment to King James, passing to his Coronation. London is called the king's special *chamber* in the Duke of Buckingham's oration to the citizens (apud *More*), which Shakespeare has taken other phrases from.

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth³ with the heart.
Those uncles which you want, were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they
were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet
you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy
days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ;—and thank
you all. *[Exeunt Mayor, &c.]*

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fye, what a slug is Hastings ! that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating
lord.

³ To *jump with* is to agree with, to suit, or correspond with.
Thus in King Henry IV. Part I.—“ Well, Hal, well ; and in some
sort it *jumps with* my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I
can tell you.”

“ Wert thou my friend, thy mind would *jump with* mine.”
Solyman and Perseda.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fye! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven⁴ forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional⁵:
Weigh it but with the grossness⁶ of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,

⁴ *Heaven* is not in the folio and later quartos.

⁵ *Ceremonious* for *superstitious*; *traditional* for *adherent to old customs*.

⁶ *Grossness* here may mean broadness of view, *latitude* as contrasted with narrow, petty, ceremonious prejudices of a former age. It has been proposed to read "the grossness of *his* age," making it refer to the nonage of the young prince.

You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now⁷.

Card. My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for
once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you
may. *[Exeunt Cardinal and HAST.]*

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glo. Where it seems⁸ best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place :
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record ? or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it ?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd⁹ to all posterity,

⁷ This argument is from More's History, as printed in the Chronicles, where it is very much enlarged upon. "*Verelye I have often heard of saintuarye men, but I never heard erste of saintuarye chyldren* * * *. But he can be no saintuarye manne, that neither hath wisdom to desire it, nor malice to deserve it, whose lyfe or libertye can by no lawfull processe stand in jeopardy. And he that taketh one oute of saintuary to dooe hym good, I saye plainely that he breaketh no saintuary."—*More's History of Kinge Richard the Thirde.* Edit. 1821, p. 48.

⁸ The folio and quarto, 1602, have *think't* instead of *seems*, which is the reading of the early quartos.

⁹ i. e. *recounted*. Minshew, in his Dictionary, 1617, besides the verb *retail*, in the mercantile sense, has the verb to *retaille* or re-

Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long¹⁰.

[*Aside.*

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without charàcters, fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal¹¹ vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. } *Aside.*

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.

tell. Fr. *renommer*, à Lat. *renumerare*: and in that sense it appears to be employed here. Richard uses the word again in the fourth act, where, speaking to the queen of her daughter, he says:—

“To whom I will retail my conquests won.”

¹⁰ “I have knowne children languishing of the splene, obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravity and wisdom surpassing those tender years, and their judgments carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdom of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease which other have by course of yeares; whereon I take it the proverbe ariseth, that *they be of shorte life who are of wit so pregnant*.”—*Bright's Treatise of Melancholy*, 1586, p. 52.

¹¹ For an account of the *vice* in old plays, see note on Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 2. “He appears,” says Mr. Gifford, “to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a two-fold office,—to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend, or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender.” *Iniquity the Vice* is one of the characters in Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*. Shakespeare has again used *moralize* as a verb active in his *Rape of Lucrece*:—

“Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight,

More than his eyes were open to the light.”

In which passage it means “to interpret or investigate the *latent meaning* of his wanton looks,” as in the present passage it signifies to extract the double and latent meaning of one word or sentence. *Moral*, for *secret meaning*, will be found in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 4. The word which Richard uses in a double sense is *live*, which in his former speech he had used literally, and in the present metaphorically. The *formal* vice means the *regular* or *accustomed* vice.

Death makes no conquest of his conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord ?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly¹² have a forward spring.
[*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of
York.

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our loving
brother ?

York. Well, my dread¹³ lord ; so must I call you
now.

Prince. Ay, brother ; to our grief, as it is yours :
Too late¹⁴ he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York ?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O ! my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign ;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

¹² i. e. *Short summers commonly have a forward spring.* So in
an old proverb preserved by Ray :—

“ There's lightning *lightly* before thunder.”

¹³ *Dread* is the reading of the early quartos ; the folio and
later quartos have *dear*.

¹⁴ i. e. *Lately*.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts:
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier¹⁵.

Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you
call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders¹⁶.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

¹⁵ This taunting answer of the prince has been misinterpreted: he means to say, *I hold it cheap, or care but little for it, even were it heavier than it is.* Thus in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2:—

"You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me."

¹⁶ York alludes to the protuberance on Gloucester's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens. Thus in Ulpian Fulwell's *Ars Adulandi*, 1576:—"Thou hast an excellent back to carry my lord's ape." The same thought occurs to Richard himself in *King Henry VI.* Part III. Act iii.—

"To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body."

Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?
 Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
 Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
 To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
 My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
 But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
 Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS,*
Cardinal, and Attendants.]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
 Was not incensed¹⁷ by his subtle mother,
 To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
 Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable¹⁸;
 He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby;
 Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
 As closely to conceal what we impart:
 Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;
 What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
 To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,

¹⁷ i.e. *incited, instigated*. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Borachio says to Don Pedro, "How Don John your brother *incensed* me to slander the lady Hero." "*Stimulatrix, she that mooveth or incenseth.*"—*Hutton's Dict.* 1583.

¹⁸ *Capable* is *quick of apprehension, susceptible, intelligent*. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*:—"Let me carry another to his horse, for that's the more *capable* creature." In the previous line most of the old copies have "a *perilous* boy," but see p. 461, ante, note 2.

For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will
not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided¹⁹ councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

¹⁹ "But the protectoure and the duke after they had sent to the lord cardinal, the Lord Stanley, and the Lord Hastings, then lord chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation *in one place*, as fast were they in *another place*, contriving the contrarie to make the protectoure king." The Lord Stanley, that was after Earle of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and said unto the Lord Hastings that he much mislyked *these two several counsels*.—*Holinshed, from Sir T. More.*

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do²⁰:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II¹. *Before Lord Hastings' House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord,— [*Knocking.*]

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears² by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?—

²⁰ The folio has, "Something we will determine."

¹ Every material circumstance in this scene is from Holinshed, except that it is a *knight* with whom Hastings converses instead of *Buckingham*.

² The quarto "So it should seem."

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off³ his helm :
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept ;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
Bid him not fear the separated councils :
His honour⁴, and myself, are at the one ;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance⁵ :
And for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple,
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]

³ This term, *raised* or *rashed*, is always given to describe the violence inflicted by a boar. Thus in *King Lear*, 4to. ed.—

“ In his anointed flesh *rash* boarish fangs.”

And in Warner's *Albion's England*, VII. c. 36 :—

“ Ha, cur avaunt, the bore so *rase* thy hide.”

By the *boar*, throughout this scene, is meant Gloster, in allusion to his crest.

⁴ This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakespeare's time ; it was indifferently used with *his lordship*. See any old letter or dedication of that age.

⁵ *Instance* is here put for *motive*, *cause*. Thus in *Hamlet* :—

“ The *instances* that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.”

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring :
What news, what news in this our tottering state ?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean
the crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cate. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof :
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries :
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they, who^a brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey : and so 'twill do

^a Thus the quarto. The folio has *which*.

With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know they do ; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man ?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

Stan. My lord, good morrow ;—good morrow,
Catesby :—

You may jest on ; but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do⁶
yours ;

And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now :
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am ?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt⁷ ;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !
What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what,
my lord ?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads,

⁶ The folio omits *you do*.

⁷ i. e. *suspect it of danger*. Thus in King Henry VI. Part III.—
“The bird

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.”

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt STAN. and CATESBY.*

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now I tell thee (keep it to thyself),
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it⁸, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John⁹, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise¹⁰;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Pr. I'll wait upon your lordship.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM*¹¹.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

⁸ That is, *continue it*.

⁹ See note 1 on the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

¹⁰ *Exercise* probably means *religious exhortation or lecture*. Thus in *Othello*:—"Much castigation *exercise* devout."

¹¹ From the continuation of *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, where

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower ?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there :
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it

not.

[*Aside.*

Come, will you go ?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS,
GREY¹, and VAUGHAN, to Execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this²,—
To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep³ the prince from all the pack of you !
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

the account given originally by Sir Thomas More is transcribed with some additions, it appears that the person who held this conversation with Hastings was Sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the last act of this play as Earl of Surrey.

¹ Queen Elizabeth Grey is deservedly pitied for the loss of her two sons ; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how slightly the death of Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity ; and how much we dwell on the execution of the Lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors.—*Walpole.*

² In the quartos the scene opens with a line in which Ratcliff addressing the soldiers, says "Come, bring forth the prisoners."

³ The folio has *bless* instead of *keep*.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this here-after.

Rat. Despatch ; the limit⁴ of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death :
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she
Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings : O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !

And for my sister, and her princely sons ;
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt !

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expire⁵.

⁴ The *limit* for the *limited time*.

⁵ The folio has, *expiate*. For this line the quartos have :—

“Come, come, despatch, the limit of your lives *is out*.”

Showing clearly what should be the sense here, which *expiate* cannot possibly convey. The only ground for continuing this absurd reading has been the occurrence of the same *error* in the poet's twenty-second Sonnet. The active sense of the verb *to expire* being of rare occurrence has caused the errors in both cases. But Shakespeare again uses it in a similar passage in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

“And *expire* the term

Of a despised life.”

The Editor of the folio, 1632, substituted :—

“The hour of death is *now expired*.”

How *expiate* can be made to mean *completed* or *ended*, as Mr. Collier explains it, or *fill up the measure*, as Malone interprets it, I cannot understand. Shakespeare always uses expressive words, and did not write nonsense. Spenser uses the verb in the same active sense in *Mother Hubberd's Tale*, 308 :—

“Now when as Time flying with winges swift,

Expired had the term that these two Jewels should,” &c.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace :

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely*¹, CATESBY, LOVEL, and Others, sitting at a Table : Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met Is, to determine of the coronation :

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

Stan. They are ; and wants but nomination².

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ? Who is most inward³ with the noble duke ?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces ; for our hearts, He knows no more of mine, than I of yours ;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine :

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ; But for his purpose in the coronation, I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

¹ Dr. John Morton, who was elected to the see of Ely in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed lord chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry Earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. ; and was a principal agent in procuring Henry, when abroad, to enter into a covenant for the purpose.—*See More's Life of Richard III.*

² The only thing wanting is appointment of a particular day for the ceremony.

³ i. e. intimate, confidential. So in *Measure for Measure* :—
“ Sir, I was an inward of his.”

His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lords, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow :
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue⁴, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean your voice, for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be
bolder ;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there⁵ ;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;

⁴ See note on Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2.

⁵ This circumstance of asking the bishop for some of his strawberries seems to have been mentioned by the old historians merely to show the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected at the very time he had determined on the death of Hastings. It originates with Sir Thomas More, who mentions the protector's entrance to the council "fyrste about ix of the clocke, saluting them curtesly, and excusing himself that he had ben from them so long, saieng *merily* that he had bene a slepe that day. And after a little talking with them he said unto the bishop of Elye, my lord, you have very good strawberries at your gardayne in Holberne, I require you let us have a messe of them." It is remarkable that this bishop (Morton) is supposed to have furnished Sir Thomas More with the materials of his history, if he was not the *original* author of it. See Preface to More's Life of Richard III. ed. 1821.

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector ? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
morning ;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he ;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood⁶ he show'd to-day ?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

⁶ The quartos have *likelihood*. Something may be said for each reading, as the poet uses both words in other places. Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. Sc. 1 :—

“Sorrow takes all *likelihood* from her cheeks.

And in *Othello* :—

“Their habits and poor *likelihoods* of modern seeming.”
I follow the folio.

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head! now, by Saint Paul, I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel, and Ratcliff^a, look that it be done;
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLO. and BUCK.*]

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
And I did scorn it and disdain'd to fly⁷.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble⁸,

^a This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads "*Some see it done.*" Ratcliff could hardly have arrived from Pontefract, as this was the day on which the execution of the nobles there took place, and *Catesby* was here substituted by Theobald, but the same impropriety continues in the next scene and cannot well be remedied, without a larger departure from the text of the folio than would be desirable, as *Catesby* is made to enter with the Lord Mayor, for whom he had been sent, previous to the bringing in of Hastings's Head.

⁷ The quartos read:—

"But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly."

⁸ For *foot-cloth* see note on King Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 7. A *foot-cloth horse* was a *palfrey covered with such housings*, used for state; and was the usual mode of conveyance for the rich, at a period when carriages were unknown.

This is from Holinshed, who copies Sir Thomas More:—"In riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he [Hastings] was beheaded, his horse twice or thrice *stumbled* with him, almost

And startled when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me :

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Ratcliff^a. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be
at dinner ;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !

Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks⁹,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard !—miserable England !

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head ;

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead¹⁰.

[*Exeunt.*

to the falling ; which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward : yet hath it beene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notable foregoing some great misfortune."

^a This speech is given to *Ratcliff* in the folio, but is appropriated to Catesby in the quartos.

⁹ "Nescius auræ fallacis."—*Horace.*

William Lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catherine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII. in the first year of his reign. The daughter of Lady Hastings, by her first husband, was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.

¹⁰ i. e. *Those who now smile at me shall be shortly dead themselves.*

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower Walls.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour, marvellous ill favoured.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending¹ deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what! is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor^a,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

¹ i. e. *Pretending*. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece:—

“For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,

Intending weariness with heavy spright.”

And Timon of Athens, Act ii. Sc. 2, where it has been hitherto erroneously explained:—

“And so *intending* other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.”

Again in the Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. Sc. 1:—

“Ay, and amid this hurly, I *intend* [i. e. *pretend*]
That all is done in reverend care of her.”

^a The quarto makes Buckingham say, “Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor.”

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent——

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF², with HASTINGS'S Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his conversation³ with Shore's wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd
traitor
That ever liv'd.—

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it), the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;

² Thus the folio. In the quarto it is "Enter *Catesby* with Hastings's head," and Gloster says "O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*" instead of "Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel." It is difficult to account for the incongruity; I cannot think with Mr. Knight, that it was designed by the poet.

³ i. e. *amiliar intercourse*: what is now called "criminal conversation."

But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's words shall
serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent⁴,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:

⁴ *Too late of our intent.* In common speech a similar phrase is sometimes used; viz. "to come short of a thing."

Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying, he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so⁵.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France ;
And, by true computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord ; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
Castle⁶ ;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,

⁵ This person was *one Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crown* in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, &c. are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an act of parliament, *Parl. Hist.* 2, p. 396. See also the Duke of Buckingham's speech to the citizens in *More's History*, as copied by the *Chronicles*.

⁶ *Baynard's Castle* was originally built by Baynard, a nobleman who (according to *Stow*) came in with the conqueror. It had belonged to Richard Duke of York, but was now Edward the Fifth's. This edifice which stood in Thames Street, has been long pulled down ; it is said that parts of its strong foundations may be seen at low water.

With reverend fathers, and well learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*to CAT.*] to friar Penker^a;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I go, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence⁷ out of sight;
And to give order, that no manner person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord
Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;

^a Dr. Shaw was brother to the Lord Mayor. Penker was Provincial of the Augustine Friars. They were both popular preachers.

⁷ *Edward Earl of Warwick*, who, the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richard from his confinement at Sheriff-Hutton Castle to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and who was afterwards cruelly sacrificed to a scruple of Ferdinand King of Spain, who was unwilling to marry his daughter Katherine to Arthur Prince of Wales while he lived, conceiving that his claim might interfere with Arthur's succession to the crown. He was beheaded in 1499. *Margaret*, afterwards married to Sir Richard Pole, the last princess of the house of Lancaster, who was restored in blood in the fifth year of Henry VIII. and afterwards, in the thirty-first year of his reign [1540], barbarously led to the block at the age of seventy, for some offence conceived at the conduct of her son Cardinal Pole.

The precedent^a was full as long a doing :
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while !—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device ?
Yet who so bold but says, he sees it not ?
Bad is the world ; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought^b.
[Exit.

SCENE VII. *The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now ? what say the citizens ?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

Buck. I did ; with his contráct with Lady Lucy¹,
And his contráct by deputy in France :
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives ;
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France² ;

^a i. e. *The original draft from which the engrossment was made.*
This circumstance, like the others in the play, is taken from Holinshed, who follows Sir Thomas More.

^b i. e. *Seen in silence, without notice or detection.*

¹ The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage with Elizabeth Grey, to obstruct which his mother alleged a pre-contract between him and Elizabeth Lucy, but she being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Edward, however, had been married to Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of Lord Butler of Sudely, and daughter to the great Earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground his children were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by King Richard III. ; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

² This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the

And his resemblance³, being not like the duke.
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
 Being the right Idea^a of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind :
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
 Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
 And, when my oratory grew toward end,
 I bade them, that did love their country's good,
 Cry, *God save Richard, England's royal king !*

Glo. And did they so ?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;
 But, like dumb statues⁴, or breathing stones,

Duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the Duke of Gloster, soon after Edward's death, revived this scandal. Walpole thinks it highly improbable that Richard should have urged such a topic to the people, or "start doubts of his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers, to be tossed and bandied about before the multitude." He has also shown that Richard "lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time."—*Historic doubts*, 4to. 1768.

³ The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would read, And *dis-resemblance*, but there is no authority for the word. Shakespeare uses *resemblance* here for *semblance*, his usual word for *appearance*, which the Duchess of York uses in a former scene :—

"But now two mirrors of his princely *semblance*."

^a *right Idea*, here signifies the *true Image*.

⁴ It would not be difficult (says Mr. Reed) to fill whole pages with instances to prove that *statue* was formerly a word of three syllables ; and there are several passages in Shakespeare where it is necessary so to pronounce it. Lord Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, 1633 :—"It is not possible to have the true pictures, or *statuæ*, of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no nor of the kings or great personages of much later years." It occurs several times in his forty-fifth Essay, and in other places. Steevens remarks that *statue*, *heroe*, and some other Latin words which were admitted into the English language, still retained their Roman pronunciation. But it should be observed that *statue*, as a dissyllable, was also in use.

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;
 And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence ;
 His answer was,—the people were not us'd
 To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cried, *God save King Richard !*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I ;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :
 And even here brake off and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they : Would
 they not speak ?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand ; intend⁵ some fear ;
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit :
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant⁶ :
 And be not easily won to our requests ;
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go ; And if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say nay to thee⁷ for myself,
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor
 knocks. *[Exit GLOSTER.]*

⁵ i. e. *Pretend*. Vide note on p. 484.

⁶ *Ground* and *descant* are musical terms here figuratively used.

⁷ Buckingham is to plead for the citizens ; and if (says Richard) you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt we shall bring all to a happy issue.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord ; I dance attendance here ;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby ! what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day :
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
He is not lulling on a lewd love-bed⁸,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping, to engross⁹ his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :
But, sore¹⁰, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say us
nay¹¹ !

⁸ The quartos have *day-bed*, a term in use for a couch.

⁹ i. e. *Fatten, pamper.*

¹⁰ The old copies have *sure*.

¹¹ This pious and courtly mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to Doctor Shaw, whom Richard employed to prove his title to the crown from the pulpit at Paul's Cross.

Buck. I fear he will: Here Catesby comes again:—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in a Gallery above, between Two
Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two cler-
gymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology,
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord ; Would it might please
your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants¹²,
And almost shoulder'd¹³ in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure¹⁴, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land :
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain :
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,

¹² Shakespeare seems to have remembered the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable sermon at St. Paul's Cross :—
" Bastard slips shall never take deep root "

¹³ *Shoulder'd in* has the same meaning as *rudely thrust into*. Thus in a curious paper quoted by Mr. Lysons in his *Environs of London*, vol. iii. p. 80, note 1 :—" Lyke tyrauntes and lyke madde men helpynge to *shulderynge* other of the sayd bannermen ynto the dyche."

¹⁴ i. e. *Recover*. The word is frequently used by Spenser ; and both as a verb and a substantive by Lyly.

Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
If, not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first ;
And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the¹⁵ ripe revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
And much I need¹⁶ to help you, if need were ;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

¹⁵ The quarto has :—

As *my* ripe revenue and due *by* birth.

¹⁶ And I want *much* of the ability requisite to give you help,
if help were needed.

On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your
grace ;

But the respects thereof are nice¹⁷ and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.

You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :

For first he was contráct to Lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;

And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.

These both put off, a poor petitioner¹⁸,

A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,

Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase¹⁹ of his wanton eye,

Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree

To base declension and loath'd bigamy²⁰ :

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got

This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,

Save that, for reverence to some alive²¹,

¹⁷ i. e. *Weak, silly*. See note on the Taming of the Shrew, Act iii. Sc. 2.

¹⁸ See King Henry VI. Part iii. Act iii.

¹⁹ *Purchase* is here used in its old sense of *object of earnest pursuit*, from the French *pourchas*. See note on the First Part of King Henry IV. Act ii. Sc. 1. p. 38, note 22.

²⁰ *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274 (adopted by a statute in 4 Edw. I.), was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once ; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. This is from Sir T. More, as copied by Hall and Holinshed.

²¹ The duke here hints at the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By "some alive" is meant the Duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. This is very closely copied from Sir Thomas More.

I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing times,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,
 Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;
 As well we know your tenderness of heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse²²,
 Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
 And equally, indeed, to all estates,
 Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
 But we will plant some other in the throne ;
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
 And, in this resolution, here we leave you ;
 Come, citizens, we will entreat no more²³.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their
 suit ;

If you deny them, all the land will rue't.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?

Well, call them again ; I am not made of stone,

²² i. e. *Pity*.

²³ Here, according to the quartos, Buckingham says :—

“Come, citizens, zounds ! I'll entreat no more.”

and Gloucester thus reproves him .

“O! do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.”

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and the Rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace ! we see it, and will
say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king !

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace ;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.

[*To the Bishops.*

Farewell, good cousin ;—farewell, gentle friends²⁴.

[*Exeunt.*

²⁴ " To this act should probably be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts ; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible."—*Johnson.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUIS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER¹, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young Daughter.

Duchess.

WHO meets us here? my niece² Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither
away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all to-
gether:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

¹ We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby Place. She was married to him about the year 1472.

² i. e. *Grand-daughter*. See note on King Henry VI. Part I. Act ii. Sc. 5, p. 51. We may here add that in Junius's Nomenclator, by Higgins, 1585, *Nepos* has no other explanation than "*a nephew*"; that is, *one's son's or daughter's child*." The words grandson or grand-daughter never occur in Shakespeare.

How doth the prince, and my young son of York ?

Brak. Right well, dear madam : By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them ;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king ! who's that ?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title !
Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them ?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother :
Then bring me to their sights³ ; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so⁴ ;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder !

³ This was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time. Thus in *Macbeth*, Act iii. Sc. 2 :—

“ And night's black agents to their *preys* do rouse.”

So in a translation from Virgil, in *The Householder's Philosophie*, 1588 :—

“ We hide our grey hairs with our helmets, liking ever
more

To live upon the sport, and waft our *praises* from shore to
shore.”

And in Erasmus De Contemptu Mundi, translated by Thomas Paynel, blk l. *no date* :—“ The causes of our *twos* frendshyp be ryght gret and manyfolde ; our bryngyng up together of chyl-dren, the marvaylous agrement of our two myndes,” &c.

⁴ i. e. *I may not so resign my office.*

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice⁵ hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided⁶ eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear⁷ me to the brain!

⁵ A serpent supposed to originate from a cock's egg. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“The death-darting eye of a cockatrice.”

⁶ *Unavoided* for *unavoidable*, as in other places. See the 4th scene of this act.

⁷ She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or other criminals, by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot upon his head. See *Respublica et Status Hungariae*, Elzev.

Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen !

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ? When he, that is my husband
now,

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead^a saint which then I weeping follow'd ;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish, *Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad),
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse :

1634, p. 136. In the Tragedy of Hoffman, 1631, this punishment is introduced :—

“ Fix on thy master's head my burning crown.”
Again ;—

“ Was adjudg'd

To have his head *sear'd* with a *burning crown*.”

In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torments, a *burning crown* is likewise appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. Goldsmith alludes to the punishment of the peasant engaged in the Hungarian rebellion above referred to :—

“ Luke's *iron crown*, and Damien's bed of steel.”

See Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. ii. p. 6, where it is observed that though *George* and *Luke Zeck* were both engaged in the rebellion, it was the former who was thus punished ; but *George* would not suit the poet's verse. The Earl of Athol, who was executed for the murder of James I. King of Scots, was previous to death crowned with a hot iron.

^a Thus the quarto. The folio has *dear*.

Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest ;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams⁸ was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu ; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune

guide thee !

[*To* DORSET.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee !

[*To* ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

[*To* Q. ELIZABETH.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years⁹ of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen¹⁰.

Q. Eliz. Stay ; yet look back, with me, unto the
Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls !

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !

Rude ragged nurse ! old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well !

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

⁸ It is recorded by Polydore Vergil that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams. The veracity of that historian has been called in doubt ; but Shakespeare followed the popular histories.

⁹ The present scene is in 1483. Richard Duke of York, the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but *seventy-three* years old, and we may reasonably suppose she was not older : nor did she go speedily to her grave ; she lived till 1495.

¹⁰ i. e. *Sorrow.*

SCENE II. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, as King upon his Throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others*.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :

But shall we wear these glories for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last !

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch¹,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed :—

Young Edward lives ;—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince !—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :

Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;

* The stage direction in the folio is "Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pomp," &c. and when Richard says to Buckingham "Give me thy hand," the direction is "*Sound*." In the quarto it is "Enter Richard, crowned, &c. and instead of *Sound* we have "Here he ascendeth his throne."

¹ "To play the touch" is to resemble the touchstone. Thus in Drayton's Heroical Epistles :—

"Before mine eyes, like touch, thy shape did prove."

Mary the French Queen to Charles Brandon.

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezes :

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear
lord,

Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve you herein presently.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Cate. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip².

[*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

[*Descends from his Throne.*

And unrespective boys³ : none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes ;

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy,——

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit⁴ of death?

² Several of our ancient historians observe that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry.

³ *Unrespective*, i. e. devoid of cautious and prudential consideration, inconsiderate, unregardful. Thus in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599 :—

“ When dissolute impiety possess'd
The *unrespective* minds of prince and people.”

So in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

“ Nor the remaining viands
We do not throw in *unrespective* sieve,
Because we now are full.”

Thus in *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. Sc. 3 :—

“ Never learn'd
The icy precepts of *respect*, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee.”

⁴ i. e. *Secret act*.

Page. I know a discontented gentleman
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man : Go, call him
hither, boy. [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty⁵ Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath ?—well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley ? what's the news ?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby : rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick ;
I will take order⁶ for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter :
The boy is foolish⁷, and I fear not him.

⁵ *Witty* was not at this time employed to signify a *man of fancy*, but was used for *sagacity, wisdom, or judgment* ; or, as Baret defines it, "*having the senses sharp, perceiving or foreseeing quicklie.*" So in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599 :—

"Although unwise to live, had wit to die."
And in one of Ben Jonson's *Masques* :—

"And at her feet do *witty* serpents move."

⁶ i. e. *Take measures*. See note on *Comedy of Errors*, Act v. Sc. 1, p. 67.

⁷ Shakespeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any historian that he had then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Being confined by King Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education being entirely neglected, he is described by Polydore Vergil, at the time

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die :
About it : for it stands me much upon⁸
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :
Murder her brothers, and then marry her ?
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin⁹.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel¹⁰ ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Please you ; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it ; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

of his death in 1499, as an idiot ; and his account, which is copied by Holinshed, was certainly a sufficient authority for Shakespeare's representation.

⁸ i. e. *It is incumbent upon me.* See note on King Richard II. Act ii. Sc. 3, p. 454.

⁹ "I am in blood

Step'd in so far, that should I wade no more

Returning were as tedious," &c.

Macbeth.

¹⁰ "The best part of our chronicles, in all men's opinions, is that of Richard III. written as I have heard by Moorton, but as most suppose by Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said, how the king was devising with Tyrrel to have his nephews privily murdered ; and it is added, *he was then sitting on a draught ; a fit carpet for such a counsel.*" *The Metamorphosis of Ajax ; by Sir John Harington*, 1596. See likewise Holinshed, ii. p. 735. Sir James Tyrrel was executed for treason in the beginning of the reign of King Henry VII. See Fuller's *Worthies*, Cornwall, p. 210.

Are they that I would have thee deal¹¹ upon :
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel ;
Go, by this token : Rise, and lend thine ear :

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so ;—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it¹².

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he's your wife's son :—Well, look
unto it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables¹³,

¹¹ We should now say "deal *with*," but the other was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time. "At Wolfe's he's billeted, sweating and *dealing upon* it most intently." *Nashe's Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

¹² The quarto has here the following line :—

"*King.* Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?"
Compare Act I. Sc. 3.

¹³ King Henry IV. married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford ; and the other was married to Thomas Duke of Gloster, fifth son of King Edward III. who was created Earl of Hereford, in 1386, by King Richard II. his only daughter Anne having married Edmund Earl of Stafford. The Duke of Buckingham (who was the grandson of this Edmund and Anne) had some pretensions to claim a new grant of the title, but he had not a shadow of right to the moiety of the estate, which if it devolved to King Edward IV. with the crown, was

Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife ; if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, Henry the Sixth Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king ?—perhaps——

[*Buck.* My lord,^a——

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time,

Have told me, I being by¹⁴, that I should kill him ?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond !—When last I was at Exeter, The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, And call'd it Rouge-mont¹⁵ : at which name, I started ;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once, I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock ?

Buck. I am thus bold

To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd me.

now the property of his children, or otherwise belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV. Many of our historians, however, ascribe the breach between him and Richard, to Richard's refusing to restore the moiety of the Hereford estate ; and Shakespeare has followed them.

^a From this speech down to "I am not in the giving vein to-day," is only found in the quartos.

¹⁴ The Duke of Gloster, according to the former play, was not by when King Henry uttered the prophecy, but the poet does not often trouble himself about such minute points of accuracy.

¹⁵ Hooker, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time, in his description of Exeter, mentions this as a "very old and antient castle, named Rugemont ; that is to say Red Hill, taking the name of the red soil or earth whereupon it is situated." It was first built, he adds, *as some think*, by Julius Cæsar, but rather, and in truth, by the Romans after him.

X X 2

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.

K. Rich. Well let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack¹⁶, thou keep'st
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.]

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or
no¹⁷.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and Train.*]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone

To Brecknock¹⁸, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

¹⁶ This alludes to the *jack of the clock-house*, mentioned before in King Richard II. Act v. Sc. 5. It was a figure made in old public clocks to strike the bell on the outside; of the same kind as those formerly existing at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street. Richard compares Buckingham to one of the automata, and bids him not to suspend the stroke on the clock bell, but strike, that the noise may be past, and himself at liberty to pursue his meditations. *Jack* was a term of contempt, occurring before in this play; the following passage from Cotgrave, in voce *Fretillon*, will further elucidate its meaning, "A *jacke of the clocke-house*; a little busie-bodie, medler, *jack-stickler*; one that has an oare in every man's boat, or his hand in every man's dish." The sycophant lords in Timon of Athens are called *minute-jacks*.

¹⁷ The passages from the quartos included in brackets are so characteristic that they have been admitted into the text by common consent of all the editors. The last speech stands in the folio thus:—

"May it please you to resolve me in my suit."

The quartos have the impatient interjection *Tut, tut!* before Richard's answer.

¹⁸ His castle in Wales.

SCENE III. *The same.**Enter TYRREL.*

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind ;
But, O ! the devil—there the villain stopp'd ;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes :—All health, my sovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage^a;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne¹ Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord!—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord; Morton² is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash levied strength.

^a That is Clarence's daughter to Sir Richard Pole. The marriage could only comparatively be called a mean one, for Pole's mother was half sister to Margaret Countess of Richmond, the mother of King Henry VII. And it is doubtful whether the marriage took place during the reign of Richard.

¹ He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. Duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of Edward IV. he was kept a long time in honourable custody.

² i. e. Bishop of Ely.

Come ; I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
 Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !
 Go, muster men : My counsel is my shield ;
 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death¹.
 Here in these confines sliely have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction² am I witness to,
 And will to France ; hoping, the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret ! who comes here ?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF
 YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender babes !
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mother's lamentation !

¹ " Now is his fate grown mellow,
 Instant to fall into the rotten jaws
 Of chap-fall'n death."

Marston's Antonio and Mellida, 1602.

King Richard III. was printed in 1597, Marston is therefore the imitator.

² *Induction* is *preface*, *introduction*, or *prologue*. As in the instance of Sackville's *Induction* to the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

Q. Mar. Hover about her ; say, that right for right³
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done ?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood !

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a
grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here !
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we ?

[*Sitting down by her.*
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

³ In the third scene of the first act Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her husband and son were imputed to divine vengeance roused by that wicked act. "So just is God to right the innocent." Margaret now perhaps means to say, "The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn." There is no indication in the old copies to that effect, but it is evident that Margaret's three first speeches are spoken *aside*.

If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*

[*Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine^a :*]

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him :

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him :

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him ;

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell hound, that doth hunt us all to death :

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ;

That foul defacer of God's handy work ;

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls^b,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal^c cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow^d with others' moan !

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes ;

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

^a The line in crotchets is not in the folio.

^b This and the next line are transposed in the folio, but *reigns* evidently refers to *tyrant*.

^c Vide Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2 :—

“Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts.”

Its apparent signification is *cruel, sanguinary, fleshly-minded*.

^d i. e. *Partaker* of or *participator* in the grief of others. The word appears to have been used metaphorically for an *equal*, a companion, or old and intimate acquaintance. Sir John Hawkins asserted that it was still in use. Thus in Northward Hoe, a comedy by Decker and Webster :—“He would make him *pew-fellow* with a lord's steward at least.”

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
 Young York he is but boot⁶, because both they
 Match'd not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;
 And the beholders of this tragick⁷ play,
 The adulterate⁸ Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer ;
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
 And send them thither : But at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would
 come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
 That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my for-
 tune ;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;
 The presentation of but what I was,
 The flattering index⁹ of a direful pageant,

⁶ i. e. *Thrown into the bargain, given to boot.*

⁷ The folio has *frantic*.

⁸ *Adulterate* is stained with adultery. *Adulterata*, Lat. Thus in *Hamlet*, the ghost says :—

“ That incestuous, that *adulterate* beast.”

Hastings was *adulterate*, as he had cohabited with Jane Shore. Margaret may, however, mean to call him *false, sophisticate*, for she had tried his friendship and found it faithless.

⁹ See note on p. 457, and on *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 4 :—

“ What act

That roars so loud and thunders in the *index*.”

Mr. Nares suggests that the *index* of a pageant was probably a painted cloth hung up before a booth where a pageant was to be exhibited.

One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below :
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
 A dream of what thou wast ; a garish¹⁰ flag,
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
 Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the queen ?
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
 Decline all this¹¹, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
 For one^a being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place. And dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance ;
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

¹⁰ Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted.

¹¹ i. e. *Run through all this from first to last.* So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—"I'll decline the whole question." This phrase is borrowed from the grammar.

^a The folio in this and the following line has "For *she*." The next line is only found in the quartos.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a-while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the
day¹²;

Compare dead happiness with living woe :
Think that thy babes were fairer¹³ than they were,
And he that slew them, fouler than he is :
Bettering¹⁴ thy loss makes the bad causer worse ;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with
thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and
pierce like mine. [*Exit Q. MARGARET.*]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes¹⁵,
Airy succeders of intestate joys¹⁶,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart¹⁷.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd : go with me,

¹² *Fast* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear* ; the meaning being, sleep not at night, and fast during the day.

¹³ The folio has *sweeter*.

¹⁴ *Bettering* is *amplifying, magnifying* thy loss. Shakespeare employed the word for the sake of the antithesis between *better* and *loss*.

¹⁵ Thus in *Venus and Adonis* :—

“ So of concealed sorrow may be said :
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks as desperate of his suit.”

¹⁶ The meaning of this metaphor is : The joys already possessed being all consumed and passed away, are supposed to have died intestate ; that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath ; and mere verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery. In this speech some words are substituted from the quartos : the folio reads *intestine* instead of *intestate* ; “ *will impart* ” instead of “ *do impart* ! ”

¹⁷ “ Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.”

Macbeth.

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*A Trumpet heard.*
The trumpet sounds ! be copious in exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
crown,

Where^a should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers ?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children ?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey ?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings ?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets !—strike alarum,
drums !

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed : Strike, I say.

[*Flourish. Alarums.*

Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son ?

K. Rich. Ay ; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition¹⁸,

^a The folio has *Where't*. In the next line *owed* signifies *owned*.

¹⁸ i.e. *A spice or particle of your disposition*. So in Chapman's

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then ; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty ? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;

Tetchy¹⁹ and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous ;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me with thy company ?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hower²⁰,
that call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.

Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

translation of the twenty-fourth Iliad :—

“ His cold blood embrac'd a fiery touch
Of anger,” &c.

¹⁹ i. e. *Touchy, fretful*.

²⁰ It is possible by *Humphrey Hower* that Richard alludes to the hour of his birth, the *hour* after which his mother ate out of his company. Compare the vulgar saying of a breeding woman feeding two. There can hardly be any allusion to the phrase of “ dining with Duke Humphrey,” used to express those who dined upon air, or passed their dinner-hour in admiring his supposed monument in old St. Paul's Cathedral. See Mr. Nares's Glossary, or the edition of Hall's Satires by the writer of this note, p. 62.

Duch.

Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So !

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again²¹.

Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse ;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !
My prayers on the adverse party fight ;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
Shame serves²² thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to her.

[*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with
you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder²³ : for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed ;

²¹ The folio :—

“ And never *more behold* thy face again.”

²² serves, i. e. *accompanies*.

²³ The folio has *slaughter*, but as it avoids jingle with daughters, the reading of the quartos is preferable. It has also *talk* instead of *speak* two lines before.

Throw over her the veil of infamy :
 So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood ^a.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births, good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoyd ²⁴ is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoyd grace makes destiny :
 My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
 If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozzen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
 Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
 Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :
 No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
 Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart ²⁵,
 To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
 But that still ²⁶ use of grief makes wild grief tame,

^a The folio has " she is a royal princess."

²⁴ i. e. *unavoidable*. We have had *unavoyd* for *unavoidable*, used in a similar manner before. See Act iv. Sc. 1. note 6.

²⁵ This conceit seems to have been a favourite with Shakespeare :—

" Thou hidst a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart."

King Henry VI. P. II.

" Not on thy sole but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen."

²⁶ i. e. *constant use*.

" A generation of *still* breeding thoughts."

King Richard III.

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes :
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd !

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads ?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory²⁷.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou devise²⁸ to any child of mine ?

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

²⁷ i. e. *The crown, the emblem of royalty.* See note on King Henry VI. Part III. Act i. Sc. 4.

²⁸ The first folio and quartos read *demise*, which may signify to *grant*, from *demittere*, Lat. But as no example of the use of the word, except in legal instruments, offers itself, I think we should read *devise*, with the second folio. It is a word frequently used by the poet in a congenial sense. Thus in *Coriolanus* : " the honours which we *devise* him.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul :

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers :
And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen : Who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so : How think you of it?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York ; then, haply, will she weep :
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers ; ay, and, for her sake,

Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam ; this is not the
way

To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz.

There is no other way ;

Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,

And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her ?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but
hate thee²⁹,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended ;

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,

To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,

To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandam's name is little less in love,

Than is the doting title of a mother ;

They are as children, but one step below

Even of your metal, of your very blood ;

Of all one pain, save for a night of groans

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow³⁰.

Your children were yexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have, is but a son being king,

And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.

²⁹ Tyrwhitt suggested that the sense seemed to require we should read "but *love* thee" ironically. Mason proposed "but *have* thee," which Steevens admitted into the text. One of these readings is requisite, for the tone of the speech is decidedly ironical. This speech, the preceding and two successive ones, comprising 55 lines, are only found in the folio.

³⁰ "Endur'd *of* her, for whom you *bid* like sorrow." *Of* is used for *by* ; *bid* is the past tense from *bide*.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What ! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl :
Advantaging their loan^a, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
To whom I will retail³¹ my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say ? her father's brother

Would be her lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles ?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,

^a The folio misprints this *lone*.

³¹ i. e. *recount*. See note 9, on p. 466.

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail^a the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last³²?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'-reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead:

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past^b.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings break.

^a This is the reading of the quartos. The folios have *vail*.

³² Young has borrowed this thought:—

“But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend,
What day next week the eternity shall end.”

^b This line is transposed in the folio and quarto of 1602. In other quartos there is some similar confusion.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly^a honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self misus'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God^b,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with Him,
The unity, the king my husband made,
Thou had'st not broken, nor my brothers died³³.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come.

^a The quartos have "holy honour." The arrangement of the next six speeches is that of the first quarto.

^b Thus the quarto. The folio changed this to Heaven here, and *Heaven's* in the next line, on account of the statute; and in so doing rendered all that follows ungrammatical.

³³ The quarto has *my brother* instead of *my husband* in the first line, and the second line thus:—

"Had not been broken nor my brother slain."

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past ;

For I myself have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
 The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age :
 The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd !
 Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
 Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
 Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past³⁴.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt^a
 Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !
 Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours !
 Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding, if, with pure³⁵ heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter
 In her consists my happiness, and thine :
 Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :
 It cannot be avoided but by this ;
 It will not be avoided but by this.
 Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
 Be the attorney of my love to her.
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish³⁶ found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

³⁴ The folio has *re-past*.

^a The folio has *affairs*.

³⁵ The folio reads *dear*.

³⁶ *Peevish* is *foolish, silly*. The quartos read "*peevish fond*."

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them: Where, in that nest of spicery³⁷, they shall breed Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly, And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. [*Kissing her.* *Exit Q. ELIZABETH.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman³⁸!

How now! what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast Rideth a puissant navy; to our shores Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends, Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back: 'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral; And there they hull, expecting but the aid Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some lightfoot friend post to the duke of Norfolk³⁹:

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

³⁷ Alluding to the phoenix.

³⁸ Such was the real character of this queen dowager, who would have married her daughter to King Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the Marquis of Dorset, her son, from the Earl of Richmond.

³⁹ Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders and sudden variation of opinion.

K. Rich. Ratcliff^a, come hither : Post to Salisbury ;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,

[*To CATESBY.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O ! true, good Catesby ;—Bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before
I go ?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news
with you ?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the
hearing ;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad !
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?
Once more, what news ?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on
him !

White liver'd runagate, what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess ?

^a The folio has *Catesby*, but this is an evident error. The line is not in the quarto.

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead, the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we⁴⁰?

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes⁴¹ he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,

⁴⁰ Richard asks this question in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to answer him. But they whom he addresses, had they not been intimidated, might have told him that there was a male heir of the house of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he, Edward Earl of Warwick, the only son of the usurper's eldest brother, George Duke of Clarence; but Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and all her sisters had a better title than either of them. He had however been careful to have the issue of King Edward pronounced illegitimate, and as the Duke of Clarence had been attainted of high treason, he had some colour for his bravado.

⁴¹ The quartos have "what *doth* he upon the sea?" In this scene also in the quartos Richard's impatient haste is marked by repetitions, thus:—"my mind is chang'd, my mind is chang'd," and afterwards, "Well, Sir, as you guess, as you guess."

Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st be gone to join with
Richmond :

But I'll not trust thee ^a.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful ;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men. But, leave
behind

Your son, George Stanley : look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courteney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in
arms ;
And every hour more competitors ⁴²
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of
death ?

[*He strikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

^a The quartos, "I will not trust you, sir." And there are some trifling variations in Richard's next speech.

⁴² *Competitors* here means confederates. See note on The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. Sc. 6, note 4

3 *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty⁴³,
Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd ;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy :
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my
liege.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest :
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no ;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in
arms ;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

⁴³ The quartos have a remarkable variation :—

“ 3 *Mess.* Your grace mistakes ; the news I bring is
good

My news is, that, by sudden flood and fall of water
The Duke of Buckingham's army is dispers'd and
scatter'd

And he himself fled, no man knows whither.”

And the King says :—

“ O ! I cry you mercy, I did mistake,
Ratcliff, reward him for the blow I gave him.”

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news ; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power⁴⁴ landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they⁴⁵ must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ; while we reason
here,
A royal battle might be won and lost :
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Lord Stanley's House.*

*Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER
URSWICK¹.*

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :
That in the sty of this most deadly boar,

⁴⁴ The Earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Katharine of France, the widow of King Henry V.

⁴⁵ Here *news* is considered as plural. So in Antony and Cleopatra, Act i. Sc. 1 :—

“ *Ant. News*, my good lord, from Rome.—

Cleo. Nay, hear *them*, Antony.”

So in Cavendish's Metrical Visions, p. 89 :—

“ Alas, *these woful newes* made my hart agaste !”

¹ Sir Christopher Urswick, a priest, chaplain to the Countess of Richmond, who was married to the Lord Stanley. This priest, the chronicles tell us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages between the Countess of Richmond and her husband and the young Earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. He was afterwards almoner to King Henry VII. and refused the bishopric of Norwich. He retired to Hackney, where he died in 1527, and his tomb was in the old church there.

My son George Stanley is frank'd² up in hold ;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
So, get thee gone : commend me to thy lord,
Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?


Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many other of great name and worth :
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well hie thee to thy lord : I kiss his hand,
My letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell. [*Gives papers to* SIR CHRISTOPHER.
[*Exeunt.*

² Vide note 36 on p. 431, ante.

- ACT V.

SCENE I. Salisbury¹. *An open Place.**Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM,
led to Execution.**Buckingham.* WILL not King Richard let me speak with
him²?*Sher.* No, my good lord ; therefore be
patient.*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,
Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice ;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not ?

Sher. It is, my lord.*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
doomsday.

This is the day, which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found

¹ There is reason to think that Buckingham's execution took place at *Shrewsbury*, but this is not the place to discuss the question.

² The reason why the Duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with Richard is explained in King Henry VIII. Act i:—

“ I would have play'd

The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard : who being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come into his presence, which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.”

See Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1403, ed. 1577.

False to his children, or his wife's allies :
 This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted ;
 This, this, All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs³.
 That high All-seer which I dallied with,
 Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.*
 Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame ;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame⁴.
 [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II. *Plain near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD¹,
 SIR JAMES BLUNT², SIR WALTER HERBERT,
 and Others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land

³ The time to which the punishment of his injurious practices or the wrongs done by him was respite.

⁴ Johnson thinks this scene should be added to the fourth act, which would give it a more full and striking conclusion. In the original quarto copy, 1597, this play is not divided into acts and scenes: Malone suggests that the short scene between Stanley and Sir Christopher may have been the opening of the fifth act.

¹ John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who, after a long confinement in Hamme's Castle, in Picardy, escaped in 1484, and joined Richmond at Paris. He commanded the archers at the battle of Bosworth.

² Sir James Blunt had been captain of the Castle of Hamme, and assisted Oxford in his escape.

Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched³, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
 From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men⁴,
 To fight against that guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for
 fear ;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
 march :

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Bosworth Field.

*Enter KING RICHARD, and Forces ; the DUKE OF
 NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and Others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bos-
 worth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad¹ ?

³ The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would read *reckless*.

⁴ Alluding to the proverb, "Conscientiæ mille testes."

¹ In the quartos the question is addressed to Catesby, "Why,
 how now Catesby !" &c. and Catesby replies.

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks : Ha !

must we not ?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent ! Here will I lie to-night² ;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*

But where to-morrow ?—Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the traitors ?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account³ :

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent. Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground ;

Call for some men of sound direction :

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay ;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, SIR

WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords.

Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's Tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent ;

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

² Richard is reported not to have slept in his tent on the night before the battle, but in the town of Leicester.

³ Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand ; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

Limit⁴ each leader to his several charge,
 And part in just proportion our small power.
 My lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
 And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me :
 The earl of Pembroke keeps⁵ his regiment :
 Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
 And by the second hour in the morning
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent :
 Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;
 Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much
 (Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done),
 His regiment lies half a mile at least
 South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
 him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
 And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
 gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;
 In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

*Enter, to his Tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,
 RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock ?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord :
 It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
 Give me some ink and paper.—

⁴ i. e. *Appoint.*

"I'll make so bold to call,
 For 'tis my *limited* service."—*Macbeth.*

⁵ i. e. *remains with.*

What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff!—

Rat. My lord.

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch⁶ :—

[*To CATESBY.*]

⁶ By a *watch* is probably meant a *watch-light*. The nature of which will appear from the following note of Sir Francis Kinaston upon Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, in his very curious rhyming Latin Version of that poem which I possess in manuscript. "This word [*morter*] doth plainly intimate Jeffery Chaucer to have been an esquire of the body in ordinary to the king, whose office it is, after he hath chardged and set the watch of the gard, to carry in the mortar and to set it by the king's bed-side, for he takes from the cupboard a silver bason, and therin poures a litle water, and then sets a round cake of virgin wax in the midst of the bason, in the middle of which cake is a wicke of bumbast, which being lighted burnes as a *watch-light* all night by the king's bed-side. It hath, as I conceive, the name of mortar for the likenes it hath when it is nere consumed unto a mortar wherin you bray spices, for the flame first hollowing the middle of the waxe cake, which is next unto it, the waxe by degrees, like the sands in a houre glasse, runs evenly from all sides to the middle to supply the wicke. This royal ceremony Chaucer wittily faines to be in Cresseid's bed-chamber, calling this kind of *watch-light* by the name of mortar, which very few courtiers besides esquires of the body (who only are admitted after ALL NIGHT is served to come into the king's bed-chamber), do understand what is meant by it." Kinaston was himself esquire of the body to King Charles I. Baret mentions "*watching* lamps, or candles; *lucernæ vigiles*:" and *watching candles* are mentioned in many old plays.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
 Look that my staves⁷ be sound, and not too heavy.
 Ratcliff!—

Rat. My lord.

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland⁸?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
 Much about cock-shut⁹ time, from troop to troop,
 Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So: I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
 Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me.
 Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my tent,
 And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[KING RICHARD retires into his Tent. *Exeunt*
 RATCLIFF and CATESBY.]

⁷ i. e. *the staves or poles of his lances*. It was the custom to carry more than one into the field.

⁸ Richard calls him *melancholy* because he did not join heartily in his cause. Holinshed says, "He stood still and mixed not in the battle, but was incontinently [after] received into favour [of Richmond] and made of the counsaile."

⁹ i. e. *Twilight*. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies*:—

"For you would not yesternight:
 Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light."

A *cock-shut* was a *large net* stretched across a glade, and so suspended upon poles as easily to be drawn together, and was employed to catch woodcocks. These nets were chiefly used in the twilight of the evening, when woodcocks "take wing to go and get water, flying generally low; and when they find any thoroughfare, through a wood or range of trees, they venture through." The artificial glades made for them to pass through were called *cock-roads*. Hence *cock-shut time* and *cock-shut light* were used to express the evening twilight.

RICHMOND'S *Tent opens, and discovers him, and Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !
Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Stan. I, by attorney¹⁰, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may (that which I would, I cannot),
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George¹¹
Be executed in his father's sight :
Farewell : The leisure¹² and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.

¹⁰ i. e. by *deputation*.

¹¹ This is from Holinshed. The young nobleman, whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Lord Strange in right of his wife by Edward IV. in 1482. Stanley had married Richmond's mother ; George Stanley was his son by a former wife. Hence he calls him "your brother tender George."

¹² We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem. "I would do this if *leisure* would permit," where *leisure* stands for *want of leisure*. Thus in another place :—

"More than I have said

The *leisure* and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon."

God give us leisure for these rites of love !
Once more, adieu. Be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts¹³, to take a nap ;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory :
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c. with STANLEY.

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory !
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes¹⁴ ;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still ! [*Sleeps.*

*The Ghost*¹⁵ of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the
Sixth, rises between the two Tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
[*To* KING RICHARD.

¹³ So the quarto. The folio has "troubled noise." In the next line, to *peise* down is to *weigh* down.

¹⁴ Thus in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

"Thy eyes' windows fall
Like death."

¹⁵ The hint for this scene is furnished by Holinshed, who copies from Polydore Vergil. "It seemed to him being asleepe, that he saw diverse ymages like terrible devilles which pulled and haled him, not sufferynge him to take any quiet or resta. The which strange vision not so sodaynely strake his heart with a sodayne feare, but it stuffed his head with many busy and dreadful imaginations. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends of the morning his wonderfull vysion and fearefull dreame." *The Legend of King Richard III.* in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, and Drayton in the

Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
 At Tewksbury ; Despair therefore, and die !—
 Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
 [To KING RICHARD.

By thee was punched¹⁶ full of deadly holes :
 Think on the Tower, and me ; Despair, and die ;
 Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !

[To RICHMOND.

Harry, that prophesied thou should'st be king¹⁷,
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep ; Live, and flourish !

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[To KING RICHARD.

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome¹⁸ wine,
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall¹⁹ thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die !

twenty-second Song of his Polyolbion, have passages founded upon Shakespeare's description.

¹⁶ The verb to *punch*, according to its etymology, was formerly used for to *prick* or *pierce with a sharp point*. Thus Chapman, in his version of the sixth Iliad :—

“ With a goad he *punch'd* each furious dame.”

The word *deadly* is from the quartos.

¹⁷ See the prophecy in King Henry VI. Part III. Act iv. Sc. 6 ; *thy* in the next line is omitted in the folio.

¹⁸ *Fulsome*, most probably here means *nauseating, cloying*. Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that Clarence was killed before he was thrown into the Malmsey butt, and consequently could not be washed to death. See vol. iii. p. 455, note 9.

¹⁹ *Full* is here a verb active, signifying to *drop* or *let fall*. As

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To RICHMOND.*]

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;
Good angels guard thy battle ! Live, and flourish !

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow ;

[*To KING RICHARD.*]

Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! Despair, and die !

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair !

[*To KING RICHARD.*]

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan ; and, with guilty
fear,

Let fall thy lance ! Despair, and die !

[*To KING RICHARD.*]

All. Awake ! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom

[*To RICHMOND.*]

Will conquer him ;—awake, and win the day !

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ;

[*To KING RICHARD.*]

And in a bloody battle end thy days !

Think on Lord Hastings. Despair, and die !—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake !

[*To RICHMOND.*]

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower ;

Let us be lead²⁰ within thy bosom, Richard,

in Othello :—

“ If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.”

²⁰ The folio and later quartos have *laid*. The quarto, 1597, correctly *lead*, which the context requires.

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy
wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die !—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;

[*To RICHMOND.*

Dream of success and happy victory ;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown ;
[*To KING RICHARD.*

The last was I that felt thy tyranny :
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—

I died for hope²¹, ere I could lend thee aid :

[*To RICHMOND.*

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;

²¹ Buckingham's *hope* of aiding Richmond induced him to take up arms : he lost his life in consequence, and therefore may be said to have died *for* hope ; hope being the *cause* which led to that event. Mr. Dyce has pointed out a similar expression in Greene's James the Fourth :—

“ Wars then will cease, when dead ones are reviv'd ;
Some then will yield, when I am *dead for hope.*”

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING RICHARD
starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse!—bind up my
wounds!—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:

Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?

Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?

Alack I love myself. Wherefore? for any good

That I myself have done unto myself?

O! no: alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain. Yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,

Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;

And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent: and every one did threat

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village
cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn:

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful
dream!

What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord^a.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear.

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and Others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest boding
dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-
der'd,

^a This and the preceding speech by Richard are not in the folio, but Ratcliff's subsequent "be not afraid of shadows" evidently refers to Richard's dream.

Came to my tent, and cried,—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.
[*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side:
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means²² to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair²³, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

²² *Made means*, here is used as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and signifies *made such interest, used such disingenuous measures*. It occurs before in this act.

²³ *England's chair* is *the throne*. The allusion is to the practice of setting gems of little worth, with a bright coloured *foil* under them. Thus in *Song in England's Helicon*:—

“False stones by *foiles* have many one abus'd.”

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit²⁴ it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords ;
 For me, the ransome²⁵ of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
 God, and Saint George²⁶ ! Richmond, and victory !
[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and
Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching
 Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : And what said Surrey
 then ?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right ; and so, indeed, it is.
[*Clock strikes.*]

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,
 He should have brav'd²⁷ the east an hour ago :

²⁴ *quit*, i. e. *requite*.

²⁵ i. e. *the fine paid by me in atonement for my rashness*.

²⁶ *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers
 when they charged the enemy.

²⁷ Steevens's notion is, that *brav'd* here means *made it splendid*
 or *fine*. The common signification of the old verb neuter *to brave*
 was "*to look aloft, and go gaily, desiring to have the pre-eminence.*"
 This is old Baret's definition. But in its active sense *to brave* it
 is analogous to *outbrave*—surpass in finery.

A black day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliff!—

Rat. My lord.

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ! the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ; Caparison my horse ;
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all^a in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst :
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle ; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot²³ !—What think'st
thou, Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scrowel.*

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold.* [*Reads.*

^a The folio and later quartos omit "out all."

²³ i. e. *this, and superadd to this, Saint George on our side.* The phrase, like *Saint George to borrow*, which Holinshed puts into the mouth of Richard before the battle, is a kind of invocation to the saint to act as protector ; *Saint George to borrow* meaning *Saint George be our pledge or security.* See Richardson's *Philological Inquiries*, 4to. 1815, p. 65.

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?

Remember whom you are to cope withal ;

A sort²⁹ of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;

You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,

They would distrai³⁰n the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's³¹ cost ?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,

²⁹ *A sort*, i. e. *company*.

³⁰ The old copies have *restraine*. The emendation is Warburton's.

³¹ Thus Holinshed :—" You see further, how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprise. And to begin with the Earl of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milksop, brought up by *my moother's* means and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis Duke of Britaine," p. 756. Holinshed copied this verbatim from Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54 ; but his printer has given us by accident the word *mooother* instead of *brother* ; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakespeare. In the first edition of Holinshed the word is rightly printed *brother*. So that this circumstance not only shows that the poet follows Holinshed, but points out the edition used by him.

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Bretagines ; whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?
 Ravish our daughters ?—Hark, I hear their drum.

. [Drum afar off.

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen³² !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves³³ !

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh³⁴ ;
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
 bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
 Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms*. [*Exeunt.*

³² This line is from the quarto, 1597. In the folio it is thus incorrectly given :—

“ Right, gentlemen of England ! fight boldly yeomen.”

³³ i. e. *Fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.* A similar idea is more tamely expressed in W. Smith's Palsgrave, 1613 :—

“ Spears flew in splinters half the way to heaven.”

³⁴ There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies ; a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use.

* So the two first quartos. The other copies have *helps*.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces ;
to him CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk ! rescue, rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger¹ ;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a
horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him² :—
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse³ !

[*Exeunt.*

¹ i. e. *daringly opposing himself, or offering himself as an opponent to every danger.* Shakespeare uses *opposite* for *opponent* in *Twelfth Night*, and several other places. And Marston, in his *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602 :—

“Myself, myself, will dare all *opposites*.”

² Shakespeare had employed this incident with historical propriety in the First Part of King Henry IV. He had here also good ground for his poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Vergil, was determined if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was ; attacked his standard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him ; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment.

³ In the old interlude on the subject of Richard III. which

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND ; they fight ; RICHARD is slain. Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !

Lo, here, this long usurped royalty,⁴

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;

Wear it, enjoy it⁵, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all !

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ; Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers, Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births. Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled, That in submission will return to us ; And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament, We will unite the white rose and the red : Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !—

Mr. Boswell printed at the end of this play, this line stands :—

“ A horse ! a horse ! a fresh horse ! ”

Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, appears to have been the original Richard. Bishop Corbet, in his *Iter Boreale*, introduces his host at Bosworth describing the battle, and—

“ When he would have say'd King Richard died,

And call'd *A horse ! a horse !*—he Burbage cried.”

⁴ The folio has *these*, and *royalties*.

⁵ *Enjoy it.* These words are from the early quartos. The folio omits them.

What traitor hears me, and says not, amen?
 England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
 The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
 The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
 All this divided York and Lancaster,
 Divided, in their dire division.
 O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
 The true succeeders of each royal house,
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
 And let their^a heirs (God, if thy will be so),
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
 Rebate⁶ the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce⁷ these bloody days again,
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
 That she may long live here, God say—Amen.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a So the two first quartos, the quarto 1602 substituted *thy* for *their*, and was followed by the folio.

⁶ The old copy has *Abate*, but that *Rebate* was the poet's word will be quite evident by his use of it in the sense here required in *Measure for Measure*, Act I, Sc. 5:—

“But doth *rebate* and blunt the natural *edge*.”

Thus also Baret, “to *Rebate* or make dull, *Aciem ferre hebetare*.”

⁷ To *reduce* is to *bring back*; an obsolete sense of the word, derived from its Latin original, *reduco*. “The mornyng forsakyng the golden bed of Titan, *reduced* the desyred day.”—*Eurialus and Lucretia*, 1560.



CRITICAL ESSAY ON KING RICHARD III.

THE external particulars that are known relative to the publication of this play are chiefly these. Eight impressions of it in quarto form have come down; the first was published in 1597 without the author's name; this was added the next year and continued on the other title-pages dated 1602, 1605, 1613, 1624, 1629, 1634. The reprint of 1602 professed to be "newly augmented," and the claim was continued on the title-pages of all that followed, though they are all mere reproductions of the first edition, not excepting the three latest which are posterior in date to the first folio that really furnishes certain additions. Probably, however, we should more correctly say that the folio supplies various omissions of haste or accident in the first quarto, for the changes it makes do not by any means imply or indicate a systematic correction, much less extension; even one capital insertion of more than fifty lines in 4th scene, 4th act, does not exceed the possibilities of compositor's lapse in missing a page; the great speech that it includes, commencing "Look what is done cannot be now amended," is required by the scene from every consideration of progress of passion and rhythmical relief. On the other hand the printer of the folio mars various speeches by omissions of necessary words and lines that collation of the quartos enable us happily to restore. Other cases of variation are more perplexing; it is clear from the transference of several obvious misprints, that the quarto of 1602 was in the hands of the printer of the folio, probably a playhouse copy that had superseded the manuscript for convenience, and had been completed by corrections in MS. But are we then called upon to sacrifice certain passages as condemned by the author that appeared in the quarto of 1602 as in all the others, but are lost in the folio without injury to sequence, and sometimes with a change at the juncture that hints at intentional completion of an emendation? The most remarkable instance of this class occurs at the end of the second scene, Act iv. and this I am tempted to ascribe to an actor's or a prompter's whim rather than to the deliberate author. True it is that the critical presumption is not

without force in such cases in favour of the more uncomfortable alternative, and would sacrifice without scruple the most characteristic passage; but still, under all the circumstances, I honestly believe that for the present play the decision as between quarto and folio must chiefly hang on the relative value of contesting readings in themselves, a slight leaning being ever due to the fuller text.

The date of the first quarto gives a limit of time in one direction for the composition of the play, but that is all; and when we consider that, in 1598, King John, Richard II. Henry IV. part 1, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, had already been produced and perfected, we must be open to admit that Richard III. might have been completed several years earlier than 1597. But given this date, another would still be required for an antecedent and less finished form, for the signs are many that the quarto of 1602 justly averred the play as it presented it, to be an augmentation. The drama exhibits in every scene the adult and vigorous mastery of language and versification, but passages remain interspersed nevertheless which are reminiscent of metrical licenses of the anterior period. These seem to have been spared on revision, from a happy sense that they harmonized with other structural archaisms that there was no intention to displace, such as the extension of dialogue in alternate lines,—the prolonged stichomythia conducted and relieved with art and feeling that remind of the Greek tragedians, who are also rivalled in the distribution of antiphrastic speeches which vibrate challenge and response with chorus-like regularity, not to say formality. Lastly, in the scene between the camps where the stage is capacious of rival armies together, and the tents of the opposed commanders are shown together, and a single apparition addresses the couch of either, we are reminded of the daring claims upon the spectator's imagination or indulgence that occur in the several parts of Henry VI., and are common in the old plays of the period, but that Shakespeare, for good reasons doubtless, renounced in his later works.

I think then there are satisfactory signs that the play as we possess it, and as it was published in 1597, was the Chronicled History of Richard III. in at least the second form that Shakespeare had given to it, and the question remains over whether we can trace the obligations of either version to a still earlier and independent author. There is an emphasis in the denouncement of rebels against the Tudors with which the play concludes, that marks a contemporary reference, but this may easily have descended to the last version of the play from the very earliest. In one form or other I have no doubt that Shakespeare's play dates at least as early as 1593. In the previous year Greene parodied a line from the same last part of Henry VI. that contains the

character of the Duke of Gloster already so boldly conceived and so firmly drawn, and the play of which he was the hero could not be long delayed after this. It may have been among the consequences of its success that in 1594 there came from the press,—"Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, near Christ Church door, The true Tragedy of Richard III. wherein is shown the death of Edward IV. with the smothering of the two young princes in the Tower: with a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women; and lastly, the conjunction and joining of the two noble houses Lancaster and York: as it was played by the Queen's Majesty's Players." "This," according to Mr. Collier, "is perhaps the most ancient printed specimen of composition for a public theatre, of which the subject was derived from English history;" although as we have seen from Gosson's report, the stage was in long-established possession of such works before 1581. This play (as we shall have occasion to see) takes up the history precisely at the point at which Shakespeare continues it from the conclusion of Henry VI. and from the peculiarity of this moment there is a presumption that it was a link of the original series that he revised. If so, we gain an additional argument for the extent of his concern in the older forms of Henry VI. for their quaintnesses and archaisms do not include those which are most remarkable in The true Tragedy of Richard III. It has the ponderous monotony of the old blank verse in common, but in common also with numerous plays by other hands. It runs off, however, into prose even in its most serious parts, which they never do; it appears to be free from the trochaic metre which Shakespeare yielded to with pleasure in his early plays—it appears, I say, for the accuracy with which the reprint by the Shakespeare Society reproduces the confusion and inaccuracy of the old impression, renders the examination of such points very troublesome. On the other hand, it has fantastic metrical varieties that the compared plays are utterly innocent of; in the introduction and intermixture of couplets and stanzas of ten syllable and fourteen syllable lines, augmented or diminished from time to time with the boldest license of not always unhappy lyrical variation. Allowance must be liberally made throughout for the injury wrought upon the author's text by careless editing and ignorant printer. On the whole I think it quite within the range of possibility, that the plays that are to be assumed as the groundwork of Shakespeare's Henry VI. emanated from the same author as this wild and disorderly play of Richard III. That Shakespeare knew this play there can be little doubt, partly from agreement in general course, though that was aided by common dependence on another source, and still more from correspondence of terms and of tone in particular passages; these adoptions will best illustrate what value it really has, and in the mean time a short extract will

give a notion of some of its peculiarities. Earl Rivers speaks out of his chamber (where the key has been turned upon him):—

“Ho, mine host, chamberlain where’s my key?
What penned up like a prisoner? but stay, I fear I am betrayed,
The sudden sight of Gloster Duke doth make me sore afraid:
I’ll speak to him and gently him salute,
Though in my heart I envie much the man;
God-morrow, my Lord Protector, to your grace
And Duke of Buckingham, God-morrow too.
Thanks, noble dukes, for our good cheer and for your company.

Rich. Thou wretched Earl, whose aged head imagines nought
but treachery,
Like Judas thou admitted wast to sup with us last night,
But heavens prevented thee our ills and left thee in this plight.
Griev’st thou that I the Gloster Duke should as Protector sway?
And were you he was left behind to make us both away?
Wilt thou be ringleader to wrong, and must you guide the realm?
Nay, overboard all such mates I’ll hurl, while I do guide the helm;
I’ll weed you out by one and one, I’ll burn you up like chaff,
I’ll rend your stock up by the roots that yet in triumph laugh.

But as thou art I leave thee here unto the officer’s custody,
First bear him to Pomfret castle, charge them to keep him
secretly;
And as you hear from me so deal, let it be done immediately,
Take from our garrison one whole band to guard him thither
safely.

The following is to be compared with Richard’s soliloquy in the tent, when he suddenly wakes after the apparition, and certainly claims some merit of suggestiveness:—

“*King.* The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
The daily cares, the nightly dreams,
The wretched crews (?), the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloody practise past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
(Shadows to-night

Have struck more terror in the soul of Richard)
That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,
Methinks their ghosts come gaping for revenge,
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.
Clarence complains and crieth for revenge
My nephews’ bloods, Revenge, Revenge, doth cry,
The headless peers come pressing for revenge,
And every one cries let the tyrant die.
The sun by day shines hotly for revenge,
The moon by night eclipseth for revenge,

The stars are turned to comets for revenge, &c. &c.

And all, yea all the world, I think,
 Cries for revenge and nothing but revenge.
 But to conclude, I have deserved revenge;
 In company I dare not trust my friend,
 Being alone I dread the secret foe,
 I doubt my food lest poison lurk therein.
 My bed is uncouth, rest refrains my head,
 Then such a life I count far worse to be
 Than thousand deaths unto a damned death.
 How, was't death I said? who dare attempt my death?
 Nay who dare so much as once to think my death? &c. &c.

Again in the battle:—

Enter RICHARD wounded, with his Page.

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse!

Page. Ah! fly my Lord and save your life.

King. Fly, villain, look I as though I would fly?—

The germ of much of the dialogue of the murderers of Clarence seems among other parallels to be found here:—

“*Dent.* I promise thee, Will, it grieves me to see what moan these young princes make; I had rather than forty pound I had ne’er ta’en it in hand; ’tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

“*Will.* Why you base slave, are you faint-hearted? a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee.

“*Dent.* Nay, go forward, for now am I resolute: but come, let’s to it.”

From the custom of the stage at the time, it is probable enough that this drama may have been altered and realtered frequently and very variously before Shakespeare took the subject in hand. With all its defects it is at least free from the affectation of classical allusions, and comparatively so from frigid inflation and bombast; and the honest attempt of the author to convey the story he had to tell with some variety and force, has been worthily rewarded by some of his thoughts, here a phrase and there a trait, being recollected by Shakespeare. As to any farther comparison of versification, characterization and design, it is of course out of the question entirely. For the curiosity of the matter it may be noted that the piece opens with an Induction, wherein Truth and Poetry comment upon an apparition of the Duke of Clarence, and it closes as strangely with an Epilogue that brings the history down in prose to the days of Queen Elizabeth, and finishes with a not undeserved glorification of her Highness in rhymed heroic verse.

Still earlier in date, and therefore somewhat more remote from

the opportunities of Shakespeare as it may have been by the language in which it was written, is the long Latin drama of *Richardus Tertius*, played at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1579, and written by Dr. Thomas Legge, the first Master of Caius College. It was referred to by Sir John Harrington in 1591, in these terms, in his *Apology for Poetry*, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of Richard III. would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrify all tyrannous-minded men." Another allusion to it occurs in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, to this effect:—"or his fellow codshead that in the Latin tragedy of King Richard cries *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than, *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma*." The principal actors succeeded better then than the subordinates, for we learn from Fuller, that Dr. Palmer, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, was the original performer of Richard, and very successful in another play of Legge's, *the Fall of Jerusalem*. This is in three Parts, each of five Acts, regular and orderly, but tedious enough to read unless for the sake of curiosity, and the hope of meeting with some trace of Shakespeare's attention to it—a hope very scantily rewarded. I transcribe a single speech of Richard's attempt to woo and win the Princess Elizabeth, which may be thought to render some of the tones of the suit to Lady Anne, and some of the beguilement of the Queen;

"*Rich.* Agedum effrenatas virgo voces amove,
 Ne ob unum scelus, corpora pereant duo;
 Cruore solium fateor acquiri meum
 Et innocentium morte: sic fatis placet.
 Cecidere fratres? doleo; facti pœnitet.
 Sunt mortui? factum prius nequit infici.
 Num flebo mortuos? lacrymæ nil valent.
 Quid vis facerem? an fratrum geminam necem
 Hac dexterâ effuso rependam sanguine?
 Faciam? paratis ensibus pectus dabo:
 Et si placet magis, moriar ulnis tuis.
 Ignes, aquas, terram, aut minacem Caucasum
 Petam, petam Tartara, vel umbrosus nemus
 Atræ Stygis; nullum laborem desero
 Si gratus essem tibi, virago regia."

The distich that vainly warned Jockey of Norfolk—his steadfastness gains him a good word from the Chronicler who heartily detests his master; "yet all this, notwithstanding, he regarded more his oath, his honor and promise made to King Richard, like a gentleman and a faithful subject to his prince, absented not himself from his master, but as he faithfully lived under him, so he manfully died with him to his great fame and laud,"—is thus rendered:—

Norfolciensis inclyte .
 Nil cœperis audacius :
 Nam venditus Rex pretio
 Richardus heros perditur.

Various notes of stage business and direction are placed in the margin from time to time in English. The following reminds of Fluellen:—

“ Let here be the like noise as before, and after a while let a captain run after a soldier or two with a sword drawn, driving them again to the field, and say as followeth ;

CENTURIO.

“ Ignave miles, quo fugis? nisi redis meo peribis ense.”

“ After the like noise again let Soldiers run from the field over the stage, one after another, flinging off their harness, and at length let some come halting and wounded. After this let Henry Earl of Richmond come triumphing, having the body of King Richard, dead, on a horse: Catesby and Ratcliff and others bound.”

But the great source and fountain-head of the story for all these dramatists, and of much of the inspiration of Shakespeare himself is the History of King Richard the Third, commenced by Sir Thomas More, about 1513, and first printed in the continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle by Grafton, who takes up the abrupt narrative and carries it on with no unsuccessful emulation of the racy though discursive style of the great chancellor. We are not concerned here with the question of strict historic truth. More at an early age was received into the house of Cardinal Morton, a very active partizan against Richard; and some exaggerations may have become transfused into his work in consequence, but they must be enormous indeed to affect materially the heinous charge of treachery and murder which is exclaimed against Richard by the barest outline of the incidents of his career. The narrative was transferred, or rather transcribed with moderate change into the Chronicles of Holinshed, where Shakespeare probably found it and followed it. It opens like the play with the later incidents of the life of Edward IV. especially the vain reconciliation of his court and kindred. The management of the death of Clarence by Gloster is mentioned as a suspicion which Shakespeare strengthened into a fact, and as events proceed characters are assigned, motives imputed unhesitatingly, or conjectured and discussed with a distinctness and precision that mark the confidence of the writer in his knowledge of the springs of action and their signs in different circumstances and with varying natures, and bespeak our confidence at once in his sagacity, boldness and directness. We recognize throughout the keen through-sight of him who saw the tiger nature of Henry VIII. in his yet quiet days, and replied to a compliment on high favour and familiarity:—“ I tell thee, son Roper, for as much as he

VI.

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fondles me, if my head would win him a castle in France, (there was then war), it should not fail to go." Shakespeare caught the spirit and followed the example, and throughout Richard III. the characterization is declared, open, simple, and on the surface, and the attention of the spectator is rarely as in Richard II. strained to the very brink of painfulness in watching for the circumstance or sign that will determine the exact disposition prompting speeches that in themselves express another. In one play the assistance to the penetration of the spectator is reduced to the very lowest; the problem for his solution, the test of his feeling is impalpable but by the most refined sensibility; in the other, he who runs may read, and it is hard indeed if any who but reads or sees goes wrong. The sympathies slide onward in a groove that never is lost, and come home unerringly. The difference springs not from the altered judgment or skill of the poet, but from difference in genius of the subject-matter of the two plays; but the difference is entirely in favour of the vehement success of Richard III. regarded as an acting play. I have not entirely excluded qualification, and it is because it seems to me uncertain whether in the two great scenes with Lady Anne and with Queen Elizabeth there are not embodied some characteristics that no sagacity of the most imaginative reader can perfectly apprehend; when Richard says:—

"But gentle Lady Anne:—

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method."

I doubt whether the exact extent to which it is true that the lady's retorts had ceased to be expressions of living hate and indignation can be truly appreciated in reading, or otherwise than as heard with the natural emphasis that they command for themselves when spoken and with the gestures visible that they inspire in an accomplished and sensitive performer. It is not that the poet leaves blanks and vacancies to be filled up by actors, adding to the delineation somewhat of their own which the words do not define and prescribe for them, but that there is some histrionic illustration prescribed by the words which only makes itself felt, and breaks forth into expression in the heat and urgency of actual realization. The employment of this finesse varies but in degree in all the plays; in all there is much beauty and refinement that only becomes visible in the strong glare of the footlights, when the mind is roused by the potential irritant of the spectacle. It was for the actual scene that the plays were written, and while its resources on the one hand were urged to the uttermost, on the other its liabilities were as severely considered, and the conveniences of readers are forgotten and sacrificed while security is taken against undue exaggeration there.

Richard III. is the last of the great series of plays that continues linked by incidents and interchanging characters from

Richard II. downwards. Here the action which commenced with the first break in the line of legitimacy properly ends. In the course of it the nation has undergone every form of disorder, suffering, loss and disgrace that can result from the dependence of its fortunes on the personal capacities and passions of its kings and aristocracy, unchecked by the only force that can ensure a continuance of security and glory—the residence of a controlling power, through whatever machinery exerted, with a class large enough to command the sympathies of the nation, endowed with vigour and resolution together with unprejudiced intelligence, and animated at last with sincere desire and reverence for what is just, and a firm faith that injustice and ill faith lead as certainly to retribution as foolishness, cowardice and neglect. This is in principle the solution of the great problem of politics, beset in practice, as who knows not, with endless difficulty and complication. In the mean time the eye of the world is engaged with the prominent groups that are thrust or press forward into the world's foreground, and carry on the visible movement of History. In accordance with this, the personal fortunes of kings and nobles fill out the scenes of Shakespeare's Historic dramas, and though the national interest and glory is never left out of sight, the nation in a more extended sense takes but sorry part in public transactions, and takes withal the consequences. Besides the exhibition of the corporate nonentity of the city of London represented by its Mayor, the play of Richard III. has a brief scene in the second act that marks the tone of the world of citizens proper to the time. On the death of King Edward, citizens commune,—the hint is in More, with ominous presage of coming troubles, but he among them who aims most shrewdly at their source has nothing further to offer than the crude fatalism of hoping for the best, and taking what comes:—

“All may be well; but, if God sort it so,

’Tis more than we deserve or I expect.

Before the days of change still is it so,

By a divine instinct men’s minds mistrust

Pursuing danger; as by proof we see

The water swell before a boisterous storm;

But leave it all to God.”

The vices of the great have however a Nemesis of their own, independent of the activities of the subjects, or even of their condonation, though this has rarely tainted the honour of England; and throughout these varied plays the frivolity, ambition, wickedness or weakness of one monarch after another, bring on their own punishments both from without and within. The civil war between the rival families has been at last closed by the victory of the house of York, but a victory achieved through many a violent and cruel deed and demoralization has advanced with even paces. Hence within the victorious family there lie the

germs of new divisions, and probably renewed contention of rival branches. But mischief by its very magnitude graves itself, and after one more bloodiest act, evil approves itself so by self-destruction and hurries to an end. The fierce unsparing wars have carried off the multitude of warlike spirits, and remain behind the weak and the vacillating—a group of women, children, and courtiers, destitute for the most part of principle as of vigour, and confronted with them the very genius of pitiless and prompt ambition in Richard, while the malicious curse of Margaret lours behind.

The introduction of Queen Margaret contrary to the truth of history, is invented with admirable effect; her invectives bring up the horrors of the civil war with the liveliness that is required to give force to their sequel; her penetration and denouncement of the nature and purposes of Richard, heighten our sense of the blindness and weakness of his victims, who neglect the warning, and generally relieves the great contrast of the piece by the intervention of a second character of eloquence, pertinacity, clear-sightedness and decision. The only other character in the play that shares a portion of the mental qualifications of Richard, is Lord Stanley; but he approaches him only as nearly as simulation to dissimulation, coolness to daring, the prudence of caution to that of adventurousness. Much of the value of the character would be due to his being seen on the stage when he was not heard. In the third scene of the first act he makes conciliatory reply to the Queen's accusation of his wife,—the Queen who risks affronting him as she pursues vindictively Hastings, the only other lord who had the disposition to protect her son. Richard enumerates Stanley among his dupes, but there is no proof of it, and Stanley's silence is marked, and was designed to be remarkable, throughout the scene of weak wrangling with Margaret and weaker part-taking with Richard against her by Dorset and the rest. Not less significant is his silence when Hastings who had rejected his counsel is arrested, and he follows with the rest to Gloster's invitation:—

“The rest who love me rise and follow me.”

Thus he foils the penetration even of Richard, who trusts him with suspicion but still trusts him, with pledge in keeping; thus he carries on the important negotiations between Richmond and Elizabeth, and at last at the decisive and very latest moment he lays aside the mask, though his son's life may be the forfeit, and the fortune of Bosworth field is decided.

The natural and usual close of a period of fierce and demoralizing contention, is the absolute decline of all to the ambition that unites activity, boldness and sagacity with hypocrisy, unscrupulousness, and selfishness in extremest development; if we accept Shakespeare's commentary upon history, we are ripe for the conclusion that such ambition at its highest triumph bears

within itself the maturing seeds both of punishment and destruction.

Richard is the very personation of confidence in self-conduct and self-control, in his absolute command of every form of dissimulation, and still more difficult, of simulation. He is arrogant no less, on the strength of his superiority to any natural stirrings of love or pity, of terror or remorse. Like Iago he believes in the absolute sway of will-wielded intellect to subject and mould passion to its own determinations, while both are, unconsciously to themselves, overmastered and enslaved by a tyrannous passion that ever keeps out of their own sight as if lurking and shifting place behind them. Richard's true fall and punishment is his humiliation on his point of reliance and pride; he comes to require friends when friends fail in heart or in heartiness, he regrets affection, would fain be pitied, admits terror, and believes in the power of conscience if he endeavours to defy it. The involuntary forces of his being rise in insurrection against the oppression of the voluntary. His human nature vindicates the tendencies of humanity, when the organism which was strained to sustain itself on the principle of renunciation of sympathy, falters and breaks down. The power of the strongest will has its limitations; mere defiance will not free the mind from superstition, and mere brutality cannot absolutely close up the welling springs of tenderness. A strong will can assert great power even over memory, and forget entirely much that by effort of diverted attention it determines to forget, yet the limitations of its despotism in this direction are obvious, and whatever remains by independent force in the memory will have independent influence of its own on fancy and imagination and on passion and motive too. Acts wicked or contemptible will generate self-hatred and self-contempt in spite of dogged obstinacy; meanness and murder will equally prompt their own condemnation if not proclaim it in one form or another, sleeping or awake.

It is while Richard is in action still most collected and vigilant, that we hear from Lady Anne of his ill dreams and restless nights; the faculties and susceptibilities that exist no less because they are compressed to inactivity by day, are semi-waking when their tyrannous antagonists are sodden in slumber,—torpid by exhaustion. It is with much effect that his first sign of waking weakness follows on his acting and affectation of sincere repentance in the scene with the weak Elizabeth; it is as if he had profaned and insulted the last sanctuary of refuge, and that this crowning impiety fulfils the measure of his wickedness and brings down his ruin. It is immediately after this wonderfully sustained scene, in which he gains over the mother of the princes he murdered by appeal to her passion for position, her preference for her son Dorset and by false penitence, as he gained Lady Anne by a shameless avowal of guilt: made flattering to her beauty, that the

news of Richmond's landing suddenly hurries and unbalances him, and it appears that the prophecy of the contemned and murdered Henry has remained in his mind and contributes to its own fulfilment.

The failure of alacrity of spirit at the very eve of the crisis,—noted in Napoleon on the day of Waterloo, reaches him in his very tent, and a bowl of wine is a vain resource to repair the wanting stimulus. But his soliloquy after the dream is the grand display of the force of conscience as the sudden agitation lays bare his mind to its very depths. Energy and pride are debased by the merest prostration and incoherency, and we perceive not the mere promptings of the present vision, but there is revealed every form of torturing thoughts which evidently have disturbed and irritated his inner heart throughout his career, though only speaking openly at last. Each ghost threatens as it rises, and Richard afterwards recalls their threats; but as he suddenly wakes, his exclamation, true to the nature of dreams, shows him already transported into the heady fight. But deep as the apprehension of the predicted defeat may be, it is overmastered for the time by the still deeper sense of misery, hatefulness, and desolation. The horrors of his soul and the bitterness of his punishment are heightened or rather weakened by no vulgar resort to furies and torments, which prey on the spirits of the weaker and meaner culprit Clarence. Guilty condition of being is to Richard the present hell that Clarence looks forward to with terror as a consequence.

But even yet the energies of the king yield to the wound of the fatal worm not without a struggle. In his address before the battle he at first speaks with frantic avowal of conscience-stricken desperation, but checks and collects himself, and then incites his party in terms in themselves far more vigorous and inspiring than those of his opponent. He was not however so to end. He disposes his forces with prudent generalship, but when the battle joins, he passes from the general to the soldier, and thence to the wild excitement of the doomed desperado. It is simply by favour of the hurrying tumult of his maddening passion that George Stanley escapes his vengeance, and his utter forfeiture of his once vaunted self-command, his very raving drunkenness of blood-guiltiness is proved when as he shouts for a horse he can be urged by Catesby to be calm, and rushes out still shouting and seeking for the horse which was offered to him, and which he leaves behind him. According to the old stage-direction Richard dies on the stage, and it is remarkable that Shakespeare has given him no dying words, and doubtless the omission is designed as it is characteristic. It is left to the actor to give the last expression to the state of mind which is the true retribution of Richard, in the spirit and character of his combat and his fall. Burbage, the first and celebrated representative of Richard, had no doubt the

poet's own instructions for this great conclusion, and certain glimmerings of true stage tradition may easily have reached and we may hope did not die out with Kean. The reader of the play, who has but the general stage-direction in compensation, may pause to bring back in thought the impression of the interval before the closing speeches.

Thus the drama, according to its original title, embodies a life and death, a growth and a dissolution, a career and its catastrophe. The great turn of all is dependent on an internal and moral crisis, not on an external reverse. No difficulty remains to be coped with greater than has already been overcome, but the intemperance of the mind and heart and the abuse of the sympathies tell with advancing age, and palled or jaded excitability and courage is unsteady or spasmodic, deliberation tremulous, counsel forgetful, and execution cool no more, is giddy, headlong, desperate, self-condemned. The mind, like the body, has its epochs of development, activity and decay, and the earlier misdirection recoils in later sufferance. The awfulness of the catastrophe of King Richard depends on the greatness of his powers, the suddenness of their failure, the vigorousness of their effort at recovery, and their utter defeat all efforts notwithstanding.

Externally the punishment is comparatively nought; death in battle, with face to the foe and weapons bravely wielded, is what is looked forward to with composure or pride by hundreds of the bravest and the best, and is a fate of the nature that all who hold self-respect the last jewel to be parted with and never for ransom of less precious good, must be prepared to encounter in one form or other. The correction and the retribution come from within and it is there already,—it is within us, that judgment and the kingdom are already come upon the earth.

The deformity of Richard is a circumstance as essential to the rancour of his passion as the blackness of Othello—it wounds his pride and irritates his spite, and stirs his rankling revenge. He hankers for the crown with a diseased imagination that dwells upon the very metallic symbol of royalty itself as personal ornament compensating for natural personal defects. Hence he dwells on the very name of it, and the indications are absolute that after his success his costume is to be completed by constantly wearing it—and the trait is akin to the affection for rich attire ascribed to him by history, and not unusual with the deformed. So again his opening soliloquy refers with bitterness to the disadvantage he stands at with the gay and the fair, while his pretended indifference is belied by persevering reparation to his vanity in the influence he exerts upon them.

In one respect Shakespeare has softened the character of the Richard of the historian,—it is in making him show some real sense of shame at defaming his mother,—shame which, according to More, was but craftily assumed—"for in that point could be

none other colour but to pretend that his own mother was one aduoutheess, which notwithstanding to farther this purpose he letted not; but natheless he would the point should be less and more favourably handled, not even fully plain and directly, but that the matter should be touched aslope craftily, as though men spared in the point to speak all the truth for fear of his displeasure."

I extract the following passages in illustration from More, and by observing how closely Shakespeare followed his character of Richard, we may believe that he was at least as careful in securing the representation of his external characteristics.

"Richard, the third son of whom we now entreat, was in wit and courage equal with either of them (Edward and Clarence); in body and prowess far under them both: little of stature; ill-featured of limbs, crookbacked, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favoured of visage, and such as is in states called *warlike*, in other men otherwise: he was malicious, envious, wrathful, and, from afore his birth, ever froward. None evil captain was he in the war, as to which his disposition was more meetly than for peace. Sundry victories had he, and sometime overthrows, but never in default as for his own person, either of hardiness or politic order. Free was he called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal; with large gifts he got him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pill and spoil in other places, and get him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a great dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly compinable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill: despiteous and cruel, not for evil will alway, but often for ambition, and either for the surety or increase of his estate. Friend and foe was muchwhat indifferent; where his advantage grew he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose."

The following ensues on the account of the murder of the two hapless princes:—"Which things on every part well pondered, God never gave this world a more notable example, neither in what unsurety standeth all worldly weal, or what mischief worketh the proud enterprise of an high heart, or finally what wretched end ensueth such despiteous cruelty. For to begin with the ministers, Miles Forest at St. Martin's piecemeal rotted away. Dighton indeed yet walketh on alive in good possibility to be hanged ere he die, but Sir James Tyrel died at Tower-hill, beheaded for treason. King Richard himself, as ye shall hereafter hear, slain in the field, hacked and hewed of his enemies' hands, harried on horseback dead, his hair in despite torn and tugged like a cur dog; and the mischief that he took within less than three year of the mischief that he did. And yet all the meantime spent in much pain and trouble outward, much fear, anguish and sorrow within. For I have heard, by credible report of such

as were secret with his chamberers, that after this abominable deed done, he never had quiet in his mind, he never thought himself sure; where he went abroad his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced—(with secret armour, that is)—his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like one alway ready to strike again. He took ill rest anights, lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearful dreams; suddenly sometimes sterte up, leap out of his bed, and run about the chamber, so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deed."

Tyrants have doubtless lived, both before Richard and since, as perjured, treacherous, and murderous, who have escaped, and may escape, his particular fate of retribution; yet the punishment of Richard, special to his case and temperament as it may be, carries home, as it is depicted by Shakespeare, the profound conviction that in one form or other, of torture, of disgrace or debasement, and sooner or at last, the penalty of imperial injustice and selfishness will be demanded, and must be paid.

W. W. LL.

END OF VOL. VI.

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